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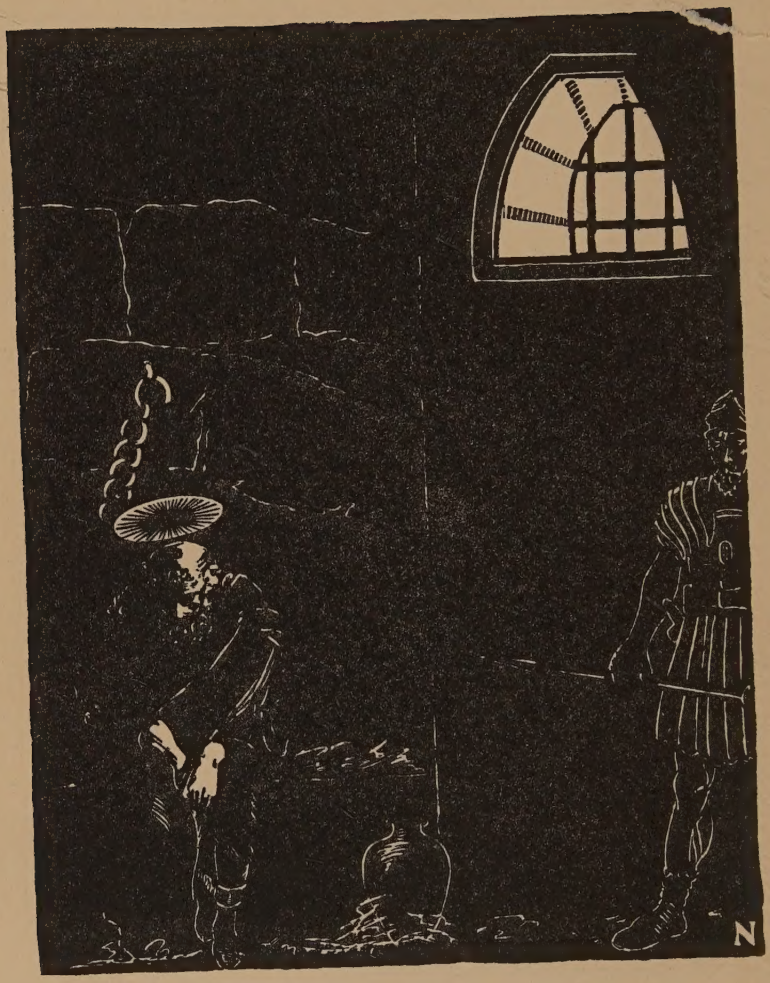

THE GLORIOUS COMPANY
Lives and Legends of the Twelve and St. Paul

By

TRACY D. MYGATT
FRANCES WITHERSPOON

With drawings by
CHARLES O. NAEF

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To

OUR MOTHERS

IN GRATEFUL LOVE

The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.

Te Deum.

FOREWORD

THERE are those who decry forewords because, they say, the critics will not get past them into the book itself, especially if it be a religious book. Yet not easily can we who have tried to bring close "the glorious company" give up saying a little of what these studies have meant to us, and what we hope they will mean to you. And our first word is one of apology, for we are but too obviously neither saints nor scholars, and the adequate writing of these gallant lives would ideally demand something of both from the biographer.

Indeed this book will be of scant interest to the scholar, and we warn those seeking the literal statement on which they can stake their all, that they will find little of profit or interest in these mosaics of fact, inference, imagination, and interpretation. For these pages are neither exegesis, nor history, and, assuredly, not theology; though it is our hope that persons of all schools may here find something of suggestion and stimulation. Rather they are partial portraits of the heroes of the early Church, conceived in the sincere belief that these were dauntless men who led lives of extraordinary interest and value.

Quickly, then, before the critic says it about us, may we quite humbly say to him that we know the task is too high? Yet there is a strange fascination in daring the impossible. And through these months of work—curious months of persistently widening vision for ourselves alternating with moments dark with sense of deadlock, when we seemed beating on blank, barred doors, and the men we sought receded ever further into their dim and unreal background—through this time always the high task beckoned. There were days, turning the dusty pages of apocryphal legends, when the culture of an alien and ancient past seemed to overwhelm us with the sense of how completely lost the apostles almost at

once became, even to the loving ecclesiastical hands bent on enshrining them. Plaster saints, retiring beyond their haloes, or mere pegs for textual criticism—often enough the real men threatened to elude our grasp!

But there have been the quite different moments, here under the blue Maine sky, where so much of our book has been written, on the beach across the little tidal river at our doorstep, when the thundering surge of the Western ocean seemed all alive with Paul, sailing the seven seas for Christ; and when John seemed no longer either the sentimental dreamer of the paintings, or the textual mystery of the scholars, but the passionate eager man waiting for the deep things of God. For ourselves, quite simply, such moments made the book worth writing. We think we shall never sit in church again, or open the Gospels, without a sense of wider, richer content. And it is in the deep hope that to some of you—the strange, composite you that is the public—we have brought this richer content, that we offer you our book.

In the writing of these thirteen studies, aside from the Scriptures themselves, we have taken our material, as the Notes to the several chapters indicate, with a free hand and from a wide variety of sources. Ancient or modern at will, we have frankly followed the lead of biographical necessity, sometimes finding that because of some mystical or poetic content the older tradition was truer for our purpose than the findings of later writers. On the other hand, we trust we have been neither unaware nor too careless of the best available higher criticism.

In the matter of treatment, we have been equally eclectic. In the case of the less well-known figures, for example, and for the reason that these chapters hope to stand not only as drawings of the apostles, but to mirror to some extent what men have thought about them in the generations that followed, we have included some of the apocryphal stories. Fabulous indeed these fall on modern ears; yet they have an undeniable cultural, if not religious, value. But with the more familiar and well-loved figures, such as Peter, Paul,

and John, we have been unwilling to clutter the narrative and mar the picture by the introduction of a too alien material, however famous. Our Notes suggest its source to those who wish to follow it further. And we believe that a more integrated result has justified this sacrifice of uniformity of handling to heightened vividness and a more sympathetic portrait.

As suggested, our Notes indicate in some detail both our sources and the viewpoint from which the life in question was conceived. Here, too, we have made specific acknowledgment to the writer from whom a useful hint was derived. Besides the friends who have energized us by their sympathy—and no less by their bracing curiosity as to how we would handle the saint next in order—we would gratefully acknowledge, out of a considerable number of books consulted, four in particular. Three are modern; to the fourth, James Freeman Clark's *The Legend of Thomas Didymus,* though further back in time, we are much indebted for its intelligent and reverent synthesis. To Mr. Donn Byrne's brilliant piece of reconstruction, *Brother Saul,* we are grateful not only for suggestions for some of our own Paul, but for a more vivid sense of the first-century scene; though we must deprecate his quite obvious trick of enlarging the Apostle to the Gentiles at the expense of the Twelve, and in particular his habitual robbing of Peter to pay Paul! And we owe much to Mr. Hendrik Van Loon's admirably simple narrative *The Story of the Bible.* And most of all we would thank the unknown author of *By An Unknown Disciple,* for the exquisite spiritual quality which there carries the mood of the human Jesus and the mystical Christ.

Some of you who read our own interpretation will already have a more clear and glowing vision than ourselves of these deathless lives. To you, of course, we can bring nothing. And there may be some to whom any altering or enlarging of the great loved figures of the past will mean bad taste or sacrilege, and to you, what to us has been reverence may appear barrenness or futility. But there may be yet others—

and this is indeed our hope—who for this reason or that will find in this "once upon a time" a source of inner strength and beauty; of renewal—a spiritual catching fire, as it were, from lives once so familiar as to have lost their tang, and now perhaps become again "a cloud of witnesses."

TRACY D. MYGATT
FRANCES WITHERSPOON

OLD WHARF,
OGUNQUIT,
MAINE.
September 21, 1927.

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FISHER OF MEN

St. Peter

FISHER OF MEN

St. Peter

PRISON—! Six hours now since the iron gates had clanged behind him. He knew it in the clammy deeps of his dungeon-cell by the sharp calls of the Roman sentries, one to another, as they changed their watch upon the Tower. There would be need of them tonight. Something like a grave smile stirred Peter's lips, remembering that keen terror of priest and craven Sadducee as he spoke there in Solomon's Porch to the vast acclaiming crowds, rejoicing in the man newly healed at the Beautiful Gate, and rejoicing even more in the Resurrection he proclaimed. "Unto you first," he had cried out to them, cried gloriously, defiantly, "God, having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you. . . . But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses."

Himself and John—witnesses. For John, too, lay hard by in another depth of the Castle, for a like offence. But it was himself, Peter, who had first spoken to the cripple, when he had asked an alms. "Silver and gold have I none," he had said, "but such as I have, I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!" And the rough, strong hands that had hauled the dripping nets out of Galilee raised him up, and the man went with them into the Temple, walking and leaping and praising God. Oh, here in the damp cell of the Roman dungeon, what a glow it gave him to remember! Happy he was, he who had once thought never to be happy again.

And then, faint and far from an upper chamber in the Antonia Tower, came a sound. It was a simple sound; yet

as he heard it, the big man trembled in a sudden anguish, for the sound was the crowing of a cock. Again it came, and now burning tears stood in the loving, hungry eyes; "Master! Master!" his lips moved in the darkness.

Then, as it came again a third time, a glow came with it; and for all the clammy dark, he was warm; for as he raised his gnarled hands to shut out that bitter vision of himself cowering before the fire in the High Priest's palace, as he raised his hands, Peter saw his chains. And the iron that entered his flesh brought peace and joy to his soul. It was all right; he was cleansed, forgiven. He had fed the sheep. He was Peter, the strong rock to whom men might turn for comfort, even as that lame man had turned that afternoon. He had fed the multitude, hungry for the bread of life. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" It was the dear voice speaking in his ear, the dear voice in the luminous dawn by the lake where he had caught fish. And now it was the world of Jerusalem, in which he should catch men. He sighed and was glad. The cock in the Roman garrison had ceased crowing. From the dungeon beyond he could hear John's voice singing. He sang a song they had often sung as boys on the blue lake, when they went fishing with James and Andrew. His heart went back to Galilee, and the big tousled head with its dash of sudden white sank softly on the galled wrists. Dreams came, angelic messengers, laughing softly at the proud high Roman walls . . . dreams of the lake; and of Jesus who waited for Peter. . . .

❧

Ever since he was a little boy he liked the fishing. Everything about it he liked, the sniff of the breeze and the roll of the boat, the glittering scales of the fish. And it was lucky, for Jonas his father was a poor man and needed these ready hands of little Peter's, always eager to catch hold, however great the weight of the dragging nets. Fast they grew, those brown hands. His mother shook her head; he was only a baby, she said; but Jonas smiled; he needed help; fishing in Bethsaida was not what it had been; too many men there

were in the trade, and those rascally publicans filched whatever was left, so the faster the hands grew, the better for them all. Peter understood and laughed out loud and merrily, proud of his little calloused palms, and boasted that soon Father Jonas should not need to work at all; he, Peter, would do it all. And a few moons later, when the old midwife put a tight-swaddled baby into his arms, he felt joyfully that his little brother had come to help. Hardly could they keep him, that very day, from carrying the wailing bundle down to the beach. Some say he did. At any rate, it is certain that Andrew had his first sea-yarns from Peter, his first lullabies Peter's songs of the sea.

It was Andrew who brought Peter to Jesus, there in Bethabara beyond Jordan. And as those pure young eyes looked straight into Peter's eyes, the heavy sense of blundering guilt that had driven him to Bethabara slipped away. And as he shed the old name "Simon," so he shed the old sins. "Thou shalt be called Cephas," Jesus said, and smiled; and the young man's heart grew glad and strong. Oh, the glorious new name—Peter the Rock; and the glorious new friend!

So it was no wonder that Peter followed him, when the Master called him at last from the nets and the sea. And how splendid that he called Andrew, too; that they saw it together, and had the joyful sense to know there was really no one else to follow in all the world; sense to know there was no life, no trade, no home, no love, only the Master who meant all these and more besides. How he liked to be with him, to watch his eyes and busy, loving hands; to hear his stories; to have him sit in his boat and in his house.

It was his home more than Andrew's, because Peter was married now, and they lived in Capernaum, partners with Zebedee's family. Sometimes, it used to seem as if he had been married always; but it was wonderful how Jesus' little visit made even that marriage seem less worn. He brought out the best in every one, Peter saw, even in Peter's wife, different though she was from the girl he had married those seven years back. And always he was glad of the child she had borne him, and of the kind woman who managed the

house, Peter's wife's mother. Ailing she had been this year, and it was Andrew who chiefly tended the child. And now it was as if Jesus, too, staying in the small clay house, found joy in the romping limbs and sparkling eyes, as if even—though Peter could scarcely credit this—as if Jesus himself had been learning something of the child in their very play.

"Trouble not the Master!" he would mutter, for though he loved her, it bothered him to hear her endless questions of Jesus. He had his own questions, had Peter, and he liked the Master to himself when they got home. "Trouble not the Master!" he would cry again, his big voice rising. But the little thing would only snuggle closer against the kind, tall man who was fashioning her a toy with his swift chisel, and look up at her huge father, and laugh; and just as Peter was beginning to wonder what child in all Jewry had so little respect for parents as his own, he would catch the eyes of Jesus, loving, humorous, and he would laugh himself, and join the play.

Once when he and the child were all alone, she had nestled against him, talking of Jesus: "Today we went a long walk in a field, and he showed me the lilies. And we found a bird's nest; he saw it first. He held me high, so I could see—there were little eggs—and the mother bird came back—she was a swallow-bird—and she wasn't a bit afraid of him; she flew right into her nest while we stood there, Jesus and I! He sang a song of David's: 'Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest, where she mav lay her young!'"

"He is greater than David!" cried Peter, and his face shone; "He is Messias!" But the child shook her head, puzzled. "No, he is Jesus!" she said. But somewhere, dimly, Peter knew that not Father Abraham himself had entertained so great a guest when the three tall angels came and sat in the tent door in the plain of Mamre. . . .

And in swift-increasing numbers the people round about began to know. Peter, mending his nets by the sea with some of the other fishermen that morning of the racing clouds, thought he had never seen them throng so close; and

suddenly he jumped up from the beach and came running, almost afraid they would hurt the Master in this tumult of affection. As Jesus saw him coming, he smiled, and with a gesture stepped into the boat; and with a clean shove of his strong right arm, Peter pushed it into the water, and then sprang in after Jesus, and thrust out, as he urged him, a little from the land. So Jesus taught the multitude, while Peter listened.

And when he had done speaking: "Launch out into the deep," he said, "and let down your nets for a draught." But Peter, for once neither keen nor buoyant, shook his big head. "Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing," he said. Then, touched that Jesus should want to help him, he picked up the great cast-net: "Nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net." So he obeyed, and they slipped farther out on the lake.

The Master sat in the stern. His eyes, that loved to watch the birds, had been following the swift descents of the kingfishers as they swooped into the water. But it was not the kingfishers, no, nor any other bird, that taught him; else would not Peter himself have seen? What was it then, what gentle trick of wind and sun, that showed him where to urge that little boat, out now on the rocking deep? Peter never knew, only that suddenly, obeying the quick, pleased gesture of the Carpenter, he saw the fishes—saw that they glittered there, caught in the straining net, so many that the nets almost broke—and he cried to the other two, on shore, James and John, and to Andrew, already hurrying toward them in the other boat. And they all pulled together, and began to fill the ships with the multitudes of those shining rainbowed fish. And suddenly the ships began to sink; and Peter, terrified, fell down at Jesus' knees, crying out—though it was the last thing on earth he wanted—"Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" James, too, was astounded, and even John, John, who in the face of wonder never seemed afraid, perhaps because he felt that always earth and sky and sea were all alive with miracle. But Peter was frightened. No sorcerer here beside him in the boat,

no tawdry eastern magic, this school of fish, gold and black and green, and blue and saffron, glittering and beautiful even in their agony. He who had seen to bring them was Jesus, who saw all; and seeing all, saw Peter's heart. Oh, could that heart, so stained and earthy, go on beating so near to his? And yet he wanted the clean new heart! Suddenly, as he stole a frightened glance, he saw that Jesus understood.

"Fear not," he said gently. Then, after a moment, his eyes deep, deep, on Simon Peter's eyes: "From henceforth thou shalt catch men!" And Peter's heart surged high again in a storm of eager love.

❧

And now indeed he lived in a glowing world of wonder, of which love seemed the burning core. So a short time after, when Jesus healed Peter's wife's mother and later on that same day the sick that came at even when the sun was set, thronging the poor mean door, the Master's love caught Peter by the throat. Almost he wished he might himself be sick, to have those kind strong hands laid on him, and feel the peace that came!

So they went out again, through Galilee, with Jesus at their head, always putting forth that power of his on sick and sad. Withered hands they brought him, and cramped and trembling limbs, and groping eyes, and faces blotched with hideous white; and he healed them. And twice, about this time, even the dead. So the little girl of Jairus opened again her sweet child's eyes on the world Jesus had given her back. And the young man of Nain, only son of the lonely widow, given back to his mother by Jesus from the very grave. Dead hearts, too, they saw him kindle back to life and loving service; and hearts all overlaid with greed, as Matthew's might have been, thought Peter, welcoming the new disciple. Oh, he was learning strange things, this big fisherman who ate on the tax-gatherer's purple couch, with publicans and sinners—and with Jesus. And strange things he heard, from a mountain top, one afternoon; bright shining things that the fisherman could not plumb with his deep-

est line; but words that he stored up in his heart, and that came back, long after, when he talked with John Mark under an alien sky. . . .

There were twelve of them now, chosen after a night of lonely vigil on the mountain. As he thought of the tribes of Israel, Peter's Jewish heart thrilled. Twelve tribes there had been; raptly he said the names—Judah, Reuben, and Gad; and Asher and Naphtali; Manasseh, Simeon, Levi—almost he could hear the chanting priests and the tall silver trumpets—Issachar, crouched like an ass between two burdens; Zebulun; Joseph, and Benjamin. Twelve tribes, and now there were twelve disciples. Oh, it was plain! They were to prepare his way and build his Kingdom, they themselves to sit on the twelve thrones, judging the world. . . . So when the Master sent them out, two and two, Peter himself with Andrew, his heart beat high. Swift and sure, Jesus should have his Kingdom, with men like themselves to build. . . .

Then, like a sharp sword cleaving their peace, came the murder of John, John the great Forerunner. They knew he was in prison; but dead—! Peter trembled, like the rest. For himself he trembled, and for another, already more precious than himself. That other, too, was fearless, like the Baptizer. Already there had been threats, assaults; Peter must teach him caution. But could he? There was a doubt in the simple honest heart as they hurried back to Jesus.

But the Master was all-powerful, so he was safe, untouchable; that was what Peter felt with a thrill of joy when he saw him on the water. What a piled-up day that had been, to end in a night of such unearthly wonder! That hurried journey home to the Master—he might have no home himself, but he was home to every one of his disciples as surely as nest to winging bird—and then his gentle telling them to go and rest; the little boat that took them to the solitary place; solitary now, alas, no longer, but thronged with the importunate multitude that hung upon the Master. And at last, as the shadows lengthened after the double feed-

ing of soul and body, again Jesus' urgency that the disciples take the ship, and return home to Capernaum.

It was not so much a storm they feared, though the wind was contrary, the churning lake all tossed with waves, and it seemed they made no headway. But suddenly—it was in the fourth watch of the night—they saw a figure walking, it seemed, on that tempestuous sea. "It is a spirit!" they cried in mortal fear. And then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should thus come to them, they heard the Master's voice: "Be of good cheer—it is I! Be not afraid!" And Peter, trembling between fear and the wild new hope, ready to risk all, so it were indeed his Master, shouted back: "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water!" And the voice, nearer now, cried: "Come!" And Peter sprang out from the wildly tossing boat upon the wildly tossing waves, sprang out upon the water to walk to Jesus. Oh, glorious, that burning moment of utter faith! And then the fear swooped down. The wind screamed in his ear like an unleashed demon. The tumbled outraged waves heaved toward him out of the night like great war-elephants. He felt the weight of his clothes, sodden, water-clogged. He could not walk; he dared not swim. Only one hope remained to him, his Master, whom he was too sorely frightened even to see.

"Lord, save me!" Peter cried in the last faith left him. "Lord, save me!" And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand. Oh, the comfort of that kind, strong hand, so tingling warm! "Oh, thou of little faith," he said, and his tone was between rebuke and loving pity, "wherefore didst thou doubt?" And safe in the boat again, running quiet now in quiet seas, Peter's own heart echoed the question. But as they flocked about the Master—about Jesus, whose light feet had trod the boisterous sea—Peter forgot even his scorn for himself in his love for that Other, as he echoed with the rest: "Of a truth thou art the Son of God!"

For swiftly, as the days of wonder passed, Peter began to understand. And when Jesus, hurt and sore with the peo-

ple that drew off after that great discourse on the bread of life in Capernaum's white synagogue, said sadly to his twelve: "Will ye also go away?" it was Peter in a flaring faith who cried out: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

It seemed as if he understood, and though his mind wavered now and again, just as his feet had wavered on that wind-flecked sea, yet Peter had more than them all, his piercing sureness of vision. It was in one of the villages of Caesarea Philippi that he had perhaps his keenest sense; looking back on it all long after, he scarcely knew how he came to be so sure, he who had been blind as the rest a few short days before, stumbling over simple things like the washing of hands. Yet now he saw.

"Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" Gravely, almost sternly, yet wistfully, too, it seemed to Peter, Jesus posed the question. They were resting by the roadside; since early dawn Peter had felt the sense of that question throbbing in the air. These people, clamouring day and night for miracle, these spies, sent by the crafty priests from the Sanhedrin at Jerusalem, the very nights the Master spent alone, yet not alone—all these things were forcing the question to the front. Half frightened, the disciples answered that some said he was Elias, or Jeremias, or another of the prophets; and some that he was the great Baptizer come back in triumph; then, as they hesitated: "But whom say ye that I am?" he persisted. And Peter, kindling, cried out in a thrilling certainty: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" And as Jesus, kindled also, drank in the words, he spoke others that Peter never forgot. "Blessed" he called him first, and he said that flesh and blood had not revealed it to him, but the Father in heaven. "And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." What did it mean? Peter's brain urged him to ask, but for once he was silent, and Jesus spoke on: "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Then, in words the fisherman could hardly follow, he promised

him the keys of the kingdom: "And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Long after, he saw into these things; but at first only lifted up with pride he seemed, though he tried to think it was a proper pride after what Jesus had told him. Thus not long after, when the Master began to show the little band how he must go up to Jerusalem, and suffer and be killed, Peter, filled with the sense that he must at all hazards protect him, began to argue and rebuke him, crying out: "Be it far from thee, Lord!" And passionately, as Jesus regarded him out of sad, stern eyes: "This shall not be unto thee!"

A moment longer Jesus gazed; then he turned sharply, sweeping the frightened faces of the rest, who had only partly heard. Judas too was there, and as Peter marked the disciple he so hated, his face flushed darkly; then his eyes fell before those flashing eyes of Jesus. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" he was saying, "for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but of men!" And Peter, rebuked for his rebuke, stood silent, while the others stared, still not understanding. And presently, as again Peter's heart began to beat thickly: "If any man will come after me," he said, "let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." . . . That cross of which he spoke—what did he mean? And suddenly, a curious small memory stirred to life—memory of himself and Andrew, children both on the beach at Gennesaret; and his eyes met his brother's. Andrew's, too, were fixed and strange, as if he were seeing, with Peter, those bits of whittled wood, and hearing his child's voice saying, "There's your cross and my cross." . . .

But it was glory, not death, they saw, the chosen three, and Peter's heart was light and glad that day they climbed the great steep of Hermon, even to the snowy crest. As they climbed, they questioned each other as to this secret journey up the mountain. It could not be for teaching, for the last

man they passed was already far back on the road, and here beside them only the wild mountain flowers and shrubs, and sky-flung trees rejoicing in their strength, and birds, startled from still solitudes. Twice, among the loose rocks, a coney leaped almost from under the light firm tread that went easily on before the heavier steps of the three fishermen. Even John was tired. Once, as the path further steepened, the Master turned back, and bade the disciples rest. And it seemed to Peter, wiping the sweat from his own face, as if the face of Jesus were glowing with a more than usual beauty. It was young again as it had been in those first days when he stayed with Peter and Andrew in the little clay house, young, the lines of sadness and heavy bewilderment over the strange hard ways of men smoothed away, and in the young face was an inner, barely repressed excitement. Peter, his back stiff and sore from all this climbing, thought that the Master, poised so lightly on that steep path above, looked as if he might verily walk on forever, walk into heaven itself. . . . So might a man look who went to keep a tryst with God. . . . So, dimly, thought Peter, ascending the mountain of Transfiguration. . . .

Heavy with sleep they were, those three tired fishermen from Galilee, as they roused to the wind and flashing light that played on the ancient snows of Hermon. They tried to pray, but again their tired eyes closed; while still Jesus prayed on. . . . And then they awakened, awakened to the unspeakable glory. Oh, it was glistering, his raiment, white as no fuller on earth can white them!—and glistering his face, as he talked with the two strange forms that had joined him. Peter, thrusting the sleep from his eyes, knew first, and his Jewish heart leaped high in a joy greater even than his fear.

For the first form was Moses, Moses who brought the thick darkness on Pharaoh and his host, and turned unholy Nile to blood; who cleft the Red Sea by his mighty rod, and brought the people up out of the land of Egypt, out of the House of Bondage; Moses, whose feet had trod that other mountain, and brought the law to the children of men.

And the second form was Elijah, he who rebuked the mighty king, and withstood Queen Jezebel, and fled for his life, and was fed by the ravens; Elijah who brought down fire from heaven, and confounded the sorcerous prophets of Baal, and went up at last in a chariot of fire to God; Moses and Elijah—their most mighty prophets, here beside the Son of Man, whom Peter knew for the veritable Son of God. They were telling him of the kingdom he should gain. Peter's heart surged higher; he must speak out, or it would burst asunder. Oh, here in this thrice-holy safety, let them stay forever, wrapped in the mighty glory of Jehovah!

"Master, it is good for us to be here!" he gasped out; his voice was choking, but he stumbled on; at least Jesus would see that he saw. "If thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias!"

Had Peter thought it would all be different after that, back in the world of men? Stumbling home that night, throwing those furtive, sidelong looks at the Master, he scarcely knew what he thought, what he expected; half gratefully, for once he accepted the silence laid upon him. Often in the next days, as when Jesus spoke to them of his coming betrayal and death, the fisherman's head would bend in bewilderment and pain. And then hard upon such moments the Master would show himself anew in some wonderful light that would cause Peter's heart to go out to him afresh in rapturous love. Such the time when, seeing Peter's little girl running toward them on the road at the close of one of those disputes the Twelve sometimes had, Jesus had stooped and gathering her into his arms, had set her in their midst and told them roundly that except they became as little children, they should not so much as enter the kingdom of heaven!

He delighted, too, in Jesus' fashion of meeting the wily tax-gatherer's mean little plot to trap him with an unpaid tax. Peter laughed outright as he ran down to the familiar strand, where Jesus told him to cast his hook and find the

money in a fish's mouth. Well he understood that he was to catch and sell a fish and pay the paltry tax, so his Master might be left free for important things. But most of all Peter adored that Master rebuking his own niggardly offer—to himself it had seemed so generous—to forgive a sinning brother seven times seven, with his passionate "seventy times seven"! And the story he told them of the cruel servant! How those pure eyes of Jesus blazed when he spoke of that withheld compassion!

And how his pure eyes blazed again that day the people brought young children to him. It was after the baiting of the Pharisees, after their crafty questionings of when it was lawful to put away a wife; and Jesus' heart was sore with the cautious cruelty of these cold men. Then the little children were brought; and just as he was about to find comfort in them, his own disciples rebuked the parents, and started to disperse the children. Oh, he was much displeased, was Jesus! Peter, often angry himself, never forgot the blue fire that burned in those eyes, as he cried: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

And Peter, watching as he took them in his arms, and laid his hands on them, and blessed them, thought of the child that was his, the child he had given up when he began to follow the dusty road that led so far. For he was finding it far, and more full of thorns now every day. Indignantly, he watched the rich young man kneeling there by the Master, loving yet unwilling to become poor for his sake, even though Jesus' love were the reward; saw him rise and slink away. And Peter stood there listening with a strange dull ache as the Master told them how hardly they that had riches should enter the kingdom of God. And suddenly his throat was tight for the small familiar home; for the boat, and the cast-nets, and the sea; and tightest of all for the child he had left behind; and through unsteady lips he found himself muttering: "Lo, we have left all and followed thee!" And very gently, as if he understood so well the burning love of all those things he himself had never had, Jesus

looked at them, and then, passionately he cried out that there was no man that had left home, or brother or sister, or father or mother or children or lands, for his sake, but he should receive an hundredfold, and in the world to come eternal life. So he strengthened them for the way that led up to Jerusalem.

Yet when, on the colt they brought him, he rode through the exultant gates while the people cried "Hosannah to the Son of David!" for a moment Peter hoped. Surely, surely, in the face of such belief and jubilation, the priests would not dare to wrest him from them! Why, the very palms sang out his triumph! The very stones of the holy city rang glorious beneath the feet of that meek ass! And Peter, in an ecstasy of adoration, thrust from him the dark sayings, the dark stories, that had lain like lead upon his heart, and shouted with the multitude.

But as the sombre week lengthened, there was that in Jesus' face that terrified the fisherman. Again and again he tried to summon courage to dissuade him from setting foot in those dark places on which his mind seemed set. Oh, if only he would go home to Galilee! He might have no place of his own to lay his head, but the grass would be soft, the shade of the hedges sweet; the mountain where his glory had shone forth would take him again into its peace. Oh, the dark city that lay just beyond Bethany! The city toward which the brave, determined feet of the Master ever turned! The glittering, sumptuous city entrenched in its multitudinous petty law, quivering to sacrifice the great law, at the bidding of its frightened hypocrites! No one even of the disciples knew how Peter loathed and feared Jerusalem. And when with his own eyes he saw that creeping shadow of all evil, Judas, the thief and traitor, going about his swift and secret errands, his heart stood still. At last he bought a sword, a cumbrous sword, awkward enough for hands used to catch fish. But as he felt the blade, a satisfaction came; though when Judas, coming on him softly and seeing it, whispered words of praise, Peter flushed angrily, and turned away. Not for Judas' approval had he bought that sword.

Not for Judas. And yet, hidden most of all he kept it from Jesus.

Then came the days of unleavened bread when the Passover must be killed. And Peter found himself with John, hurrying up the streets of the city, after the man that carried the pitcher of water, just as Jesus had said; on into the goodman's house, and into the guest-chamber, the large upper room. And here, all again as he had said, they made ready the Passover.

And here, when the hour was come, the Master sat down and the twelve apostles with him. And suddenly, Peter saw Judas' twitching face, saw his shaking hand dash the sweat from his forehead; and Peter shuddered, and looked at the Master. Very still he was, there at the beginning of the supper, in his face a remote, still beauty that made its haggard lines like a mask. Until he spoke, they said little, except with their sad, bewildered eyes, that kept turning back to Jesus, as if they knew how swift the hour was passing. But as Peter saw him rise, throw off the outer garment, take a towel, and gird himself, he started. Then, still without speech, Jesus poured water into a basin, and began to wash the feet that followed him. But as he came to Peter and bent down, the man could stand it no longer, and cried out, incredulous and shocked: "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" And gently, as if he pitied Peter's sad bewilderment: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Then: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me," he said. So that Peter, still bewildered, but intent now only on a yet more wide immersion in that loving self, cried: "Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head!"—comforted only at last when Jesus told him they were clean, every whit, whose feet he had washed. Clean—but not all; for still the traitor sat among them, Judas, whose dark secret purpose was soon so plain to them, when Peter motioned John to ask the Master who it was that should betray him. Well, he had always hated Judas, Peter mused dully, always feared him—not for himself, but for that loving Master he would die to save. Yea, surely Peter would die for Jesus.

He started, feeling suddenly the Master's eyes; what were they saying to him, those eyes that always spoke as plainly as the lips? Pity was in them, and love; but something else . . . "Simon, Simon," he whispered—Peter started at the old name—"behold Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." He did not know, thought Peter, that hidden beneath his outer garment even now was the sword. Oh, who among them all was so well prepared as he to save the Master?

But Jesus, it appeared, believed he was indeed giving his life for them. For there, in the upper room, as they were eating, he took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to them, saying: "Take, eat; this is my body, which is given for you." And the cup also he took, and when he had given thanks: "Drink ye all of it," he told them, and that it was his blood of the new testament. So, in the upper room where they ate the Passover, the ancient covenant, they ate and drank also the new; this, too, a covenant of blood, for the remission of sins. What did it mean? Peter's mind groped in the dimness of the shadowy room, lit by the holy Passover candles. Oh, surely that angel of death that hovered near, surely he would pass over that most loved head! Was it not the Passover, the passing over in which God kept his children safe? All through the talk that followed, Peter prayed. But John, he knew, attended; John, leaning still on Jesus' breast, listening as he talked of the many mansions. . . .

"As I have loved you, that ye also love one another." All at once the words reached Peter's ears. He trembled. "As I have loved you—" And as they rose to sing the psalm, and Jesus looked toward him to lead, the words of praise came tight and aching in his throat. So they went out again. The moon was high, and made a silvery twilight of the olives all about them. But for Peter there was no peace. Plainly Jesus was saying it to them now, as he had looked it with his eyes, at the supper. . . .

"All ye shall be offended because of me this night," he said; and his eyes, dark with pain, swept them every one.

But Peter, all lost and desperate with the sense of coming doom, cried out: "Though all shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended!" And Jesus, not sternly, but with a great sadness, said to Peter: "Verily I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." And Peter, his heart well-nigh bursting with love and the icy fear that crouched beneath, cried: "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee!" Likewise also said they all. Did they hope that he would stay and argue with them, give them his own inalienable courage? But he only passed on, further, deeper, into Gethsemane. And first the eight of them, as he bade, sat down; and the three he loved best, Peter and James and John, Peter still hot with protestation, he took with him. Then suddenly he stopped and spoke: "Tarry ye here and watch with me!" And to Peter it seemed as if he had never heard that voice so effort-worn. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." Watch? But surely he would watch; watch better than them all, his hand upon his sword. . . . And musing so, Peter fell asleep.

It was only a little later, after that bitter prayer, that Jesus returned, and looked on the three that slept. "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" he murmured. It was to the big fisherman his eyes went first, to Peter, whose spirit was so willing, but whose flesh . . . He went again the second time, and that time: "Oh, my Father," Jesus cried in the bitter garden, "if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done!" And again he came, and found them as before; and again he prayed; and sweat like blood was on his face.

But strength had come. Peter, in the unbearable fear of that bewildered awakening, saw the face of the Master, and it was calm, sealed in a great courage. Oh, how his courage set at naught the flashing swords and staves of the great multitude, rushing forward in the garden! For an instant, all confused with sleep, Peter tried to hope it was Jesus' followers, armed somehow like himself, and he started to his feet with a loud cry. And then he saw Judas, and his

heart stopped beating. He saw Judas come to Jesus, and bend to give his traitor kiss, and heard the quiet question of the Master: "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" And Peter knew the fact for what it was—betrayal. And he drew his sword, striking frantically about, drawing a swift breath of relief as he felt the blade slash through living flesh. But almost at the same moment that quiet hand of Jesus reached out, even as they made ready to bind him, and healed the man—Peter saw by his livery it was a servant of the High Priest—and turned sad eyes on his disciple.

"Put up thy sword again into his place," he said sternly, "for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Then, turning to the mob: "I was daily with you in the Temple, and ye took me not," he said. But they closed in; they held him fast. It was then that all the disciples forsook him and fled.

❧

But Peter, after that first mad rush of fear, turned and followed him, far off though it was. John too was with him, silent, white; before them, a long way off, went the thirsty mob that held its victim so fast. . . . The poor foolish sword—long since he had flung it from him, but a pain sharper than any sword was in Peter's heart. Dully, now, he saw John slip into the palace; dully he remembered that John, long since, through the trade of Zebedee his father, had slightly known Caiaphas, the terrible high priest. So the servants had let him enter. But Peter stood by the door.

And presently the maid that kept the door opened, and let him in. Curious she was to see the big fisherman; by his look, in the flickering firelight, she knew him for a follower of the Nazarene. But for a moment she did not speak, and turned her eyes, scornfully, from the figure that sat down suddenly so limply, by the burning brazier. She could not know, thought Peter dully, how deadly cold he was. . . .

For somewhere—within—above—beyond—somewhere, he knew, Jesus would be standing before the savage priests. He shivered, scarce daring to raise his eyes to the servants

among whom he dimly perceived he sat. Brr—! But he was cold! He drew still closer to the fire. Then another maid came up; her woman's face was full of scorn as she came insolently toward the fire. Dully, for a moment, he thought she too was cold; the whole world must be freezing tonight. Well, she would find the fire had no warmth. . . . Then he saw it was at himself she gazed.

"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth!" she taunted him; and at once, almost without his knowing, he was speaking boldly, loudly. "I know not what thou sayest!" he cried, and suddenly saw the eyes of them all staring at him with cold, doubtful scorn. Slowly then he got up, and strode off, as casually as he could, from the crowd about the fire, and out to the court's arched entrance. And there, in the porch, there reached his ears the crowing of a cock. Dully he heard it. Dully he wondered where John was, who had entered before himself. And where, oh, where was that other, dearer far than John? He dared not think, but he was casting a furtive look to the gloomy pile above when another maid came softly out, and joined him in the porch. "This is one of them!" she mocked him lightly, and again the bystanders, with curling lips, pointed their fingers. And he turned on her in hot denial.

An hour passed. Again and again he longed to rush in on them all, baiting him with their mocking eyes as he cowered there in the porch; if he could frighten them enough! . . . Oh, if only he had his sword again! With his sword he might rush in, in to that mockery of a judgment hall, on to the cruel High Priest, on to his Lord, caught at last in the fowler's net! What were they doing to him now? he wondered. Once, twice, he started for the palace. Then, terrified, shaking, he would see the fire, and stop, and spread those great trembling hands of his to the blaze. It was a fire of coals; one would have thought it warm; the servants who stared scornfully at his approach evidently found it to their liking; but to Peter never was fire so cold. Oh, was it really true? No, false it must be, like this cold fire, and his poor

cold heart that trembled for his wretched self, while his Lord . . .

Back in the porch he was again. And now suddenly they were all about him, taunting, jeering, laughing at his speech, at his very burring of the oaths with which, more furiously than before, he denied. Oh, all would be lost if he did not make them believe him now! How was he to rescue Jesus, if they seized and arrested the rescuer? And here at his elbow was the very servant whose ear he had smitten off, there in the Garden, all those eternities of hours ago . . . and the shrill laughter of the women over all. . . . Now, now, he must show them. . . .

"I know him not! I know him not!" he was saying, over and over, the ringing oaths between. And looking up suddenly, there in the open portal of the judgment hall, surrounded by the jeering soldiers, he saw his Lord. And Jesus turned and looked upon Peter. And looking in those eyes, Peter remembered. . . . "Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice!" And from far away, again he heard the cock. And he thought his heart would break. From them all he rushed away, in his tortured ears the cries of the ribald soldiers, mocking, spitting, as they led Jesus to the guard-room before they bore him to Pontius Pilate. . . . And Peter went out and wept bitterly. . . .

Andrew, who never loved his brother more than in those terrible next hours, wondered dimly through his own pain if Peter would ever be himself again; so changed he had become, so sad and still beyond all recognition, after that bitter weeping, after the disciples told each other what John had seen on the green hill of Calvary. . . .

But on that third day, listening incredulous as the rest to those idle tales the women brought them, as they stood about in the dim half-light, Andrew saw his brother start, while the old eager light kindled suddenly in his face. "Tell his disciples and Peter—" the women said the angel had commanded, speaking of that empty tomb. They could not

be true, these tales, and yet . . . Peter was out and away, and with him John, running, running, on to the other garden, on to his Master's tomb. And John, more swift than Peter, came first, and stooping, saw the linen clothes, and paused, looking beyond into that quiet tomb. And then Peter came, and his love, deep, overflowing, chased all fear from him. So he passed into the sepulchre and saw it empty. . . .

His Lord, too, he saw, alone, on that mystical third day. But of what they spoke, Peter would not speak. . . . And with the other disciples he saw Him again, that same day, at evening. And again on that night of mysterious rapture, when Thomas, too, believed.

But the time he treasured in his heart of hearts until the end was that luminous dawn on the sea. "I go a-fishing," he had said to the other disciples; and pitying him for the pain that lay still so heavy on his heart, "We also go with thee," they replied. No fish came to their nets that night, for their hearts were not in their work; all the world of loving wonder lay between their old craft and their new hearts, and it was as if they waited. And of a sudden, as he had come to Mary in the Garden, Christ stood on the shore. But they did not know, until He asked them of their catch, and told them where to cast; and then they could not draw the net. And John, knowing first, said to Peter: "It is the Lord!"

And Peter flung himself into the sea, and came. It was he who brought the straining net to land, as he had brought another, in the glad past, before he came to tremble at cockcrow. And so they ate, in the fire that burned palely in the dawn, there on the beach. And when they were rested and refreshed, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" asked Jesus simply. And the big man whispered brokenly: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" And Jesus said: "Feed my lambs!" And again the second time He asked him; and as Peter answered as before, "Feed my sheep!" He said. And again the third time—oh, Peter knew why He asked again the third time, and how it stabbed him to remember!—the third time He questioned softly, piercingly, with eyes that searched his soul: "Lovest thou me?" And Peter,

all his broken heart in his eyes, cried out: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" And Jesus cried: "Feed my sheep!" . . .

Strange at last to be back in Jerusalem, to be living there day after day, in the city which had killed their Lord. But so he had commanded, when he ascended from them at last, on the Mount of Olives; and so they waited. With them were the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, safe in John's keeping. It was in an upper room they met, in the house of John Mark's mother; and in those days it seemed to Peter that he never saw the lad without remembering, with a bitter pang, that night John Mark had rushed to Gethsemane, seeking to warn Jesus. Young Mark would know him only as a coward, thought Peter, but instead Mark loved and comforted him. He, too, had known fear that night, when he fled, leaving in the soldiers' hands that linen sheet in which he had wrapped himself when he leaped from bed. And Peter loved the boy, and began to emerge from the shadows of his great defeat, as he told young Mark more and more of Jesus.

It was in those days—perhaps to stamp out the memory of the traitor—that Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples and urged them to appoint a man to fill the place of Judas. And the lot fell on Matthias, who was numbered now with the other eleven apostles.

So on them all burst the day of Pentecost—the mighty rushing wind, the tempest of the cloven tongues like as of fire; so that they spoke with those other tongues, carried far beyond the old horizons they had known, beyond the old knowledge, beyond the old faith, now that He was come upon them, the Spirit, the Comforter, the Holy Ghost. But to the devout Jews who, returned from every nation out of heaven, were dwelling now in Jerusalem, this ecstasy of the young church was an amazement and a stumbling-block. "How hear we every man in our own tongue wherein we were born," dubiously they queried, "Parthians and Medes,

and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea and Cappadocia, and Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and Cretes and Arabians, and strangers of Rome?" They could not know that in the Spirit which had come, the ancient bars had fallen, and that in the will to speak had come the power. And still others, mocking, said: "These men are full of new wine!" But Peter lifted up his voice and told them of the Jesus their own David had foretold, Jesus raised up of God, whereof the apostles themselves were witnesses. And of how what they saw before them was only that foretold by the prophet Joel when he declared that their sons and their daughters should prophesy, and their young men see visions, and their old men dream dreams.

So gladly they received his word of repentance and that same day were added three thousand souls. And the apostles did signs and wonders; and all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And they ate their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God.

So Peter, at the Beautiful Gate, healed the cripple, and was cast into prison with John. And next day the priests, trembling and cringing among themselves, seeing the boldness of them who had been common fishermen, marvelled; and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.

For now indeed he was Peter the Rock, and in the church that loved him and listened to his voice, he found ever-increasing joy. Puzzles there were in plenty, yet he found the stern reproof that was needed when Ananias and Sapphira sold their possessions, like the rest, but tragically unlike the rest, withheld the price, and laid down a part only at the apostles' feet, pretending it was all. He spoke out boldly; until, in mortal terror of the sin that had so found them out, the blasphemous perjurers had died. And always old moons waxed and waned, new moons followed, and believers came, multitudes both of men and women. And

loving signs were wrought, so that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and pallets, that the shadow of Peter passing by might heal them.

And ever they preached the Resurrection. So that at last the Sadducees rose up, laid hold of the apostles and cast them into prison, Peter in their midst. But the angel of the Lord opened the doors by night, and charged the prisoners to go and stand in the Temple. And there, a little later, boldly teaching, the Roman captains found them and hustled them before the waiting Sanhedrin, whose high-priests and elders, livid with fury, commanded them to silence. But Peter and the others spoke up: "We ought to obey God rather than men!" With light hearts they went at last, for all the soreness left by the Sanhedrin whips, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His sake.

And then—a little thing to bring about so great an end—it happened that the widows of the Greek converts complained that they were neglected. And Peter and the others, unwilling to leave the word of God to serve tables, bade the disciples look out seven men full of the Holy Ghost; and they chose Stephen. Other six they chose—Philip and Prochorus, and Nicanor and Timon and Parmenas and Nicholas; but of the seven, there was none other quite like Stephen. Peter, looking on him, could understand how his flaming faith and power flung the synagogues into uproar, and he loved him.

A few moons passed. Then, with a hiss like the hiss of serpents, the lying priests set on Stephen, and caught him, and flung him before the council. Tumultuously, one hour later, the priestly mob, ten times tripled by the Jerusalem rabble, hurtled past the house whence Peter and the rest looked out with wide, incredulous eyes. Fast tied in the midst of them went Stephen, the old men gnashing on him with their teeth; for they were casting him from the city. And suddenly Peter was out and away, hot-foot after that cursing, yelling rabble. And all at once the false witnesses from Cyrene and Alexandria were laying down their clothes at a young man's feet.

Peter, come up at last with the mob, scanned the face. It was a strange face; he had never seen its like; at once passionate and cold, livid with fury, all its color burning now in the eyes that stared at Stephen. Then, as the first stone spun dizzying through the air, Peter saw the lips twitch; other stones came now, swift and swifter. Dauntlessly Stephen received them. Did his eyes, too, rest briefly on those other eyes, more sombre than before as they spurred on the mob? Peter thought so, following the gaze of Stephen. It was thus that Peter first saw the eyes of young Saul of Tarsus.

Then indeed came days of black disaster, and the cry of lamentation that rose up as devout men carried Stephen to his burial was echoed in a thousand faithful hearts. For now, breathing out threatenings and slaughter that were fulfilled, pressed down and running over, ran like an avenging flame this same Saul of Tarsus. And only by the grace of those Pentecostal flames did the terrified church find courage to resist him. But when, their houses burned, their poor possessions pilfered, those that were left fled Jerusalem, they carried with them, in staunch hearts and on bold lips, Jesus the Nazarene.

So spread the faith once delivered to the saints, by other saints scarcely less holy; and in all the regions of Jericho and Samaria, southward to Egypt and northward to Pontus, and nearer Asia and Phoenicia and Cyprus and Antioch, there came to be new hearts, beating steadfast as the old. Few but the apostles stayed in Jerusalem, and Peter, seeing the desolation made by this scourge of Tarsus who was armed now to the very teeth with authority from the high priests, wished that Saul would seize him instead of the weaker others, and again and again put himself boldly in the way. But Saul was too clever to take the apostles. He hoped that the poor disciples would think that their shepherds, left safe in the storm, had sold out to himself and

the Sanhedrin. But somehow the poorest, most persecuted man of the lot could not doubt Peter.

And to Jerusalem, as time passed, came good news. From Samaria it came, for thither had Philip gone, swiftest and boldest of the deacons after Stephen. It would take more than sorcerers or the robbers and hyenas of the Samaritan wildernesses to frighten Philip! So when the other apostles heard of all the wonders Philip had done, they sent out Peter and John that the people might receive the Holy Ghost. Strange enough it seemed to them, too, to find there among the waiting converts Simon, the arch sorcerer of Samaria, who when he saw the wonders Philip worked, hastily announced he too believed in the new Name. But when he offered the new arrivals gold, so that he too might receive the gift of the laying on of hands, Peter turned on him in fierce indignation, shouting: "Thy money perish with thee because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money!"—and roundly told him that he had no part nor lot in them, and to repent.

It was coming home from Samaria that Peter and John preached in the little Samaritan villages. He wondered a little. . . . Yet if they were dogs—did not the dogs eat of the crumbs that fell from the master's table? And that story Jesus himself had told—how startled and then how happy Peter felt one afternoon in a tiny village, when a young girl began shyly to tell him of the Good Samaritan!

All at once a whisper was in the air. But even as Peter listened, it swelled to a wind that presently became a trumpet blast, and it told how Saul, the pride of the Sanhedrin, Saul the murderer of Stephen, Saul who yesterday winnowed the young church like a flail, even Saul of Tarsus, had found the Lord Jesus!

More moons. He was back in Jerusalem now, with James and the rest; and all about the young churches flourished. A round three years it was since the stones of the false witnesses crushed the brave life out of Stephen. . . . And then, suddenly, Saul came. Stern and still incredulous, looking anywhere but into those sombre eyes he had last seen at the

stoning, Peter asked him if he knew it was Stephen's blood that watered those churches. But as Saul bowed his head and began to speak, Peter felt his angry eyes drawn, resistlessly; and as at last he looked, he saw that the eyes of the other were different. Quickly, the just wrath faded from his own; something, yea, of a surety something, those eyes of Saul had seen on that blazing road. . . . Vainly he tried to remember the persecutions, so vivid to him but one moment before; but instead came another memory: "Until seventy times seven"—far off, yet within, he heard the echo; and suddenly, as in the days long past, he felt his throat grow tight, and tears behind his eyes. Saul drew close, and into Saul's eyes, almost fiercely possessive of his new-found Lord, came smarting tears. So for a long moment the two gazed. Then Peter and Paul kissed each other.

A glad heart Peter carried with him after that fortnight's visit from the new disciple. Many points remained to be settled, of course, and for the present at least Jerusalem was no place for Paul. But before he went he talked much with Peter, and as the fisherman set out for Lydda, he had warm new hopes. It was at Lydda that he cured Aeneas, a poor man bedridden with palsy for eight long years. And then came word of Dorcas, and at once he hurried off to Joppa.

As he came swiftly into the room that had been hers, Peter smiled tenderly. For all about her, in the upper chamber where she lay now so still, were the little coats and garments she had made while she was with them. No wonder that the women wept, thought Peter, as his own dimmed eyes went again to the folded hands, their loving, busy fingers still. "What would the Master do?" His mind groped in the wailing dimness of the upper room. And he put them all forth, and kneeled down. So Peter prayed, there in the room all crowded with her good works; and then, turning him to the still body, called softly: "Tabitha, arise!" And gently, peacefully, as he had seen a child's eyes open long ago, he saw this woman open hers. And she saw Peter, and the little garments. To one coat especially her eyes went, wistfully. It had been not quite finished when she died, and now,

perhaps— Smiling, Peter stretched his hand to her, all warm and loving. . . .

So again for a while he lived on the seaside, only now it was the great sea, with strong tides and many ships, their sails bright like sunset. He was living with one Simon a tanner, and at twilight the people that had known Tabitha, or Dorcas, as the Greeks called her, would come and sit by the door, listening while he talked of Jesus. Dorcas came too, and as the waves surged on the beach below, she listened quietly, her grey eyes fixed on far horizons as he talked of the rending of the Tomb. . . .

It was one noon a few weeks after his arrival that he went, as usual, up on the roof to pray. He loved it here, loved the glittering blue of the Mediterranean that made him think of the lake by his old forsaken home; only this sea was far larger, the craft that plied it no mere fishing-boats, but Roman triremes that sailed to all the world. Yea, a mighty power was Rome, with her commerce on land and sea, but a lost power, for she knew not God. For a moment he mused on the city so far away. On a yellow flood she stood, he remembered vaguely to have heard, and that some called her the Eternal City—strange name, forsooth, for a city that was lost, that did not know God. Oh, she might rule the world—this world—but in the next, without Jehovah and without Messias who was come—Rome without Christ. . . . Peter shuddered.

Then he realized that his eyes were heavy; these far thoughts—this blazing sun—he was hungry, too, very hungry. After he had prayed, he would go down and eat; despite the heathen world about, Simon's food was righteously prepared—clean. . . . His eyes closed. . . . But immediately—how strange it looked!—he saw a sheet. Huge it was, knit at the four corners, and it was coming toward Peter slowly, from the sky above; he stared, then rubbed his eyes to see if he were surely awake, so passing strange it was, that sheet, full of all created things. There were cattle and wild beasts, fluttering birds and serpents, jostled together, as if it had been Father Noah's ark! And

as he stood, dumbfounded, came a voice that cried: "Rise, Peter! Kill and eat!" And thereupon, coming a little to himself, as it seemed, he cried quickly: "Not so, Lord! For I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean!" And as he waited, for approval, perhaps, or to see that incredible sheet removed from his horrified vision, came almost sternly: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common!"

It was thus that Peter learned from the Lord how to deal with Cornelius, the centurion over yonder in Caesarea. Quickly Peter went to him. And when, entering his house, he found kinsmen and near friends, gathered from all the city, he explained the vision, and told how God was calling these Gentiles, too, into the fellowship of peace by Jesus of Nazareth. And a holy joy came on them all; and the Holy Ghost was given; and Peter baptized them in the name of the Lord.

Nor was he disturbed by the furious outcry of the church, when he got back to Jerusalem, and they contended with him, because he had gone thus to the uncircumcized, and eaten with them. After a little, he told them all. Then they, too, glorified God that these Gentiles had been added to the Lord.

Famine! . . . Like a wolf on the fold it swooped on them, death in its glaring teeth, glaring madness in its eyes. Corn, barley, grapes—everything failed; and the desolation that was begun when Caligula, drunk with vanity, tried to make the Jews worship his insolent golden image in the Temple, seemed as if it would know no end. The Nazarenes, of course, bore the brunt of the disaster. Not for them the relief stations which the coldly pitying Romans established, now that Caligula was murdered. The Romans would have fed them gladly enough—oh, yes! But the Temple Jews would not share their bread with blasphemers. . . . So Peter saw his people starve, and in his love almost starved himself, his heart breaking most of all for the babies briefly

sucking those poor dried breasts. Sometimes he would snatch them from the helpless mothers, and rock them in arms that trembled from his own gaunt weakness, his great tears coursing down on to their tiny blue-pinched faces, as he prayed aloud to the Master who loved little children . . . until help came at last from Paul.

More than ten years now since the Crucifixion, and one day Herod, the sycophant king of Judaea, stretched out his hand, and killed James. . . . Peter, too, he seized, and flung into the jail. So Peter, for the third time, slept in Antonia Castle, guarded even more closely than before by Herod's soldiery. It was during the days of unleavened bread, and Peter, as he sat there in the darkness, thought long about those other days of another Passover, and of how James, who with him had slept that hour in the Garden, had gone to his death strong and bold. . . . So Peter slept, tears on his cheeks for the lad that had fished with him in Galilee, but joy in his soul for the man's high courage. Soon now, perhaps, Herod would come for him, too. Oh, might he be bold as James!

And then, of a sudden, as it seemed to Peter, a light shined in the prison; and in the radiance he saw an angel. Even as he stared, he thought how like the angel looked to a Roman guard he had told but yesterday of Jesus. How the man had listened, and a Gentile, at that! And now the chains were off his hands, and still in that bright dream he saw the huge iron gate swing suddenly back, and stood in a silent street, under still stars. And knowing it for the Lord's deliverance, he hurried to the house of John Mark's mother where many, as always in the past, were gathered together in prayer. There he stood knocking, knocking on the sweet, familiar gate, till Rhoda came, the little maid, admitting him at last, though at first they thought her joy was madness. And bidding them tell the brethren of his escape, he passed out again secretly into the night.

Though he preached chiefly to the Jews, feeling always that special tug at his heartstrings for the salvation of his own people, yet more and more as he heard of Paul's

glorious work in the Greek cities, and as sometimes he thought in the bright noontide of that strange sheet at Joppa, Peter also grew in love of the Gentile world about them. Thus, some moons later, when he was again back in Jerusalem, he was very angry at the bitter talk of the circumcision. And now, it appeared, Paul and Barnabas were coming up to Jerusalem to thresh the matter out before a council of the whole church. And presently they came, and Peter read in Paul's eyes the perils and persecutions he had suffered. And he rose up boldly, after all the bitter words spoken in that bitter council, pleading against the yoke which the Jews themselves had scarcely borne. And James himself, James the bishop of Jerusalem, James the Lord's brother and sombre leader of those of the circumcision, seemed won to Paul through Peter.

In Antioch, then, when Peter came, months later, he ate frankly with Paul's Gentile converts. But when, after the council, men came from Jerusalem from James to spy on them, and force again the yoke of the circumcision, Peter wavered and fell. Words came back to him, puzzling words spoken long ago by Jesus. . . . This new freedom of Paul's . . . it was not quite for him. So, half because he was afraid, and half because he was honestly bewildered, Peter drew off and separated himself from the new converts. Then did Paul rebuke him to his face, there in the church before them all, and Peter listened. Might it be that Paul was right? How sure he seemed! "If righteousness come by the Law," Paul thundered, "then Christ is dead in vain!"

The years came tumbling then thick and fast on Peter, struggling with the new vast labours of a world eager to know his story of the Nazarene whom his own hands had touched. So, for a while, he went about Jerusalem. But sedition was rife against Rome, and crime bred crime. Facing the bitter Jewish patriots—they thought themselves patriots, these Zealots, Peter knew—he could not wonder at the fast-blackening skies. Already the Christian Jews were again fleeing the city, scattering, as always when trouble came, the precious seed of the faith they held, in

fields ripe for harvest. And where the Christians went, Peter followed with his glad tidings. So he preached and watered the churches in Galatia and Cappadocia and Bithynia and Asia Minor.

But after a long time—Claudius the emperor was dead, and mad young Nero had mounted his sombre purple throne—Peter found himself again thinking of the city on the yellow flood. Perhaps it was because of Paul that he thought of Rome; he scarcely knew, only that it called him, day and night. Was it Paul's blood calling, Paul whose brave lips were now forever closed by the tyrant's sword, Paul whose letters were already passing from hand to hand, graven deep on each Christian's heart? Again, Peter hardly knew, only that dead Paul, with whom he had quarrelled, was all tingling and alive in his own heart, and that something was calling him to Rome.

And suddenly the old happy pride of him surged back, full flood. He was Peter the Rock, and he would go to that Gentile world, that Gentile city. For many Jews were there, and many Christians. Paul was dead, but Paul from his Roman prison had watered the church. Peter would make it his own; he would go now, at once, while the same mad tyrant reigned. With God all things were possible. Who knew but that Peter might not yet plant the Cross, firm for all time, in Rome?

So the old fisherman sailed, and flung his cast-net about the imperial city. And because John Mark was in Rome, too, and because Paul's letters about the Christos were running like holy wildfire through all Greece and Asia Minor, Peter, after the day's work, would sit and tell John Mark the things he remembered about Jesus. So Mark, never forgetting that night long ago in the Garden, began to write down his Gospel, Peter's story. Humbly Peter thought that Paul's letters were enough; but Mark insisted, and Peter talked. . . .

In Rome, too, with his own hand, Peter wrote a letter.

Lonely he felt sometimes in the gorgeous alien world, and the letter was to his own far-off churches. But often as he wrote—and he wrote slowly, with fingers always a little stiff from the heavy toil of that old fishing—often Rome, too, was in his mind. For now again the moons were speeding by, and the Emperor's mad excesses flared in the city abandoned to her lust. Poppaea curled beside him, filling the palace with lascivious laughter, until to Peter Rome became Babylon, a horrible, lost, polluted thing, though still there dwelt within her gates, beneath her seven hills, holy men who waited for the Lord. It was to these he wrote, his own heart surging with pity: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you. . . ."

That "fiery trial"—oh, well he knew, Peter who had that self-same evening seen those torches on the haughty Appian Way, torches that flared high as Nero's lust, torches made of the lighted bodies of living men! . . . Almost as if, he brooded, almost as if the humblest disciples lifted high in their own burning flesh the Light of the world . . . he broke off, shivering with the horror. Then again calmness came, and strength to give strength to others; and to himself, too, when the time should come. . . . "But rejoice," he wrote on, triumphant, "rejoice as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

So he heartened them, his lonely, frightened sheep, who met in the dim by-ways, and deep beneath the earth, in catacombs, among old tombs which smelt of death, where they ate the Bread of Life. . . . How he loved them! It seemed to loving Peter that he had never loved before. He had had his own fears. None knew fear better than himself, he thought in his humility; but all about him in these latter days was a joy and peace; for he knew that he was feeding the sheep. "And when the chief shepherd shall appear," he told them gently, his furrowed face radiant with light, "ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Was it of his own crown he was thinking, secretly? Peter shook his head; it was white now; deep grooves stood beneath the

eyes; the eyes themselves were getting a little dim. . . . "When thou wast young"—from far away, he heard the dear voice speaking—"when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thine hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." . . .

And looking out one day on burning Rome, he knew that the time was near. Some one had to pay for mad Nero's folly. Rumour, running swift as the flames themselves, charged it to the Christians. Peter, their shepherd, was easiest of all to find, and word of his death would no doubt quench the heresy which raged now, wide as the bounds of the Empire. So the minions of Nero seized Peter. And so, presently, they crucified him. And a shout went up from Rome, loud as the shout that had echoed in Jerusalem those many years ago. He hung head downward. He himself had begged it might be so, since he was not worthy to die upon the Tree as his Master had died.

And hanging so, it was as if Peter's soul stepped out upon the river, as he had stepped out on that other water long ago. . . . Only the river was not dark. . . . And close upon the other side waited his dear Lord. . . .

THANE OF GOD

St. Andrew

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St. Andrew

"MUCK ROSS"—"Pig Promontory"! So our spade-calling Anglo-Saxon forefathers named an ancient, stubble-covered region on Scotland's remote east coast. Gulls screamed and grunting wild boar ran shoving their snouts in and out of the thick underbrush. Men shunned this desolate place, whipped by gales off the cold North Sea, but over these rocks and up these steep crags Christianity, they say, clambered on to Scotch soil in the sacred dust of Andrew, Thane of God.

Regulus is the good monk who, guided by vision, scrambled up the cliffs out of mists of time denser than the Scotch "haar," in his hand the precious little box of apostolic bones. And truly the holy man, his two deacons, eight eremites, and three devoted virgins, barely escaped with their lives and their sacred seed of Christian faith down there in treacherous St. Andrew's Bay. So here on Muck Ross they abode, and St. Andrew's cave in the rocks, St. Regulus' Tower, St. Leonard's College, once hospice for Andrew pilgrims, the whole city of St. Andrew's, in short, with its centuries of curious ecclesiastical history, prove that to their coming is due the Christianizing of the Pictish nation, in 761, says the Chronicle of the Picts and Scots. And though there are, of course, other stories—as that the relics were brought to England by St. Augustine, when he and his monks passed singing through the streets of Canterbury-Town, it would seem but fair that to Scotland, who made him her patron saint, and who to this day flies his X-shaped cross on her flag, St. Andrew should have come direct.

At all events the apostle reached Anglo-Saxons by way of sea, and, we may be sure, after plentiful shipwreck. For

Andrew is a sailor saint. Born by the sea of Galilee, more than seven seas are concerned in his wanderings; and when at the last he runs forward to greet his Passion, he finds his cross set on the sands hard by the shore.

So we must picture him sometimes in a tiny fishing-boat on a choppy lake, sometimes sweeping out to the Mediterranean in the prow of a fine Roman ship, with a splendid sail and Artemis at her helm; working his way about the Aegean, or sailing past the Dardanelles through the Bosphorus to Byzantium. At other times he will sail the Euxine as far as Sinope, or turning sharply north, reach the Dnieper and journey up to Kiev to plant the Cross in the land of icons.

Thus with the living Andrew. But never think his journeys ceased with his death. From country to country, from century to century, holy men like Regulus, wishing to plant the Christian faith, have been carrying his bones and sacred dust. And last in the threefold Andrew-Odyssey have been the wandering manuscripts, the apocryphal stories and legends that tell of his quaint and glorious deeds. But before all this learned consummation, Andrew, "first-called" as men love to remember him, must step forth from the gospel narrative; and before even this, an unrecorded but imagined child must play by the lake-shore.

Waves at last, breaking right up over his brown toes, as he dug them into the sand! How nice it was, with the breeze off Galilee stirring his hair, hot from play with Philip and the other boys on the glaring little Bethsaida street! In a moment Peter would be after him, so let him make the most of this adventure. Strange how much more it was adventure if one were alone! Then the white towns dotted along the shores became different, mysterious, and the blue familiar lake a magical sign of all the seas—yes, that was the secret even Peter mustn't guess!—of all the seas he would one day sail!

"Andrew! *An*—drew!" Hark! Was that Peter's voice? It

certainly was, and Peter himself, running like a lightning-flash down the stony steps to the sea. All at once he was glad his big brother had come. "Peter!" he cried out joyously and snatched the boy's hands.

"What ever made you run away?" Already the anger was fading from the older boy's face. He slipped down on the beach, and, picking up a bit of driftwood at his feet, began to whittle it with his ever-ready knife; then he drove the lesson home. "Don't you know how little you are? Suppose a man with an unclean spirit had followed you?" Silence, Andrew's toes working hard in the sand. "You'd have been scared to pieces. Or a *leper!*"

"What makes them like that, Peter?" the voice was small and troubled; "lepers and evil spirits?"

"Sins——! Come on, Andrew, Mother's waiting supper!" But Peter himself made no move, absorbed in the slim bits of wood he was rapidly fashioning.

"Do they know its sins?"

"Does who know what?" This time Peter spoke impatiently to the small boy gazing with sober eyes across the violet water.

"Nobody loves them, do they? You know, the—the lepers, and the possessed? Say, Peter, doesn't *any*body love them?"

"Don't be silly! How *could* anybody love them? Unclean and all that!"

"I thought maybe," the voice was suddenly shy, "that boy you told me about last year, when Father Jonah brought you up to the Temple at Jerusalem——"

Glowing, his deep eyes on fire, Peter turned to his brother. A moment before he had stopped whittling; almost without thinking he had pinned the two bits of wood together with a stray nail he had picked out of the sand at his feet; a carpenter, working on a boat, had passed that way. He turned the little cross in his fingers. His voice throbbed. "That boy, I'd follow him to the ends of the world! What made you think of him, Andrew?"

"I don't know." Then, eyes on the cross: "What's that you've made?"

"I haven't made anything." His smouldering eyes were still far away.

"Why, yes, you have! Look, Peter! There in your hand! It's a graven image!"

"Well, nobody'd bow down to *this!*" For a moment Andrew stared with puzzled attention; then, in a low voice: "Why, it's a cross!"

"What the Romans hang people on, yes! The boys were talking about it just now—there was a crucifixion yesterday, on the road to Capernaum." A moment longer Andrew stared; then, very low: "They don't hang people *alive?* Not on the *cross?"*

"Don't they, though! And drive in the nails! Beastly Romans! But it's nothing to cry about, Andrew! Just low criminals."

"It must hurt!" Slowly, his childish lips set, Andrew took the cross into his hands. Trembling, the little fingers loosened the nail. "What are you doing?" Silently Andrew turned the pieces till they stood in a big X.

"Now you've made another kind of cross! They hang people on that, too!"

"How many kinds of crosses are there, Peter?" The boy meditated.

The temple bell clanged against the amber sky.

"Well, there's your kind—and my kind!" . . . A moment passed. Then Peter turned, his eyes suddenly twinkling. "Come on, I'll race you to supper!" Together, the boys sped up the sunset village street.

Fast the years flew! Almost as fast as the childish feet that raced with Peter in Bethsaida! They were living in Capernaum, now, a big industrial town; but life was not so very different, for Capernaum, too, was on the sea, and life still centred in the fishing-smacks. Sometimes they went out with James and John, close neighbours, and then they would be in one of Zebedee's larger, handsomer boats. But Andrew

liked it almost as well when they worked alongshore, with the great cast-net they could manage so well.

Then suddenly, a sharp break in the even tenor of their lives, Peter was married. Again and again Andrew told himself it was foolish to feel lonely and out of place, and as he looked back on it all, long after, he knew the loneliness had not lasted long, and that it was never Peter's fault—Peter, who had insisted that Andrew live with them, the boys' own parents being now dead. But it was perhaps part of the reason that, left for the first time somewhat to himself, he began to wonder about life. Puzzling, how things went on in Galilee; always the Romans, the hated foreigners, ruling the Jews, the chosen people, there in their own land! Gentle as he was, the strength of his young manhood told him this was a bitter thing. At last one sabbath he went to the priest, there in the gleaming white synagogue. Hot with this new pain, he tried to tell him what he felt. Hawk-eyed, in cold agreement, the priest listened; but he kept looking over his shoulder, fearful of spies, and Andrew bit his lip and went out, emptier than before.

It was on his way home that he saw the people. In eager knots they stood, close-listening; in the low-pitched voices, ever and anon, words leaped out; they leaped out at Andrew, as he paused: "Yea, he is a burning and a shining light!" Of whom were they speaking? He pressed closer. "Locusts and wild honey, that is what he eats!" "Yea, from the desert he comes, fasting, and down into the river Jordan, all Judaea following, for the remission of sins!" Then, beginning in a whisper that echoed on in Andrew's ears until it became a shout: "Yes, yes, the Messiah!" "It must be so!" And from an old, old man: "Yea, he is the voice crying in the wilderness. Make straight the way of the Lord!"

Fired with a new hope, Andrew hastened home, and that night, with Peter his brother and John the son of Zebedee, his feet were ringing on the Roman highroad that led to Bethabara beyond Jordan.

A wild figure, girt in his camel's hair, as if indeed he had fasted long in deserts, gaunt and terrifying with his stern "Repent!" But Andrew, like the rest, thrilled to him, and with Peter and John, went down to the turbulent baptizing. All Jerusalem seemed there, sick with sin, ready and eager to renounce all if only he would indeed be their Messiah. And he would not. Again and again, in stern repudiation, he thundered to them of the Prophet who should come after him, the latchet of whose shoes he was unworthy to unloose. That Prophet, would he be yet sterner, more austere? So Andrew mused. And then, one day, a new figure added himself to the multitude by the holy river, and John the Baptizer, his gaunt face burning with a great light, cried out to them all: "Behold the Lamb of God!"

And Andrew, close by John, heard him; one long moment he gazed; all his longing Jewish heart was in his eyes; they were meeting the eyes of Jesus. He turned and followed him. Never in all the years that came after, could Andrew tell what made those next hours different from any he had ever known; but this he knew, that it was not only the hours that were different, but himself. For from the moment that he met those clear, brave eyes, and followed, up the thronging street, and the dark stair of the cheap lodging where Jesus stayed, a light began to burn in his heart. Softly the stars came out, against the Judaean night. "I'm glad we asked you where you lived!" he said—oh, how pitifully small the words sounded! But the Master smiled. "And I'm glad you said Come! Now I will go and tell my brother!" And hurrying to the house where he and John were staying, he roused Peter and told him, in the only words that he knew would really rouse him at that time of night—"We have found the Messiah!" And Andrew brought Peter to Jesus.

At first it seemed hard to go back to mere fishing, but after that happy journey home to Galilee, walking all day with that new Master who made all the hot road joyous beneath their feet, Andrew could do no less than Jesus asked. It was settled under a date palm, while they rested at noon.

How sweet the dates Jesus shared with them! And the water, how clear and cold! A caravan bound for the East drew up beside them; they talked with the camel-driver.

So before long they returned to Capernaum, and for a few months the simple fisher life was resumed, but always with the difference those first hours had made, and the thought of the adventures they should some day share—for so Jesus had promised.

Then, into the midst of the serenity, sharp-cutting as a scythe, news that John was cast into prison! Now that it had come, Andrew knew he had always dreaded something like this for the stern Baptizer. He was too downright for the smooth rulers of Jerusalem. Andrew hoped they would not hurt him, but his heart throbbed with gratitude that it was only John—not Jesus—whom they had seized. Surely Jesus—Andrew, down on the shore, worked quickly as he mused—surely Jesus would always be free to come and go. Such miracles as followed his steps! So all the people said. Andrew would like to see these miracles for himself. Would it be much longer, now, he must wait?

"Peter," he called to his brother, working hard by, "help me cast the net!" Instantly Peter was at his side. The young men bent, their arms taut for the casting; and then—was it the sun in their eyes?—they seemed to see some one coming swiftly down the beach, some one—almost their hearts stopped beating. "Cast the net!" breathed Andrew. "He said we should be fishers!" So they were casting their net when Jesus came.

"Come ye after me," he said—how the sun and the wind and the blue sky of Galilee were all about him!—"and I will make you fishers of men!"

So began the great adventure, adventure different every day in that different men were healed, different burdens lifted, different sins forgiven, adventure always the same because it was always Love that showed the way. And now, for a little space, they even had him in their house. At first

Peter had feared it could not be managed, for his wife's mother was sick, down with a fever, and he did not see how Jesus could find the rest he needed. But there he was at the door, with Andrew and James and John, who had likewise been chosen, all of them tingling from the wonder Jesus had just done, there in the proud white synagogue of Capernaum, on the sabbath day, when he had cast out the unclean spirit. And Andrew, standing close by the Master, having seen that glorious deed, could not bear to have Jesus go elsewhere than to their own little clay home. So he touched Peter softly, and whispered to him that perhaps Jesus could make the sick woman well. And Peter, ashamed to trouble him, but very eager that the poor woman should be about again, stammered some words of what the matter was. And instantly Jesus, brushing them all lightly aside, hurried in. Andrew, watching, saw the pain leave her face the moment he came into the little room. Jesus saw it, too, and smiled at her, so glad and beautiful a smile that Andrew, his eyes suddenly wet, realized there was indeed no joy in all the world like this joy of doing good. And then Jesus took her by the hand, and lifted her up. And immediately the fever left her, and she ministered to them.

It was she who, with Andrew, as the quiet afternoon wore on, proposed the plan to Jesus. They took him apart and asked him if he were willing, and he smiled and said surely yes. So Andrew said he himself would fetch the sick. And John, overhearing, said he would help him. So they set out for Capernaum. But they had gone but a little way when they met them coming—halt and sick and blind, and ghastly white with leprosy, until at the last almost they were minded to drive them away, but that they knew Jesus, who feared nothing, would not have it so. Therefore, with what courage they could muster, they turned about, and helped them to Peter's house. And Jesus, hearing the people, for there were many, and some among them had devils who cried out along the way, went swiftly to the door, and stood there, under the single palm tree, his arms widespread. This was at even, when the sun was set. . . . So he healed them, all the city,

gathered there at the little door. And Andrew, looking on his face, thought that never had there been so bright an afterglow!

Harder than it looked, this healing! So Andrew and the other disciples found out a little later, when Jesus sent them into the surrounding countryside that they, too, might learn to do these deeds of loving power, and tell of the Kingdom. Twelve men there were, now; Peter and Andrew, and James and John; Philip and Bartholomew; Matthew the tax-gatherer and Thomas; James the son of Alphaeus and Jude who had been the shepherd boy; Simon Zelotes and Judas. This Iscariot—for he came from Kerioth, in Judaea—was a sombre man, with hair red as a flame, and from the first Peter hated him with a fierce hatred. But on this journey they saw little of him, for they went two and two, and Peter was with his brother. They travelled light, on that first journey, without purse or scrip, but only the pilgrim staff and the pilgrim heart.

This longing to be back with Jesus, however, came down strong on Andrew one night as he came to a Roman cross-roads. Uncertain for a moment which turn to take, he stood there in the darkness, and suddenly evil seemed all about him. He shivered, wondering if one of the demons he had that day cast out could be lying in wait for him; then he called on Jesus softly, and the terror for himself fled away. But he still trembled, heavy with a sense of disaster. Then he heard Peter's steps running—for a moment he had forgotten that Peter was off begging bread at a near-by house—of course now it would be all right again. And then, as he saw Peter's face, white in the surrounding dark, he knew something terrible had happened. And so it was. Peter had just heard; the goodman of the house, returning from Jerusalem, had told him. John who had baptized in Jordan, John whom Herod had imprisoned for his scathing rebuke to himself, John was dead, dead in the rocky fortress of his prison, dead in the wild ravine, murdered for a harlot's whim. Was this, then, what came of prophecy and courage? Hurrying on with Peter through the night, black now with gathering

storm, determined somehow to recover John's body and bury it, Andrew, through all his misery, again thanked God it was John—not Jesus.

Good to be back in Galilee! Good to sit again at the feet of Jesus! The Master knew how tired they were, how that final struggle with the cruel tyrant for the dismembered body had tried their souls! And he told them to go apart and rest awhile. He had a boat waiting for them, there on Gennesaret, and when they found he would go with them, they climbed in joyfully. Jesus himself took the rudder, for he knew almost as much of boats as of lathes and axes, and they slipped quietly out on the sea. "Master," said Andrew suddenly, "with you as steersman, I could sail farther seas than Galilee!" There was that in the clear eyes that turned, then, lovingly on him, that puzzled Andrew; but long after he understood. . . .

Then, as they landed, sharp disappointment overcame the Twelve. For there before them, spoiling, as they thought, their desert peace, were the people. Multitudes there were, a round five thousand; from all the countryside they had come, quickly as they could, as soon as they saw Jesus departing in the boat. Women were with them, and children. Some of them crowded close, as they beached, and one little boy stared with such round, delighted eyes at Jesus, that he almost dropped the small package he clutched. Andrew, about to thrust him aside, remembered just in time what the Master had said; so he smiled, instead, and the boy, radiant, smiled back. "Mother packed my lunch. I've got five barley loaves and two fishes. They're small, but I caught them myself!" There was proper pride in the voice. "I'm a fisherman, too," said Andrew. Then, almost before the Twelve realized what was being done to them, Jesus was gently motioning them to rest beneath some palm trees; and himself, followed by the throng, was climbing the low mountain above the shore. Andrew, as he regretfully turned away with

Peter, noticed the same small boy trotting close at the heels of Jesus.

So, apart, the disciples tried to rest as he had commanded. At last, when the day was far spent, thinking Jesus must certainly have done teaching, they came back. And there, as if they could never have enough, still sat the people. There seemed more than ever. Peter and Andrew and Philip edged their way to the Master. They protested, Peter most of all; everybody was tired; the people must be famished; would he not send them away to buy bread? Compassionately, then, he surveyed them; tattered, worn, patient; hungriest of all for what he alone could give. He could not send them away. Could not the disciples manage it? Then a small rustle, almost, it seemed, at the very feet of Jesus. Something, somebody, was tugging at Andrew's coat. He looked down, and there was the same small boy; the same small package, too. Had he gone to sleep, then, that he had forgotten to eat? But there was no hint of sleep in the excited brown eyes. "Please—" he stammered, "give it to him!" There was no mistaking the awkward shove of his small elbow toward Jesus.

"There is a lad here," Andrew said to the Master, "with five barley loaves and two small fishes." Then, embarrassed by the blank amazement in Philip's face, "But what are they among so many?" he concluded lamely. But already the child had torn off the covering, and with a gasp of excitement had slipped the food into Jesus' hand. For a long moment Jesus looked at him, and Andrew saw the child's eyes, utterly trustful, as they gazed back; and suddenly he knew, beyond all peradventure, how precious a thing is a child's faith. So when Jesus motioned to him and the other disciples to make the people sit down in companies, already Andrew believed. And as Jesus gave thanks, Andrew understood.

Strange that Jerusalem would not understand! Strange how she resented these deeds of love, whether it were this

feeding of the multitude, or his walking on the sea, that wave-tossed night, to Andrew and the rest, or his healing of the sick, or his teaching in the Temple. But so it was. And so it was that Jerusalem, which hated love, crucified Jesus.

Always, it seemed, Andrew had known it would come to this. And yet he had not known, else how could he have been so happy, and full of eager plans, as when, with Philip, he brought the Greeks to Jesus—one stone the more in all this joyous building of the Kingdom! But from the time the Master talked with them, Peter and John and James and Andrew, as he sat on the Mount of Olives over against the Temple two days before the Passover, Andrew saw something he had not glimpsed before. And clear in the midst of his aching pain for what the Master must suffer came a thrill of joy for that he, too, would be permitted to endure. "Ye shall be brought before rulers and kings," clear fell the words in the stillness, "for my sake." And suddenly, clear as the words, there floated before Andrew's eyes, there in the silvery twilight of the olives, the image of a little cross. First it was the more usual Roman cross. Then—and a deep-sunk memory stirred in Andrew's heart, memory of Peter and himself, boys on the lake shore—it was another cross, X-shaped—and with its image came the surge of a great sea, more loud than the lake he knew. He looked at Jesus. And at the steadfast courage of those eyes, his own eyes glowed.

But Andrew lost this courage—he feared, forever—the night of the Betrayal. His courage fled, and he ran like the rest, mad with fear, out of that bitter Garden. And then, late in the night, torn with anguish greater even than his own, Peter had come to him, as he wandered desolate—Peter, blind with tears, Peter at cockcrow. And Andrew, losing something of his own pain in his brother's, had tried to comfort him. There was a time, after His crucifixion, when the Christ himself came back and comforted Peter. And Andrew, listening, kindled, as again He commanded them to go teach all nations, and as he knew that at last the time for his own far voyages was now so near, that so soon—even

after the day of Pentecost—he should spread sail to plant the Kingdom by strange waters.

And now, after the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the disciples who a few months earlier had shrunk away from the Roman spears began to be eager to set out on the Great Adventure. Even the crowding labours of the years among their own people were not sufficient, nor the persecution of their own countrymen. The eyes of the Twelve swept far horizons.

But where and what was this beckoning world outside? Achaia, of course; already many Greeks believed; and this huge, cruel Roman Empire; and India, and the Arabian desert, and the country where the Black Men lived. Somehow they must parcel out this strange big earth, and be about the Master's business. The legend of the *Sortes* gives us a hint of how they managed.

We can picture them one night, coming together in an upper room. A hot night, and though it was quieter here than down in the street, they could still hear the cries of the boys and merchants, for it was always noisy in the slums of Jerusalem. This night decision must be made, and before the lamp burned too low. And they agreed that each must accept his fate. Peter walked restlessly about the room, while Andrew and Philip leaned their elbows on the crowded table. Long they all talked, until it appeared that to cast lots would be the only fair way. And so it was that they "shared among themselves the countries, in order that each might go to the part that had fallen to him."

According to the Greek writers who first began telling the story in the second century, Andrew drew Scythia—whether this Scythia was further to the East, or an ill-defined region of barbarous people about the shores of the Euxine. Later, Latin churchmen give Achaia as Andrew's country. But whatever the lots gave him, romancing admirers went on increasing his domain. Antioch, where men were first called Christians; Nicodemia and Perinthus;

Nicaea, birthplace of the Creed; barbarous Thrace and Lacedaemon with its warrior memories; Thessalonica and Macedonia, city and land rich in thoughts of Paul; Sinope, with its twin marble "Andrew" and "Peter" chairs, out there on the Euxine—all these and how many more have they not associated with his name!

Impossible to recount all the miracles Andrew performed in these many places; the blind to whom he gave sight; the sick he healed; the demons he drove out; the whole populations he converted by some signal marvellous act. Nor did he limit his preaching to his own appointed territory, but had a way of going out to help some brother-apostle. The apocryphal Acts tell of the curious adventures he shared with Matthew—or Matthias as some render the text—among the Anthropaphagi, a story to find its way through a Latin translation now lost into our own Anglo-Saxon. Still wilder, so fantastic indeed, with their Arabian Nights mechanisms, and their lapses into a primitive coarseness of interest only to the scholar, are the Coptic accounts into which the Greek stories made their way in the fifth or sixth century. These and their later Arabic and Ethiopic versions, with their admixture of magic from local Egyptian legends, tell of the wonders Andrew performed with Philemon in "the land of the Kurds" and with Bartholomew in "the land beyond the Oasis."

No one attempts to say where the wicked Man-eaters lived; but it was at any rate their country that the *Sortes* had also given to Matthew, as we shall call him, and the story finds this apostle already a prisoner among the people who ate men's flesh and drank their blood.

While he was suffering in prison, the Lord appeared to Andrew, then teaching in Achaia, and bade him and the disciples aiding him to take ship and go to Matthew's rescue. Andrew, having no ship, somewhat forgivably hesitated, suggesting that an angel be sent in his stead. Whereupon the Lord rebuked him, so that at daybreak he ran down to the shore, and found there a boat and three men sitting therein. "For the Lord had prepared a small boat; and put

angels in it for sailors; and Jesus was the pilot of the boat."

Andrew did not, of course, recognize these heavenly able seamen, but, delighted to learn that they, too, were bound for Myrmidonia, begged that they take him and his disciples on board. But first he must admit they had no passage-money, for he explained that the apostles were no richer then than in Jesus' lifetime. To this the Pilot courteously replied that he preferred disciples of Jesus to passengers who could pay in silver and gold. So Andrew and his friends came aboard and sat down by the sail, and the Pilot, concerned for their welfare, sent one of the angel sailors down into the hold of the boat to bring up three loaves. "Rise up, brother, with thy friends," he invited; "partake of food that you may be strong to bear the tossing of the sea." And all this time, say our old story-tellers, Jesus himself was sitting at the rudder, steering the boat!

Andrew now had leisure to admire his new friend's steering. Never in his sixteen years of sailing had he known any one steer like this; they went as smoothly as if on land! Would not the steersman teach him the secret? But the Pilot answered that the sea itself had recognized a holy apostle, and refrained from lifting up its waves. So the apostle and the Pilot whiled away the long journey in talk, the latter asking many questions about Jesus' ministry on earth. "And when the boat was about to come near land, Jesus bent down His head upon one of His angels and was quiet." And Andrew, tired of much speaking, also slept.

So the angels carried the sleeping travellers to the land, a fact by which they knew as soon as they awoke whose guests they had been. Then Andrew and his disciples walked to the prison unseen by any, for the Lord, who had appeared to them in the form of "a most beautiful little child," had made them invisible. And the seven warders at the gate fell down and expired, and the door opened of its own accord, because Andrew made the sign of the cross thereon. And entering the prison, he found the company of victims, and lost no time in rescuing them. The apostle now bade

them farewell, and Matthew and his disciples—Rufus and Alexander—were borne on a cloud to a mountain.

Soon arose a hue and cry, for the executioners, going to slay the victims, found an empty prison and rushed to tell the rulers. The next details concern the unpleasant steps the rulers took to secure fresh victims and their methods of preparing their hideous feast—matter no doubt hugely entertaining to ancient readers brought up on the fabulous encounters of Sindbad the Sailor. But modern squeamish minds are content to re-enter the story when Andrew, coming on the executioners, hands raised for slaughter, prayed until the knives fell out of their grasp and the hands of these wicked men turned to stone!

The fierce people now bent their attention on Andrew, who had thus revealed himself as the cause of the failure of their food supply. They fell on the apostle, put a rope about his neck, and dragged him off to prison; many times they scourged and dragged him about the city, until "the flesh of the blessed Andrew stuck to the ground and his blood flowed like water." But all this while they could not kill him, for behold! on his forehead was the seal which the Lord had placed there. For three days the apostle bore all with heavenly patience, for the Lord comforted him and bade him turn about in his place of torture.

> Fair flowering trees beheld he standing there,
> With blossoms decked, where he had shed his blood.

The Man-eaters, however, had to be turned from their barbarous ways, and this was a day when portents alone moved men's thoughts. In the midst of Andrew's prison stood a pillar and on it an alabaster statue. Seven times Andrew unfolded his hands on the statue, bidding it reverence the sign of the cross, and out of its mouth flowed an abundance of acrid water, and the heathen people ran hither and thither to escape drowning. Now Andrew prayed, and the Archangel Michael ringed the city about with a wall of flame so that none could escape.

In the face of such wonders the heathen very naturally

hastened to repent, and Andrew, who could not have enjoyed his grim work, at once stopped the flood and caused all the drowned to come to life, except the fourteen executioners and the old man who delivered his own children to the knife. Events now moved rapidly. Andrew baptized the city and drew the blue-prints for a Christian church. He was about to depart when the converted heathen ran after him, weeping and casting ashes on their heads so that he had to turn about and once more confirm them in the faith. Blessing and praising the apostle, the reformed Myrmidonians at length led Andrew from their city.

He now travelled till he came to that mountain to which Matthew and the others had been borne in the cloud, and there he found Peter teaching. Our fragment of Greek manuscript tells how the brother apostles in this place—"the land of the barbarians"—converted the rich merchant, Onesiphorus, by sending a camel through the eye of a needle—and not an undersized camel, either, nor a needle with an unduly large eye, but each a normal specimen! Needless to say, Onesiphorus believed, especially since, to make assurance doubly sure, he was allowed to send for his very own camel and needle and perform the sleight of hand for himself. Another animal, but sadly different from our own canines, is the unhappy Dog-Face of the Arabic story, which rushes out of the desert and terrorizes even Andrew. To deal adequately with a creature so rooted in the quintessence of folk lore and myth, we fear we should have to eat heavily of the tree of knowledge, even as Dog-Face himself clearly feeds on the golden bough!

A rather beautiful incident is the meeting of the apostles with the ploughman. Coming upon an old man in the field, the brothers asked for bread; whereupon the old man, having none, offered to go on ahead to the city and buy loaves on condition the strangers would care for his oxen and the plough. When he was gone, the brothers, ashamed to idle while the old man toiled on their behalf, agreed to till his field. So they girded up their cloaks and undergarments, and Peter took the plough while Andrew followed

after with the seed. And as he sowed, Andrew thus addressed the ground: "Oh, seed, cast into the ground of the field of the righteous, come up and come to the light!" And instantly all about them sprang up an abundant harvest. And the old man returning with the loaves saw his field waving with golden grain, and he marvelled and fell at the apostles' feet.

Up to now we have been following Andrew chiefly in Greek accounts, but we must not forget that our own national genius made one of the most important contributions to the Andrew cult. A country about to adopt a universal figure into its family of heroes naturalizes the stranger by making him resemble as closely as possible the native-born. The ninth-century Northumbrian author of the *Andreas* (scholars forbid us any longer to call him Cynewulf) was unconsciously following this principle when his noble epic introduced the apostle as hero to our old English forefathers. Beowulf, with his bloody encounters with the monster, Grendel, had been the boisterous hero of pagan Britain; the newcomer, therefore, must not have too different an aspect. Yet it proved not so difficult to fit Andrew into the national background. First, Britain, thanks to St. Augustine, was now officially Christian, and the sweetness and light of the new religion was softening, if it had not obliterated, the old pagan ways of thought. Then, most important, was that common bond of sea.

From our own intrepid little isle, we sea-going Anglo-Saxons found it easy to take to our hearts the brave saint who had lived always by the sea and who had so many good voyages to his credit. Ocean to us, however, has never meant some quiet, untroubled lake, but always the king of seas, the stormy Atlantic. So when our unknown poet found the Andrew narrative demanding a storm, his pen fell to with right joyous will, and with keenest delight he sent Andrew speeding o'er the whale-road—the *hranrade:*

Then was the ocean stirred,
And deeply troubled, then the horn-fish played,

Shot through the raging deep; the sea-gulls grey,
Greedy for slaughter, flew in circling flight;
The candle of the sky grew straightway dark,
The winds waxed strong, the waves whirled and the surge
Leapt high, the ropes creaked, dripping with the waves.

Such the glorious battle of waters a great northern poet whips up in these quiet, classic seas! Not that the author of the *Andreas* ever saw the Greek *Acts* from which we have been taking our story, but a Latin translation now lost. The point, after the outstanding fact that he was making literature, is that the poet was converting a Jewish fisherman and a Greek apostle into a hero fit for vigorous English company. And as he thrust passion into his storm, so he infused his own gusty temper into that gentle eastern saint, and found the task again not difficult, for the reason that, as we have seen, Andrew was ever bold in the service of his Lord. "No skulker he from battle"; so arrived on English soil, the English mind gladly welcomed these

Thanes of the Lord, whose courage for the fight
Failed never, e'en when helmets crashed for war.

And in the appearance and mien of the new hero, there is this naïve delight:

I never heard tell of comlier ship
Laden with sumptuous treasures. In it sat
Great heroes, glorious lords, and beauteous thanes.

Achaia, again, was the final scene of Andrew's story, and Patras planted the crown of martyrdom upon his already abundant sufferings.

Andrew's preaching at first had great success among the Greeks. Even Maximilla, wife of the pro-consul, Aegeas, and the pro-consul's brother, were among his converts. Indeed, he had converted so many by this time that Aegeas bitterly complained that there was not one city left where the temples had not been deserted and the gods forsaken. He demanded that Andrew permit the people to return to their idols and that he set an example himself by making a

libation to the gods. Andrew, of course, never wavered, but through all stood valiant "as an athlete before the Lord," only praying that he might worthily attain "the trophy of the Cross." Aegeas now summoned the lictors to torture him, but each time they scourged him the apostle testified for the faith. But the wicked Aegeas would not repent and now ordered a cross to be brought forth and Andrew to be raised upon it, not pierced with nails in the usual manner of crucifixions, but his hands and feet tied with cords so that he be stretched as upon a rack; for he planned to prolong the saint's sufferings to the utmost limits.

The lictors would now lead Andrew to his cross, but the saint's own holy impatience outstripped the zeal of his persecutors. He broke away out of their hands and ran forward, and falling at the feet of the cross, pressed "the good wood" to his lips, and burst into words of passionate greeting. Was it not from wood like this that Jesus hung? Was not the tree more than blessed? Now they bound Andrew upon his cross, and the multitude came forward, and seeing that he was not dead but wore on his face an expression of beautiful joy, pressed near to hear what he should say.

"Why art thou smiling, Andrew, servant of God?" they asked. And Andrew, looking down upon "his little children," smiled yet more tenderly and murmured words they had difficulty in catching; but the crowd seemed to hear: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried" —the phrase tradition gave Andrew when each of the Twelve spoke his words into the Apostles' Creed. Then, Andrew, hanging from the cross, began to preach, and for three days no one of the people stirred; for, said they, "having eaten nothing, he has filled us all." And on the fourth day, the people became so bitter against Aegeas that the terrified pro-consul was setting out to release the apostle when Andrew, seeing that Aegeas was not converted, but acting only through fear, prayed that the Lord would not let him be removed from the cross, but endure to the end. And, as with the executioners back in Myrmidonia, the hands of those who sought to touch him fell away, benumbed like stone.

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"Already I see my King," cried the dying Andrew, "already I worship Him; already I stand before Him where the fellowship of the angels is, where He reigns the only Emperor, where there is light without night, where the flowers never fade—nor the name of grief is heard. Oh, blessed cross, without the longing for thee, no one enters that place!" And now an exceeding splendour like lightning came forth out of heaven and encircled Andrew; and when this light withdrew, along with the brightness itself, Andrew departed. At evening Maximilla came and took down the saint's uncorrupted body, prepared it with sweet and costly spices, and laid it in her own tomb by the sea; whence, according to St. Gregory of Tours, manna and fragrant oil flowed out in a perpetual stream. Andrew died, say those who tell of these events, A.D. 60, on the day before the kalends of December, which is November 30, and this is of course the day the Church celebrates the world over.

Scotland associates St. Andrew's Day with feasting and sheep's heads! When or why a connection was made which would so have astonished Andrew himself, no one seems to know, but Brand's *Antiquities* tells how Scotsmen in old times honoured their patron saint up in London by walking in procession through the streets, carrying sheep's heads on poles in front of them. And everybody knows how a Scotchman relishes his dish of sheep's heads, baked or boiled, on Andy's Day! Our gentle Andrew would have disapproved more surely still of the cruel manner in which labourers and village idlers disport themselves on his holy day in rural Kent. With guns, sticks, and clubs, they race leaping and shouting through the woods to kill squirrels or any other little creatures that have taken refuge there, the crude fun to end, of course, at evening in the public house.

No one has a notion why German girls have come to call upon St. Andrew to help them win their future husbands. On the eve of his feast, the girl removes her clothing and prays that the saint will show her the kind of man she is to

marry. When the boys and girls come together at the party, they place a pan of water on a table and float in it tiny silver-paper cups, in each the name of some youth or maiden. Eagerly they watch to see the little cups float together, for in this way the couples will be paired. Sad is the girl whose cup on St. Andrew's Day goes bobbing along alone! Russia also celebrates St. Andrew as patron saint because he sailed up the Dnieper and planted the Cross on the heights of Kiev, predicting many holy churches, and until the Revolution, the Andrew cross flew from the pennant of her royal navy. Why Slavic maidens, too, should seek marriage help from the same source, is an unsolved problem of folk lore. But in Russia, late on the eve of the Andrew festival, the girls steal out of their beds and rouse up the roosting fowls. Before the sleepy hen that comes pecking the ground at her feet, the girl whose fate is being decided places a gold-piece, a copper, and a pinch of ashes. If the hen pecks first at the gold-piece, it is obvious there will be a rich husband; if the copper is chosen, she must content herself with a poor man; but if the hen turns from both and pecks at the ashes, woe to the maiden, for death awaits her! (Perhaps Russian hens are known to have a prejudice against ashes.)

Chivalric orders at length accrued to our saint. The highest order of Russian chivalry chose him for its patron. Philip of Burgundy purchased at great price a fragment of his cross, after the dispersal of the relics at the fall of Constantinople, and placed under Andrew's protection the famous order of the Golden Fleece. Devoted to the ideals of the Argonauts, these knights floated the decussate Andrew Cross on their pennants. (And, if less romantic, still full of interesting suggestion, there is, in our own times, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.)

Mediaeval times even converted Andrew into a knight-errant. Along with the six other champions of Christendom —St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Nicholas of Russia, St. George of England, St. David of Wales, and St. Patrick of Ireland—he went about the world in perpetual tourney, rescuing distressed damsels, destroying the paynim,

and everywhere winning all for his liege lord, Jesus Christ. In Scotland—and here is another version of the Scotch matter—where he came to convert the nation, an old chapbook tells that, though the nobility welcomed him, the common people would have none of this usually popular saint, but rose up and put him to death. Whereupon the king caused to die every man who had raised hand against Andrew, and thus, with all the unregenerate killed off, Scotland became a thoroughly Christian nation! An unconscious forecast, it may be, for that "true kyrk" which, change as it might—Catholic, Calvinist, Covenanter—was to continue for long centuries a most bloody kyrk! Perhaps John Knox, who exhorted his pious mob till they destroyed every vestige of St. Andrew's Cathedral, and boasted he never left poor Mary Stuart unless the lovely lady were "in 'owlings," was but following an old and well-tried recipe for the making of Scotch Christians!

We have seen that while history nearly cold-shouldered Andrew out of existence, tradition has been busy rescuing him. Andrew lives. One can catch his qualities; one can see why men in many ages and wide-flung countries have loved him, said their prayers to him as saint, given their homage to him as hero, taken him with them when they went holiday-making, and even named their babies for him. Valorous as well as gentle—does not his Greek name mean "manly"?—the dear saint himself has steadily combatted the evil enchantments of time and space and man's forgetfulness. Gradually, through the obscuring mists, we have seen an untarnished halo come shining through, and after, bit by bit, we have made out warm human features, and strong helpful hands that cured many ills of mind and body down the centuries—performed, too, a vast number of fabulous acts, which sometimes required of us tolerance and even a sense of humour. It has been a loving research, this hunting down of the dim past, and a daring. Hundreds of years have piled up on the backs of hundreds of others. We have taken mountains at a stride, plunged into bottomless seas, and laughed at deserts.

For coldly scientific hands and the academic brain may reach, but will never find, our apostle. He will not reveal himself to archaeologists. You who try to unwind the layers of sentiment and story which loving, credulous hands have wrapped about him, will not find a human figure, but a mummy. And we all know what happens when a mummy is exposed to the air. It goes to dust on one's palm! Feel of him gently through his venerable garments, however, and you will get a satisfying result. He will have dimensions, thickness, warmth, and colour. And through your fingers will run the thrill that comes of having touched a live, human body. So you will come to know why the little boy in Murillo's great painting of Andrew's martyrdom turns away and hides his tears from the crowd of sorrowing women. He is remembering, a charming fancy has it, the day back in Galilee when he opened his basket, and showed Andrew his barley-loaves and two small fishes, and the good, kind man hanging up there on the cross was so understanding and gentle.

"Salve, Croce preziosa!" joyous forever rings his salutation to his Passion: "Hail, precious Cross, that has been consecrated by the body of my Lord, and adorned with his limbs as with rich jewels!"[2]

"WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS"

St. Matthew

"WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS"

St. Matthew

He must write his Gospel to save his city. All day and all the preceding night he had racked his brain and searched his spirit for the thing that would allay this seething madness that writhed within the city like a curse. Like a curse? It was a curse! Had not Caiaphas in the red dawn of the Crucifixion shouted with clenched fist: "His blood be on us and on our children!" And blood they had drunk; purple, dark, the sinister stream flowed, ever widening, through the streets of the holy city.

Innocent for guilty—so the world went, the dark world of the first century after Christ. Nearly seventy years now since His birth in little Bethlehem. . . . The keen old eyes that had never lost their vigour narrowed now as he looked across Jerusalem toward the city of David. A star came out. It was the evening star; it stood in the soft purple night over toward the place where Christ was born. Matthew rose and clasped his hands; fervently his lips moved. In the name of that Holy Child—a shriek, piercing, terrified, cleft the quiet . . . a scuffle of sandalled feet. . . . Then, like a flash, before Matthew could take a dozen paces from the roof where he watched to the narrow alley below, a crowd of half-masked figures appeared. Raised daggers flashed. The furtive crowd turned and fled. And the masked figures, with low gutturals he could not distinguish, began to move away. Between them, carelessly, swiftly, they dragged the limp body of the man they had murdered—the Zealots and a new victim.

"Who this time?" Matthew queried of the man that was coming toward him, carrying food and wine; it was Annan, a recent convert.

"Hillem, they say, Master. Only yesterday he spoke against the Zealots. It happened like a flash of lightning."

The man shuddered. Then: "Will you not eat, Master?" But Matthew shook his head.

"I beg you—" Persuasively he came close to the old, unbowed figure. "You are so precious to us! You understand these terrible things—they do not make you afraid as they do us!"

"You never saw *Him,* Annan!" The voice thrilled. "If you had seen Him, you could not fear. His love would lie upon you like a cloak. It was all the cloak He had, His love, and in it He wrapped the whole world. The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man—" He broke off, lost in reverie.

"Master, Master, the Zealots, too, are Jews. Why do they destroy us? They call it patriotism, but it is destruction none the less. Since they drove the legionaries from us last December, they bring the Romans on us tenfold worse than of old! It is a Terror, and Cestius will come back and wreak a vengeance! When I was a child, already the Romans had committed sacrilege—" The servant's voice sank to an awed whisper. "That statue of Jove within the Temple itself—"

"And in the holy place, even between the Temple and the Altar, flowed the lifeblood of Zachariah." The old voice rang its challenge to the now silent night. "That was in the last moon! Do not forget! That was not the Romans! That was Jews, Zealots, because he had dared speak out against them—Zachariah, son of Bachariah—and they flung his body over the ravine—!"

"Hush, hush, Master!" The trembling convert had been half hypnotized by the silver trumpet that was Matthew's voice; now, desperate with fear, he tried to draw him away. "They will hear you! It is perilous for you to sit here. Time and again, they have threatened! They are mad with lust and pride!"

"Ay, they wait for Messias, and they do not know Messias has come. They resist evil. They think they can raise Him out of their daggers and their hate. But the prophets knew. Did they not foretell? Oh, I see it all now—" to himself he

spoke, uttering the fruit of the long day and night of meditation and prayer— "Before it seemed wrong to sit down and write a book with this tumult all about me. And then tonight, a little while ago, it came to me. Still I did not know how I was to do it, I, only a man that had made money—until He called me! But now—now I begin to see. It is for me to make the Zealots understand. The abomination of desolation foretold by the prophet Daniel, and again by the Son of Man, and come to pass in the last moon, by their own red hands. And the other prophecies: 'He came unto his own, and his own received him not; he was led as a lamb to the slaughter—' " There was tragedy in his voice but all at once it surged to joy.

"And thou, Bethlehem—" Suddenly, himself Hebraic, prophetic, Matthew raised his hand toward the evening star; a kind of stillness was in his very speech, as if, deep within, firm and strong in a mighty purpose, his spirit rested. "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel!" Exultant, he turned to Annan: "Over there was where He was born. Do you see, Annan? There was a star, just as they said. . . . I shall tell them about the star." Then, raising his hands in a passionate benediction over the dim roofs of the holy city: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" he cried. Annan, watching in awed wonder, saw that the glowing eyes were wet, "Thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, take me as His messenger!" Briefly he was silent; then, "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ," he prayed, "I am not worthy to write a book about Thee! But they need to know. And Thou art no longer here with us. And John Mark was so young—he did not ponder all the prophecies nor hear Thy words on the mountain, Blessed are the merciful! Blessed are the peacemakers! Oh, Lord Jesus, make me Thy peacemaker between these Zealots and the Romans, that Jerusalem may not be destroyed! Let me make a little book about Thee! Oh, Lord Jesus, make me Thy peacemaker!"

Always they had served the conquerors, had Matthew's family; and when one says "always" one pretty nearly means it, for it was an old, old family, and the Jews were an old, old people. But Matthew, with his flair for genealogy that had come down through generations only the most mathematical of his grandfathers could pretend to count, used to insist good-humouredly but firmly that it was this seeming truckling under which kept them all so permanently on top. They had been adaptable, that was all it amounted to, he sometimes said. For always in the bitter days of exile—long exile under Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, when some of the Jews, too proud to submit, had been picked off by hangman and inquisitor, this family of the tribe of Issachar had made the best of the situation. And always—was not this, at least, a thing to be proud of?—had stood a strong tower of succour for those in need. Hard to be blamed for the very riches that made them thus able to help! But they had been blamed, just as today he was blamed, when he sat at the receipt of custom on the great road of Capernaum that ran by the sea, and taxed the people for the splendid golden Eagles.

It was not that he loved the Eagles; God forbid! But the Romans had them all fast in their clutches. Matthew, in his good humour and unflagging energy, was simply making the best of a bad job. No, there was more to it than that; he smiled to himself as he sat there with his grandfather on the roof of his comfortable house. He enjoyed it because it brought him into all sorts of interesting relations with merchants and sheiks and pilgrims, and active people out of the common run. More than likely his forefathers had enjoyed themselves, too; there was the nomad blood to sweeten even exile.

"We'd have liked it in Egypt, wouldn't we?" He smiled across at the old man, it was his father's father. He had taxed, too, in his young days. Today he had been engaged, as often, in casting up Matthew's figures for the moon just ended; interesting figures, if one saw into them as he did, though he could not help regretting that this handsome

young man, since he was a tax-gatherer, could not have been a *gabbai* like himself. That was a more honourable office; it was the *gabbai* who collected the ground tax, and the income tax—ah, that income tax required a sifting of human nature!—and the poll tax. It was in Bethlehem he had himself been stationed when one Joseph and Mary came, more than a score of years ago. He still sometimes remembered the excitement there had been in the little town where Mary's baby was born; it was misty in his mind—mixed up, some way, with a star; yet that must be wrong. What had a star to do with an enrolment?

"We'd have liked it in Egypt, wouldn't we?" Matthew repeated; and as the old man stared: "I was thinking of old Egypt, under old Pharaoh; and how you used to tell me we were stewards under Joseph! That's a long way to think back, Grandfather."

"It would be long for the Gentiles. The Gentiles have little in their memories; their memories must be empty, like the water-gourds after a sojourn in the desert. But we Jews—" He was lost in the long past.

"I know, sir," said Matthew; "they are foolish to deride us, are they not?"

"Eh, who derides us? Oh, you mean the Romans! They will be gone, my son, and meantime, fret not thyself because of evildoers!"

"But they think *I'm* the evildoer!" Impetuously it broke from him. "No, no, not the Romans; but our own people, who blame me for my trade!"

"I know; you are the thing they hate most, the little *mokhes*. We are both under the ban, but you, you come so close into all their affairs. You have so much power. You can tax the caravans, men and beasts, that have travelled the long road from Egypt, bound for Damascus. You can take the very packs off the camels and fling them out on the dust, and steal the strong mules and substitute the weak; and read private letters—for nothing is secret from the little *mokhes!*—and value the jewels of the women, and the coats of the men, and the very wheels and axles on the carts of

the poor! No, no," as Matthew was about to burst out, "I know you deal justly; but you could deal unjustly. And you serve the conquerors, and the very dealing with them is sacrilege. I know, my son, because I, too, have suffered much, and the Pharisees in the synagogue have refused my very gifts, because they were stained, they said, with the tribute I myself had collected for Caesar."

"If there is anything in Jehovah's fair green earth I loathe," Matthew cried, "I think it is the Pharisees!" The old man smiled; he, too, had been a tax-gatherer. "They are such hypocrites! It was not so with the prophets." He paused again. "I would that our prophet would come, our Messias! I would ask him—"

"Hush, hush, Matthew, Messias could not speak to you, sitting at the receipt of custom."

"If he were indeed Messias—" like coins in strange currency Matthew weighed his words, "if he were indeed Messias, perhaps he would read my heart!"

"And what is in your heart but money? Be honest, lad!" But suddenly the old man saw his grandson was not listening. Abruptly he had risen and was standing, looking into the dusky street below; he was flushed, and a new note of expectancy thrilled now in his voice. "Look! There he is again, that young carpenter!"

"Carpenter!" Mild scorn was in the voice. "A friend of yours?"

"Not—not exactly—" but wistfulness, not scorn, was in the words. We have never spoken, but I saw him once in the last moon. He talks to the people of strange, beautiful things. He—he is a Nazarene—"

"Oh, Matthew!"—in shocked deprecation.

"Yea, the Carpenter is a Nazarene, and I—I am a tax-gatherer! And if he will speak to me—" With a respectful but unwontedly hasty salutation to the old man, Matthew hurried to the street below. But when he saw the filthy poor that clustered close about the Carpenter, he turned hastily, watching from a little way off; then he caught the smirking eyes of a Pharisee, watching like himself, from a respectful

distance; this decided him. Boldly he crossed the street and joined the crowd. The Carpenter was speaking. . . .

More and more as the days passed, and Matthew heard him, now here, now there, he began to feel as if never man spake like this man. There was about him a power, a glory. Strange to feel so about a shabby young workman who never made any secret of the trade he had followed, and who sometimes even now practised it, mending here an axle, there a cart, to eke out a night's lodging, though for the most part he stayed with friends. Matthew watched it all, this strange new life, as he sat at the receipt of custom. And even as he taxed, Jerusalem scribes and Arab traders, and men and beasts from the ends of the earth, there came into his mind one afternoon old words he had often read, words of Esaias, his best-loved prophet: "And it shall come to pass in those days that a man shall be as a covert from the tempest, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

He started, looking at the sheik, whose goods he searched as if he saw him not; those words which had come into his mind, of whom were they spoken? Of the Messiah, to be sure. But why, at this moment, did they come ringing through his heart like a great surge of Temple music? Then he saw that the Carpenter stood yonder; and close, close, palsied and lame and blind, resting in his shadow. Matthew, his heart beating fast, motioned to the sheik to be gone. The man turned, delighted and incredulous; this was indeed a proper tax-gatherer! Hurriedly he shouted to the Arab boys; they piled the goods high, the gorgeous tapestries at which this strange publican had scarcely glanced. The camel rose slowly, grunting, all his bells a-tinkle, and they were off for Damascus.

An hour later, when the Carpenter, too, had passed out of sight, Matthew wondered why he had not collected more; it would have been only just, so just, indeed, that he frowningly decided that he must, in strict justice, himself make up the tax for the Roman government in place of this sheik

he had encouraged to slip through his fingers! His wife, who already complained that he brought home too little, what would she have thought of his light pocket?

And yet if his heart, too, was light? What a glow he had felt as he saw the Carpenter there in the midst of the poor folk! It was that glow which had cost Matthew the rich man's tax. Absent-minded he had been, and he felt, with an unwonted sharpness of perception, that whenever he was absent-minded he lost money, and whenever he was acutely functioning at his trade, he made it. But what good did he get out of it? What else besides money? How much of himself, of his real self, had to be submerged in the pettiness of this trade of his? Violently he started; strange thoughts these, for a tax-gatherer!

Men told strange things of the Carpenter. Matthew, listening in the marketplace, going to and from his house, even at the receipt of custom—for talk of him was rife there, too, as in all Galilee—heard things that must surely be exaggerations. He had ceased to practise his craft for some time now; the sick were too many for him. Patient but importunate, they crowded him night and day, all the sick people there were, it seemed, and those tormented. There was none whom he would not heal. And never, never once, in all this talk of him, did Matthew hear that he had accepted a single penny. They had offered him money, at first, thinking him, in this perhaps, like the others who healed for gain; but he had smiled and shaken his head. More than money he asked of them—their clean and loving hearts.

It was of this last that he talked most, Matthew began to understand—of that inner cleansing of which the Pharisees knew nothing; and of a love—incredible that such should be even assumed to exist!—of a love to one's very enemies! To this last, Matthew could scarce give credence. Probably they misinterpreted—Andrew, who now went about with him constantly, and that impetuous brother of his that one could not help liking. The sons of Zebedee, too, were of his company; but John, especially—John who soared

like a young eagle in the sun—what might not John in his headlong flights impute to this Jesus of Nazareth?

And then one day Peter came running to the receipt of custom and, breathless, told Matthew to hurry, for the Master was to teach yonder on the mountainside—excitedly he pointed. And Matthew, as Peter sped hurrying away, felt again that glow at his heart. Odd how warmly the fellow had spoken to him. Odd how this common fisherman seemed to think he could arrange his affairs! Yet surely leaving a receipt of custom was not like leaving a net, toward which the fishes would swim one day as well as another! But he saw that Peter had turned back; he cupped his hand and shouted in his big voice for Matthew to hurry up; and Matthew, with all the people watching him, waved back, and shouted that he would be there. Peter beamed and ran on, a little awkward in the heavy clothes that always seemed a bit too large for even his big body, but with eager joy in every step. Decent of him to have come after Matthew! Obviously Peter did not want to miss a word. Yes, Matthew must go; but how? And then, regarding him curiously, he saw an old friend, a former tax-gatherer of Caesarea; he too was a little *mokhes*. At Matthew's gesture the man came eagerly over. At the moment no one was passing; and it was arranged that he was to take his friend Levi's place for the rest of the day. The man was oily with pleasure. Capernaum was a rich port; there were juicy plums to be had that day. Matthew, curiously thrilled to be quit of it all for a few hours, hurried off, following the crowd on, on, up the mountain.

❧

"Blessed—" Still some distance off, the word reached him. How the Carpenter's voice carried! No rabbi of Jerusalem could speak thus, not even Gamaliel of the holy Temple! "Blessed—" What a word to begin with! To Matthew, standing stock-still on the thronged slope, it seemed as if over the tired, seamed faces of the people a great healing

touch had already come. And as the Master continued, the joy of the word itself began to shine out. The lines of care and sin and pain were smoothed away; they listened, their hearts drinking in those gracious words as if they were indeed pure water from a spring of life; and as each man, the lowly and the sad, the merciful and loving, the steadfast and the pure, heard the word that spoke most deeply to his own heart, his worn face shone with a beauty Matthew would have thought was impossible. As he saw them thus, transfigured almost, before his very eyes, old words of the prophet he loved best throbbed to life . . . "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

"Blessed—" yea, how the light was shining now! So Matthew listened, the new words forever now alight with the old, the new prophet of Nazareth part and parcel of the ancient past, of a future in which he would one day live.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," Jesus was saying, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

For his sake! As the clear voice paused, Matthew's throat was tight; behind his eyes, tears stung. Blessed, oh, thrice blessed they whom he might call to his service! The afternoon wore on. A long time he had been speaking now; one knew it by the way the shadows lengthened, by the little breeze that stirred the lake, by the rosy brightness on Hermon's snow-crowned summit. One saw these things as one had always seen them, and yet with an utter difference; for

on that mountainside—and not the lowest man among them all but felt it somewhere in his charged soul—a new heaven and a new earth had been unfolded, the new heaven and new earth of simple human love. No thunderings or lightnings marked his teaching; no austere loneliness for him, as for that other on Mount Sinai. The men and women he loved thronged him close. Birds winged their way to fir and cedar with wisps of grass that had grown on that mountain. Flowers blossomed at his feet. And he bade them look at birds and flowers and ease the hot sickness of their hearts.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," he cried (how the words echoed on in the tax-gatherer's heart!), "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." And then gently, and, oh, so persuasively, with a look that lightened the soul of every man of all that multitude: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

And of revenge first he purged them, as if he knew that with that hatred of man for his brother, no good thing could come into the world. It was true, then, what Matthew had heard of him. "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy'" (yea, verily, they had heard much of this; all the bloody past reeked with the stench of that hatred). "But I say unto you" (it was Jesus who spoke to them), "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." And lest any should be troubled in his spirit as to how this new lovingkindness should pierce their hearts, he cried out to them: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

As in a dream from which he never desired awakening, the publican went home. And yet it was not a dream. Never had he felt so keen a clarity; and he knew that the light would deepen. Perplexed indeed he was about his tax-gathering. The day after he had been on Kurn Hattin he went back to his table, outwardly as of old; but no man with whom he dealt but knew he was different, and that where before he had been just in his appraisals, now he seemed scarce interested at all in the tax he collected, but only in the kindness he might do for each. And meeting each other later, on the roads, or in another city, they would compare notes on this new Matthew; and sometimes there was loud laughter, as they agreed that presently the Roman governor would kick him out of his post.

And then one morning, by the people that suddenly began to throng the road, he saw that Jesus had come back to Capernaum. Only one man in all Galilee could cause that much stir. Not for the most gorgeous of the Arab sheiks would people gather as for the Carpenter. But now perhaps it would be harder than ever to find the Master alone. Was it not presumptuous for a publican to trouble him with these money cares? Perhaps, after all, he had best put a good face on the whole situation; after all, what other life could he expect Jesus would find him fitted for, him, a cheap little *mokhes?*

And then the thing happened. Sitting at his table he was, at the receipt of customs. He raised his eyes, and there was Jesus. He was looking at him. Matthew, who had thought to try to explain so many difficult things, simply looked into those eyes. Loving they were, the eyes of the Master, and they drew Matthew as the sight of its nest draws a homing bird. "Follow me!" Jesus said. And he left all, rose up, and followed him.

And what a feast he made to celebrate! Walking off with Jesus that shining morning, with the sky so blue above, and the lake dancing with white-caps, the idea of it came to him.

He saw it in a delighted flash, this making of the feast for all his old friends, to tell them of this new Master he had found, that they also might find him, and be free and glad. Of course it would cost money. Perhaps Jesus would feel it should all go to the poor. Of course, if that were the case, he would give it up. Best ask him about it at once. And somehow, through the stumbling words, Jesus understood. Not alone the outcast poor he called, but the outcast rich, too; well he knew their sore hearts. Surely let Matthew make his feast and call them in, publicans and sinners, the sooner the better; the Master would be there, and smiling he told Matthew to be about his invitations. That same night, the tax-gatherer wanted it to be, but when he began to reckon the guests he must inform, to say nothing of the splendid food and wine he must order, he put it off to two days hence. But that self-same day he dispatched his messengers to all the little towns about and began to prepare his house.

Deeply he had disliked telling the news to his family, but he knew it must be done; and he saw presently with a kind of humorous relief that the fact that the first step in his conversion was this making of a splendid feast made them feel safe. Of course it was a bad business for the young man—leaving the customs like that. He was sure to pay for it at the hands of the Romans, but he had been so faithful in the past, perhaps they would overlook it or take it as a temporary madness. The publican who had taken Matthew's place the day he had gone to the mountain had been providentially about and was carrying on; perhaps it would all blow over. Or perhaps—but this they dared not suggest to Matthew—perhaps this Nazarene himself was going to turn over a new leaf and associate himself with the rich Jews. So the family hoped against hope and even helped in the preparations, until the evening of the feast.

But when the motley crowd arrived, they gave up hope and retired to upper chambers, furious and insulted. Not alone publicans he had asked; they would have expected that, though always they had begged him to enlarge and bet-

ter his acquaintance; but there were sinners. And not alone the thieves and wastrels of Capernaum's underworld were there, but women, too, women of Capernaum's streets—how could Matthew's wife ever endure this?—women scorned like scavenger dogs, and like them used without shame, to be themselves forever shamed in the eyes of the men they served. At the last moment only he had invited these last; almost they had invited themselves. They had heard of the feast, for the tale of the tax-gatherer who followed the Nazarene, losing nothing as it passed from mouth to mouth, reached the ears of all about. Not last, perhaps, the little jewelled ears of the women who served the rich behind their closed lattices. Doubtless Matthew would invite them, too, the rich men had mocked them, laughing, and they had laughed back that they would be there, and defiantly they dispatched messengers to Matthew, demanding to be asked. After all, might it not increase their trade, this night of feasting that was sure to end in love?

But when they saw the Master, somehow the thought of their poor soiled love made them draw hasty cloaks about their white shoulders, and the painted eyes filled with stinging tears as he began to talk about that love they should all have, one to another. He could not know, they thought, as they looked into his clean young eyes, what their love had been, or he could not use the word in their degraded presence, least of all here, in the very midst of these men who had been their lovers, lovers of these disreputable women, these women of no repute, these beautiful women of too much repute. But when again they raised their eyes and looked, they saw he did know; no ignorance was in those fearless eyes, but the pity of a great deep wisdom. And the pigeons' breasts and tongues of birds that came from far Arabia, the spicy wine, snow-cooled from Hermon, lay untouched in plate and silver goblet. Other food these women ate; they drank other drink; and Matthew, following the Master's eyes, rejoiced that he had let them come.

The disciples Jesus had brought with him were accepting their presence quite differently. To James and Andrew the

women were plainly an embarrassment; after the first shocked glance they did not look again. Philip and Bartholomew, too, were faintly troubled. To John they seemed scarcely to exist. He looked at them now and then, fleetingly, not with shame and not with pity, but as if he saw through and beyond them, as if already they were symbols rather than themselves. To the host, Peter was the most interesting to watch. At first he had resented them, hotly, as he loved or resented all else; indeed he had seemed about to bolt from the house, till the Master had smiled at him, then he had sat down, still half angry. But as the feast proceeded, he stared across at them with a slowly surging pity; and at length, as he sensed the change in them, from their mocking defiance to this unbearable longing for a new life, his smouldering eyes suddenly brimmed. Awkwardly, all but upsetting it, the big fisherman snatched up a silver tankard of wine, and reached it across to them. It was a foolish thing to do. Their goblets were all but untasted; but he had to do something, he felt so achingly sorry for them. The Master, who saw all things, saw this, too, and smiled; and Matthew, who saw, too, loved Peter.

Less deeply than the women, the tax-gatherers listened to Jesus. Interested they were, piqued with the astounding new concept of commerce he offered, and which, it appeared, he actually meant; the same as his wild mountain teaching, they saw at once. They looked hard at their host, reclining a little restively at the head of his rich table—the profiteer turned prophet, they had sneered when they heard the news. A casual glance they flung at the other followers, crude fishermen, most of them; and then at the Nazarene himself they stared. A power he had, no getting around that; and to eat and drink as he was eating and drinking now, plainly enjoying the unusual fare the tax-gatherer set before him; a strange prophet to eat with publicans and sinners! Not like the fellow beyond Jordan, with his locusts and honey wild as himself! Yet his ideas, these things he was saying now, would turn the world upside down. They said so at last, and gravely, yet with a bright glint of humour in his eyes,

to be sure it would, he agreed; did not they, as business men, know that that was precisely what the world needed? And abruptly they stopped baiting him. Whatever they were, these rapacious publicans, they were not Pharisees. Deep in their hearts they knew he was dead right. Well, that was that. A most excellent dinner they had had, though the women they had held in their arms but last night would not look at them as they rose to go. Curious how the Nazarene bewitched some people!

Then they saw that Matthew was trying to say something. They reseated themselves. Only civil to listen; he had been a good fellow, though unquestionably he had queer streaks; and he had certainly never appreciated his advantages. It appeared he was saying good-bye—and not just for tonight. He was following Jesus. This was the last feast he should ever make, so he had wanted it to be a good one. They cheered him then, as they reclined on his splendid golden cushions; but he raised his hand; something more to say. And, he went on, he had hoped very much that they would understand and follow, too. Wistfully he looked into their faces, always sleek, good-humoured now, after the snow-cooled wine. He said there was something better than tax-gathering; they were not to pity him because he was leaving his home. Anyway, his wife, it appeared, desired this, because of the liberties he had taken with her reputation. He hurried on: he would provide for her, but for himself—suddenly the new joy shone out clear in Matthew's face—for himself, he was giving up his wealth. Passionately, yet very simply, he cried out that money was nothing! Nothing but a burden! It shrivelled the heart; they knew that. "The profiteer turned prophet," they tried again to sneer, but at his strange earnestness the gibe died on their lips. He was saying that he was happy, happy in a way he could never be with money—he was following Jesus.

Deeply a sharer now in all the experiences of Jesus' friends, Matthew watched and loved and hoped he grew

in understanding. Yet for all his devotion, he in no way distinguished himself during these two years. In the great crisis he was no better than the rest. He slept in the Garden; he did not show himself at the trial; the bitter pain of the Cross so terrified him that his mind was paralyzed just like the others'. But like the others, he, too, awoke with the joy of the Resurrection and vowed himself anew to call others, as he had himself been called.

Stormy years, now, for the young Christian church, piling up all manner of problems for those anxious shepherds, Peter and James. But Matthew took little part in the councils, for he was most often away, urging his fellow Jews to exchange for their far-off Messias the spiritual king who, believe it or not, had already come. Hard he found it, trying to rekindle for these letter-bound people the glowing words of the Mountain. Yet at least his talk brought crowds to this strange man who had given up his money. Hard-headed Jews as they were, they could not help being impressed. In street corner knots, they would stand about discussing the rabbi. He, too, was a Jew. He could quote the prophets. How well he knew his history! He could remind them of events they had almost forgotten. The old men, usually dogmatic in Temple discussions, would shake their heads and run trembling hands through their beards, but in the end, they always drew their blue-fringed praying-shawls about them, clutched phylacteries to their breasts, and, eyes on the ground, turned firm backs on Matthew, and strode on to the synagogue. But the young men waited to hear more.

So Matthew founded his many churches in Judea, and then, returning to Jerusalem for a time, and hearing of Paul's thrilling preaching to the Gentiles, knew the time had certainly come for his own mission.

Whether it was he or Matthias—elected by the brotherhood to fill the traitor's place, and with whom Matthew is sometimes confused—who shared Andrew's Myrmidonian adventures, church historians generally place Matthew's

chief labors in Ethiopia. Assuming that the Greek apocryphal story is his, we find the saint praying on a lonely mountain. He wears a tunic and apostolic robes, but no sandals, for tradition gives Matthew, perhaps for the very reason that he had once been rich and presumably of luxurious habits, a special abstemiousness. He is said to have lived always on hermit's fare, berries and roots, acquiring an ascetic beauty, to which St. Jerome adds a brightness of countenance and some of that same quality which had characterized his Master before him. Properly, then, in the Greek story, he is completing a forty-day fast, when Jesus appears to him in the likeness of one of those Holy Innocents slain by Herod who now sing perpetually in Paradise.

Matthew takes the child's rod, returns to the city of the Man-eaters, and plants the rod hard by the church which he and Andrew have founded. But soon he is met by the king's wife, son, and daughter-in-law, all afflicted with demons. Cured by the apostle, they gratefully join the throngs now advancing with Plato, the bishop, to welcome him. But, true to the usual apocryphal pattern in royalty, the wicked king will have none of Matthew, and sets about to torture and then to burn him alive. But each time fire is applied to the apostle's bed, it behaves in a truly Wagnerian manner, and refuses to harm him. And in the midst of all these trials, fire ringing him round, according to this particular story—at variance, we shall see, with other legends—the apostle dies a peaceful and natural death. Presently he reappears to his disciples, and after confirming their faith, ascends into heaven, led by the beautiful child, and welcomed by twelve men with shining garments and never-fading crowns.

While he is thus ascending, his coffin performs the curious miracle of rising from the sea into which the king had cast it, set upon a cross. And as is always the case with such wonders, the event converts the king and a great concourse. So Matthew appoints the king presbyter, and his wife presbyteress, while the seventeen-year-old son and daughter-in-law he ordains respectively deacon and deaconess!

A quite different story, also of Ethiopia, is of Matthew's visit to the Eunuch, whom Philip the deacon had baptized. But here the apostle naturally meets with every show of honour. From thence, however, he soon journeys to a part of the country dominated by two terrible magicians, who afflict the people with diseases and spells. Matthew overthrows the enchanters, saves and converts large numbers, and finally raises from the dead the son of the "King of Egypt," and heals of leprosy the daughter, who bears the beautiful Greek name of Iphigenia. Under Matthew's instruction, this princess becomes head of a sacred order of pious maidens. San Matteo's chapel at Ravenna preserves these stories of the healing of the sick and the conversion of the Ethiopian king, in dim frescoes attributed to Giotto; while an old Bedford missal has a miniature representation of the "Healing of the son and daughter of King Egyptus of Leprosy."

Twenty-three years, they say, Matthew toiled here in Ethiopia—a delightful bit of monkish accuracy in view of the exceeding antiquity of this dim period! And then, we think, drawn by a great nostalgia to see his own land and to hear the voices of his brother apostles, troubled too by the rumours of the evil days on which his holy city has fallen, he returned to Jerusalem. For a terrible menace was upon her, a menace from within, the blood-red menace of the Zealots, bruising themselves against the jagged golden Eagles. But his city would not listen; the people, their ears cocked to patriot treason, would not listen to the love that held all nations one. The hissing, whispering months passed into snarling years. Jerusalem's doom crept closer. Still Matthew laboured, and at last he wrote his Gospel. Already John Mark had written his, but it was not enough; young Mark did not know the prophecies as he, Matthew, a Jew of Jews, knew them. And still they would not heed. Yet some there were, even in this purblind land and thrice purblind city, who took to heart the beautiful, piercing warning of the Evangelist, and before it was too late, fled the desolation.

With these went the apostles, sorrow in their hearts. But

after all, the world was vastly bigger than their own Judaea, and the word they carried more precious than the holy vessel hid behind the innermost veil of the Temple—the glorious Temple, of which now not one stone remained upon another. So again Matthew went to the Gentiles. Preaching always, we believe, the snare of riches, the sweetness of renunciation, an old man, he came to his end, some think on the sixteenth of November, A.D. 90.

Matthew's martyrdom seems in considerable dispute. Some artists of the Byzantine school show an angel swinging a censer by the bed of an aged dying saint. But Latin thought ascribes to him a martyrdom by the sword, which thus comes to be a Matthew emblem in ecclesiastical art. And the calendar of the Greek church gives this apostle a martyr's death by fire.

These apocryphal stories disappoint one seeking traces of Jesus' social meaning. For Matthew alone of the Evangelists recorded the sermon on the Mount in its entirety, and it does not seem too much to assume that he was more keenly arrested by this side of his Master's teaching than any other disciple.

Like Matthew, modern man is still struggling with the world that might come to being were we to submit to practise the revolutionary words spoken on the Mount. What if men should actually render good for evil? truly forgive? live as brothers in a peace that is real, and not a balance of arms? abolish class, and substitute human need for profit as motive in industry? Even to modern disciples of Christ, why should ownership, domination of fellows, the struggle for existence, constitute realistic thinking?

To hearts wearied and saddened by the cavalier fashion in which the Church so pitifully soon stopped her ears to these vital questions, and hungry perhaps as ourselves for an appropriate Matthew legend, may we offer the fruit of a firelight journey to Russia? St. Andrew reputedly first bore the Cross thither; so perhaps she is his by right of eminent

domain. But surely she belongs in part also—that Holy Russia of peasant and icon—to St. Matthew, who brought to Jesus through his Gospel the noblest Russian of them all, the greatest disciple of modern times. So before the evening lamps are lighted . . .

THE LEGEND OF MATTHEW'S TOLL

Deep winter. Night has cupped in a desolate plain. Out of nowhere sleigh-bells cut the frozen air like tinkling knives, but the night is so black one can only divine the sleigh skimming without sound along the crust of unbroken snow. The few high stars have withdrawn themselves, huddled back into the thick heavens out of the cold, like the man beneath in the sleigh, sunk so deep into his furs and heavy skins that only the hand guiding the horses seems alive. But even the rich robes cannot keep out the wind swooping down from the heights. The night snarls at him across the bare fields and climbs up on to the runners, and the icy air licks his hood, and rasps his cheek like a long, thirsty tongue.

But the traveller, a Russian nobleman, weary from a long journey and hastening home—for this is Christmas Eve and he must be with wife and children on the morrow—knows that the open road, for all its cold, is as nothing to the desolation of the forest ahead through which he must pass before he can win to his own estates. But the horses are swift and keen, he himself without fear. To shorten the dreaded stretch, he leans forward and swings his whip in the crackling air. The obedient animals flatten out for the gallop. They are about to plunge into the wood, when, without visible cause, they shy violently in the road. The man fears wolves. He brings his whip down on the horses' backs. The animals quiver and stamp, but they will not enter the wood. The driver is angry. Is he not used to playing master, master of horses and men? Another cut; then a rain of blows. But the poor beasts only rear on their haunches

and plunge madly about while the sleigh careens to this side and that.

The infuriated nobleman is about to strike still harder when, though he cannot tell whence they come, he hears words close at his ear: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." He looks about in the black night; no one. Enraged, he lays on once more with his whip, when something causes him to pause and look up. Above his head all is light—light in the midst of surrounding darkness. In the luminous air, pointing starward, the fir trees, one by one, prick the sky in delicate green points, and the snow, lying fold on fold on the scimitar-like branches, is studded with many-coloured jewels. Bands of golden mist appear between the green arches, and the traveller perceives that streamers of faint rainbow light are converging toward a spot in the road—the very road along which he has tried to force the unwilling animals.

After his first amazement, his rational mind seeks an explanation; for this is not only a rich and powerful nobleman, but a learned man, a writer of wise, deep books. But even as he tries to think, again comes the voice. "Get down out of your sleigh," it is saying, "get down and come hither!" The nobleman wishes not to obey; then suddenly he sees the face of the one who commands. Trembling, he descends from the sleigh. There is something about the face—beautiful. . . . He leans toward the figure standing there in the green-black trees, bright even against the sparkling snow-crystals. Then anger resurges—an outrage not to be borne, this holding up a traveller on a lonely road in the bitter night!

"How dare you stop me? Tomorrow the Czar's inspector general shall hear of this!" He makes a threatening gesture, but the upraised hand falls impotent at his side.

"I am the Tax-Gatherer," comes the voice. "You cannot pass this spot until you have paid your toll." Taxes? Toll? This time of night on the black edge of a forest? Plainly the man is mad. Certainly, on the morrow the affront shall be made known to the Little White Father.

"Tomorrow"—it is as if the other had heard his thought. "Have you forgotten?" From a church three versts away in the mountains comes the chime of Christmas bells. The Russian flushes; in haste he crosses himself.

"Christmas Day," he mutters. "I *had* forgotten!"

"You have forgotten much." The sternness in the beautiful voice is tinged with sadness.

"But—but who *are* you?" falters the Russian.

"I am the Tax-Gatherer," the other repeats. "I sit at the receipt of custom. Look you, Lyof Nikolaevitch, I am come to collect what you owe to your Lord and Master!"

"*Owe?* But I owe nothing!"

"You can say that"—all sternness now, the voice—"you who ride to a rich warm home tonight? You whose servants await you with lights and red wine?" And as the fur-clad noble, in growing wonder, shakes his head, comes the deep-toned command: "Lyof, pay your toll!"

And now indeed the Russian trembles in his furs. Meek at last though he but half understands, he comes forward, leaving his horses. The reins hanging slack, the good creatures begin to push gentle noses about in the soft snow; for lo!—while the two have been talking, tender grass has sprung up and blades of new barley! And now the noble is bidden fetch from the sleigh the heavy wallet, hidden there under the furs. Again he obeys, and silently watches the stranger turn it out on a little table, now perceived for the first time. It is a rich sum the rubles make, and the other gravely counts them, one by one; then, as if satisfied, he pours the whole into a bag of skin that hangs from his girdle. "For His little poor," he murmurs.

Next the stranger bids the noble fetch from the sleigh the seal-skins and sables and heavy buffalo robes. Grumbling a bit, for on the long ride ahead he fears to perish with the cold, he nevertheless obeys and lays the skins on the Tax-Gatherer's table. "For His naked and His cold," comes the soft whisper; and the noble, turning, sees to his wonder that they are no longer alone.

Against the trunk of an evergreen which sparkles so

brightly the snow-covered ground is ruddy all about, are leaning two peasants, poor charcoal gatherers by the look of them. But even as the noble stares, their blue, pinched faces flush with returning blood. They smile and hold out numbed hands as if to the blaze of a fire; and the awe-struck noble perceives that the grateful warmth is coming from a pool of light on the table where a moment earlier the rubles had lain. He also marvels to see the peasants now clad in his own rich furs.

But a third man stands by, shivering horribly. Rags gape across his bony chest; his emaciated legs are bare, and his lips part in a piteous moan. The Russian's heart is pierced with pity. Running to the poor wretch, he snatches the fine velvet blouse off his own body and wraps it about the other's trembling form. The peasant tries to kiss his hand, but already he is on his knees in the snow, unstrapping his high leather boots. First into one, then the other, he forces the man's protesting feet. Entranced, the peasant stares, then slowly strokes his red velvet stomach. His hand passes over the soft fur and splendid embroidery; he sticks out a leg in the shiny leather, with the lamb's wool at the top, and the smart scarlet tassel; then, for sheer joy, the *moujik* laughs outright. The stranger, whose hand rests lightly on the noble's shoulder, is smiling too.

"Blessed," says he, "are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Then, turning to the noble, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." A joy never known before floods the rich man's heart, and suddenly he is aware that for all he is without coat or blouse or boots in the bitter night, his whole body is aglow. Like a child playing at a wonderful new game, he demands what next to lay on the table of toll.

"For I was an hungred and ye fed me," prompts the Tax-Gatherer. And the noble traveller, remembering the huge basket of good things he is carrying home for the household's cheer on Christmas Day, runs back to the sleigh. He can hardly wait until he has spread the ripe, costly fruits and spiced candies, and dainty, star-shaped cakes with pink and

yellow and green frostings, beside the jugs of delicious wine. The samovar, sprung up from nowhere, is already bubbling merrily. Some one tugs at his sleeve, and turning, he sees the whole forest alive with people! Bundled up in woolly smocks and leather coats, with cloth-wrapped legs and fur caps pulled low over their foreheads, they look less like human beings than bundles of clothes—until one sees their shining faces. And the jolly girls and fine young men! And the children—! One little girl already pokes a juicy cake and stands licking her finger. Two little fellows are holding out sweets for the horses to nibble. And always the stranger stands looking on. "Once I, too, made a feast," he says, but he speaks so softly only the noble can hear him, "and He Himself came and sat with my guests and blessed my board."

And now an old man is approaching. In his hand, not over-clean, certainly, is a piece of black bread, his gift to the feast. He motions the noble to take it. But the great man begins to wrinkle up his nose. To be sure the old creature means well, but after all, actually to eat with these strong-smelling peasants—! He is beginning to shake his head when he feels the stranger bending sorrowful eyes on him. Hastily he takes the loaf from the old man's hand, and before he can lose courage, lifts the bitter bread to his mouth.

But even as the coarse food passes his lips, his eyes shine with vision. He sees that no more on his estates shall there be rich and poor, master and serf, like himself and this trembling peasant. Henceforth all shall be comrades, equals in lands, in houses, in all things. All shall toil together, and when the sun goes down on the fields at evening, the bread, be it white bread or black, shall be welcome because all shall eat it in fellowship. And Tolstoi throws his arms about the bent shoulders. "I thank you, brother!" he cries. "That was sweet, the bread you gave me."

The peasants, dancing among the silvery firs, shout and embrace, shake little avalanches of snow into their upturned faces, and cry out merrily. Youths click their heels together;

they swing the girls off their feet and smack them roundly. But suddenly into the midst of the fun, bells peal once more from the mountain shrine. "Hush!" each whispers to his neighbour. The laughter dies; they cross themselves and drop on their knees. Each child races to his mother's side, and hand to breast, kneels on the glistening ground. Noble and *moujik* bend side by side in the ruddy snow. And now the glow in the tree tops is brighter than before. Suddenly such a wondrous effulgence is there that the bowed heads are raised, one by one. For there above the topmost branch, high on his *ikon,* so dazzling the eye can bear but one brief look, shines the Child—the radiant Child Himself! And then in music so clear and sweet they do not know if it is the Christmas chimes or the saint's voice, fall the words: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

THE SHIP WITHOUT SAILS

St. James Major

THE SHIP WITHOUT SAILS

St. James Major

ZEBEDEE was proud of both his sons, but if he must choose, it was in the older boy, James, that his chief satisfaction lay. He liked to go off a little way from the noisy fishing-centre and sit in the gunwale of one of his boats, beached on the sands for repairs, and quietly watch the tall, forceful boy running among the boats of the craft, calling commands to the fishermen his father hired. When James got to be master, the father thought, this fishing business that he had built up from one small boat to a fleet of fifty miniature ships, would grow till every independent boat as far as his eye could reach down this side the lake would be working for the sons of Zebedee. That is, if John—but the thought of the younger boy puckered his brows. There was something about John that worried the father, an absentness from the thing in hand. Take this going off now, with young Andrew and Peter, at the very time the fishing was heaviest—so different from James, on whom he could always depend.

Salome, coming out on the beach to rest from her weaving, laughed at her husband's fears. The boys were all right; trust a mother to know that what they wanted was to carry on their father's work and in their turn found families with sons to come after. Zebedee's sons and then the sons of Zebedee's sons! Zebedee pressed his wife's hand and nodded. Generation to follow generation and all to walk according to the Law in worship of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.

But not many months later came the day the father had been dreading. John's starry eyes told him as they sat at meat the day he and Andrew and Peter got home from Bethabara. John said the three of them had been tramping

the Jordan's banks, trailing every print the Baptist's great feet made in the muddy sands, when one day without warning Jesus of Nazareth passed that way. James leaned toward his brother with parted lips, hands clutching the table. Did John really believe he had seen the Messias with his own eyes! But Salome began her eager questions; she had heard of the carpenter-preacher from friends in Nazareth who had talked with his mother, Joseph's wife, in the marketplace when the women crowded about the vendors of figs and vegetables. Did John think he would become an important rabbi and have a great following?

John tried to explain and stammered out a few words, but his voice caught. Hurriedly he dashed from the room. Salome began chattering, but Zebedee was watching James. John, hardly more than a child, might be carried away with this idea of discipleship; but James was level-headed, his father's son—but even as he stared, he saw that James' own face wore the radiance they had seen a moment since on his brother's—and now he was following John, bread and meat untasted! And next morning, wandering down to the beach in search of a breeze to cool his head after the feverish night, Zebedee found both boys ahead of him, seated on an upturned boat. The dawn was in their eyes and John was talking with earnest, boyish gestures. James interrupted with sober questions, but in the end nodded, always nodded. Turning back to the house, where Salome silently pointed to the untouched mats, Zebedee shook his great grizzled head and told his wife that now there would be no house of Zebedee here on the shores of Gennesaret . . .

Jesus understood what it cost the brothers to leave their father, in particular how James suffered, and made occasion to talk it over with him on one of their long walks out from Capernaum. Even now James might turn back, though "he that loveth father or mother more than me," he reminded, "is not worthy of me." Oh, but surely Jesus knew James could not leave him? Did he not remember the morning

when he came down the shore, picking his way among the boats and drying fish and bits of sail, and came over and stood by the boat in which James was mending a net? How instantly he let the net fall to the ground, stepped out of the boat, strode to the ship in which his father was directing the fishermen, also mending nets, and called up to him in as steady a voice as he could for beating heart and trembling lips: "I must go, Father. Jesus has come!"

It was because of James' pain at this abrupt and bitter parting that none understood so well as the elder son of Zebedee the Master's reproof to a certain man in the crowd who came up one evening—it was the day of the great healing of the sick from Peter's doorstep—and told Jesus he had about made up his mind to become a disciple but must wait until his aged father should have passed away. He wanted to be at the bed-side when his father died, to receive his blessing and give him the burial proper to his station. But Jesus, with a glance that included James, looked sternly at the speaker; worldly wisdom like this would never build his Kingdom. "Follow me and let the dead bury their dead," was all he said, and James watched the stranger turn away, reluctant, yet with a sort of shamefaced relief. Then he saw that Jesus was bending upon himself a look of unutterable sweetness.

The Master's sympathy was to make up for everything when about a year later Salome sent her sons word that their father was dead. Always he had refused to see them on their brief visits to Capernaum; and now he had died without them in loneliness and pain. But the mother's message had much of comfort. She had never blamed them for the separation; indeed she had twice joined them, once at Bethsaida and again near Tiberias, and heard the Master preach and herself seen him heal. And now the message ran that she herself had decided to become a disciple and would join her sons as soon as she had wound up her husband's affairs. Other women, she knew, had already joined Jesus' company —less useful converts than herself, because they brought nothing, whereas in addition to doing for her own boys she

hoped to be allowed to provide little bodily comforts for him as well. She could do this easily out of her substance. James smiled. He knew how little the Master cared for a soft bed and any but the coarsest food. Why, he could walk and teach all day long on a handful of dates and a little bread! Also James wondered how much his mother grasped the meaning of what the Master taught; after months of faithful trying, he and John made many mistakes. How much, too, did her yearning to be with John, her nearest and dearest, lie beneath her determination? Still, if Salome could serve the Master . . . James judged all things now by the standard of usefulness to him.

That his own usefulness was increasing, he became certain the day of Matthew's feast. The dinner was over, and a crowd of buzzing Pharisees had followed the Master into the street outside Matthew's house. Excitedly they were stroking their beards and talking in loud, angry voices when suddenly a finely-dressed stranger elbowed his way into the crowd. The people fell back, awed as much by the perfume that came from his clothes as by his imperious manner. "Jairus!" one whispered to the next. "The ruler of the Synagogue! Look, that's his palace up there on the hill!" The disgruntled Pharisees made off without a word. Jairus was the head of the whole School of the Law; they were not going to stay and see him honour this Nazarene. But see, James nudged his brother, this splendid stranger was actually kneeling on the dusty stones at Jesus' feet, his eyes red with weeping. His only child, he said, had been terribly ill; indeed, as he came from his house, he feared the breath was leaving her body. He had heard that Jesus could do wonderful things even where life—he broke off with a stifled sob—even where life had already departed. Oh, would he come quickly? The crowd was agog, the disciples stupefied. Here was a summons from the camp of the enemy; would Jesus attempt to perform a cure for a powerful man like this? Always they had seen poor folks at his clinics—in the country, people from the fields, vine-dressers, sowers and

reapers, shepherds, and in the lake towns, fishermen, carpenters, day-labourers, potters and weavers.

Calmly Jesus drew the exhausted father to his feet and bade him go on up to his house. Then he turned about to select a few disciples to accompany him, for he could not take all. First he summoned Peter. Faintly James smiled, for Peter was red in the face with trying to out-talk a Pharisee! Next John stepped up and ran his arm through the Master's, for he was always certain of his welcome. And then, James' heart began to beat. Probably Andrew would be chosen; often he was. But no, it was himself whom the Master was beckoning.

They had gone but a little way when, above the clamour of the noisy crowd, strains of music reached their ears. Hark! Minstrels hired by the ruler to play the funeral dirges, and mourners—how clearly they could hear them even so far away! They could tell how many there must be. How the three wanted to see the inside of the house of one who could employ so great a number of persons! But as the Master and his friends reached the doorway of the house, James made out that some one was bidding them go away, and he could see into a richly-hung room where an important-looking man was stooping over the grief-bowed ruler.

At this moment, from the courtyard came the crash of cymbals, then the beat of drums, pierced through with shrieking flutes and wailing voices, less like men's than wild things from the Arabian desert. The din was terrific. Stepping into the room, Jesus brushed the officious friend aside, and putting his hand on the ruler's shoulder so that he had to raise his tear-dimmed eyes, he whispered kindly: "Be not afraid, only believe." Then he swung about on the mourners: "Why make you this ado and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." At that the mourners howled in derision and spat out ugly words. Who was this carpenter to come interfering? Dead or not, the girl's father had paid them well to mourn, and wail and shout they would, for, as everybody knew, the greater the racket, the more the

shekels. Actually Jesus had to order them off the premises, so fierce was their greed!

Once within, James forgot his curiosity, and, like the other two, never once remembered to look at that sumptuous interior, the gold-flecked couches, the onyx floors, or even the storied tapestries lit softly by swinging braziers. For death was in that house, death which conquered kings and emperors and scholars and brought them more low at last than the poorest beggar who sat in the hot bright sunshine; death, so cruel it did not scruple to seize a child. For suddenly now, with a strange tightening of the throat, James saw her. And in a dim wonder he felt throbbing painfully to life within him all sorts of wistful questions he had never known before.

Softly he moved forward with the rest and gazed. On a divan she lay, so still and pure that somewhere in his mind, crowding back the tragic thoughts, there came to James memory of a dim black pool he had seen long ago, and on it, floating in the stillness, a water-lily. She was like that, he sensed. Petals, those still white limbs, with the rich dark cushions of the couch about them like dark velvety pads—a silent lily afloat on the dim black pool of death. So terribly still she lay, that little maid.

James forced his eyes from her and saw the Master; he stood quite close, gazing down upon her. Oh, if she could but feel his eyes, James thought, how she would toss off that cold leaden sleep, and run on eager childish feet to Jesus, to love and serve and follow! Oh, the pity that there should be a child in all Galilee who could not run to Jesus! And now the Master had taken a pale hand; in his warm, tingling hand the little fingers lay, terribly cold, terribly still. The parents watched, scarce breathing. Oh, could it be that he who drew all children could also draw their little maid?

And now he was speaking. "*Talitha cumi,*" he murmured, and his voice was the breath of wind just stirring that dim pool on which her gentle spirit floated, a breath of wind, yet vibrating always with that resolute strength that dwelt within: "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!" . . .

Simply, then, they left her, after the Master had given the awe-stricken parents that quiet reminder that she was weak from fasting and that they must feed her. But all the way home James, still caught up in that strange new flooding of emotion, mused. How simple it had all been, no dark magic, no secret incantations such as he heard the Egyptian sorcerers threw about their pretentious cures! Simple; simple almost as finding God, whom Jesus brought so close. And he thought with what bright beauty the Master's face must have appeared to the little maid in that first long moment of amazed awakening.

Each day now brought its added wonder. But so great the work the eager people laid upon him in every city and village in Galilee, Jesus could no longer manage it alone, and grieved that, having but two hands and a single pair of feet, he could not reach them all. Besides, James and the rest must receive their testing. So one day he told the Twelve that he would send them forth to practise what they had learned of the Kingdom.

Only the knowledge that, wherever he was, the Master held them in his thoughts, helped James and John to get through the next months. Of course there was the feeling of importance that Jesus had entrusted his very reputation into their hands; this upheld them, together with the novelty of getting about to strange places. But what these sons of Zebedee found hardest was being laughed at, and how often that happened! John sometimes would walk furiously straight away from the crowd. James would stay to argue, but he never was a ready talker, and the synagogue students, with their roll of words dry as parchment, could tangle him up in no time; and that would set the crowd a-jeering. Sometimes he had to clench his hands hard to keep the wild, dreadful words from his lips. How could he ever serve the Master who could not control himself? "Sons of Thunder" Jesus with a rueful smile had already nicknamed both brothers.

Overjoyed to be back at the Master's side once more even as he poured out the tale of his adventures—in turn Jesus made each disciple sit down and tell his story, listening the while as if nothing in the whole world mattered so much—James sensed a change in him. At first he set this down to the Baptist's frightful murder. But soon he saw it was not John's death alone that troubled Jesus, though what it was he could not fathom. The Master was quieter, graver; fellowship with him was no less sweet, but he seemed enwrapped in brooding thoughts.

Soon enough James gained an inkling of their cause. The people themselves were changing in their feeling about the Master. James saw it clearly that day after the feeding on the hill slope, when they thrilled to him and some shouted out that John had come back to life; and others that Elijah stood in their midst; and a few, a very few, sensing the Messiah he really was, cried: "This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world!" Grateful for a moment, the Master gazed. Then came that startling change, like a blinding desert wind. Came a muttering from one side about the rulers in Jerusalem; from another, complaint of Herod's harshness. Then a fanatic leapt to his feet, whirled his arm about his head as a dervish his sword, and started the cry: "Down with the Romans! This man Jesus will lead us!" And in a flash the Master saw that these Passover pilgrims, who but a few hours earlier had been soberly making their way to Jerusalem, would have taken him by force and made him their king.

A king. . . . But why was the Master so terribly distressed? Asking himself this, James knew that never had he quite understood how Jesus' ministry would end. If the multitudes, out of sheer gratitude for his healing, should rise up one day and acclaim him king, would that not be success for the Master's principles? Just what had he in mind any way when he spoke of his "kingdom"?

There was a night of marvel which should have brought understanding to this disciple's groping mind, had it been ready to receive it. Telling them he had always wanted to see

the northernmost limits of his native land—it was after the Phoenician journey and the visit to the Decapolis—the Master said they would now journey right up into the mountains, whence they could sweep the whole country—Tabor, purple Moab, and if they climbed high enough peaks, even perhaps the Dead Sea itself. Yet well the disciples knew no mere sight-seeing whim on the Master's part took them into these remote and exalted regions.

Hermon, whose very name means mountain! Had not the prophets of their race named it holy and the poets wreathed songs about its noble crest? What Hebrew could gaze unmoved upon this holy hill of Zion? Certainly not Peter nor these sons of Zebedee. It was hard on sunset when they began the climb. Mulberry and fig and apricot spread wide about them in gently mounting fields. Then the way grew steeper, and as they toiled upward, the Master always on ahead, the snowy heights, rising fold on fold, took fire from the blazing sun. One burning rose the world became, rose and flame the vast spaces above their half-blinded eyes, rose and flame the burnished slope they trod, rose and flame as they looked down the plain stretching away beneath them. And still they climbed, Jesus leading. Then from one moment to the next, out of the west a cold violet shadow spread a giant hand over Hermon and they knew that Lebanon's twin peaks, the light of their own eyes darkened, were turning the length of their cold cedarn caverns to put out the fires on their sister mountain.

And as they climbed up and up, hearts hammering, muscles straining, suddenly on their burning cheeks fell the cool, dewy air of the upland pastures. Here Jesus turned and said they would rest. Was not all as he had told them? And as they gazed, Hermon, too, began to cast its own mighty shadow over the eastern world—as far as Damascus must have fallen that violet cone, fast dulling now to the slate-brown of pigeons' wings. Twilight came swiftly on. Stars. And now they saw that the Master had left them and was mounting higher still for prayer. Not knowing whence the tremulous joy flooding their hearts and the peace more sat-

isfying than any joy, the three also fell upon their knees and prayed—prayed on and on in the cool, fragrant silences of that high-flung slope.

But the day had been hot down in the plains, the climb tedious to aching limbs. Jesus tarried long in that solitary place above; and suddenly the three disciples were heavy with sleep. So wrapping their outer garments about them, they pillowed their heads upon the fragrant earth. How long they slept they never knew, but while they rested, night drew a heavy curtain about the mountain top. The rustling of high wind, pricked through with needle-points of light, a strange tremor running through every tree and shrub and even the earth itself, woke them at last. Where was the Master? each asked the others as they struggled up. What if he had lost his way up there in the dark? They must hasten to him! And then, straight along the slope above their heads, a glorious radiance playing about his form, they saw him. . . .

As they walked down the mountain in the starlit darkness, beside them Jesus, no longer transfigured, but the same dear friend with whom they had walked and climbed a few hours earlier, James kept telling himself that to him had been granted a vision which all men would envy, yes, unto generations yet unborn. Later he would talk it all over with John—John who saw deeper into the nature of things than ever he was able—but never, never, he swore to himself, would he fail this Master who that night had allowed him up there on the heights for one dazzling moment to look within the awful mystery of Heaven itself.

Poor James! Poor "Sons of Thunder"! With what sorrow they would confess their lives long there was indeed no excuse for what they did hard upon the events of this night. True, their mother, Salome, was chiefly responsible for the most humiliating experience that ever came to either. But James was not the man to blame a woman for the bitter mistake into which presumptuous folly presently led him.

It was not to be expected that his mother, who had known the Master so short a time, should have understood that the kingdom he came to establish was a kingdom not made with hands. But they—had they not from the start been of the little circle to whom he confided his every hope? Pride and pomp they had heard him denounce times without number. And how could they so soon forget his reproof the time they rushed to him, angry voices demanding if they might not call down fire from heaven to burn up a whole Samaritan village, because the poor, stupid villagers, hating Jews, refused the Master food and lodging on his way to Jerusalem? Cruelty and violence—to offer these to him who came into the world not to destroy men's lives, but to save them!

It was not long after their return from Caesarea Philippi that Salome joined her sons for the journey south with the Master. It was his strength, his sway over men, that fascinated this indomitable woman. Sometimes James would try to tell her how, more and more now, the Master's teaching was of the coming ordeal in Jerusalem; how he should be betrayed to the chief priests, scourged by the Gentiles, actually crucified by the people. But Salome always thrust aside these darker matters and was beside herself with delight when James one day brought her word in what manner the Master replied to Peter's question about the reward to be given those who forsook all and followed him.

"Yes, yes, and what did the Master say?" she demanded. James hesitated. Not sure he had heard aright, he repeated the very words: "In the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory," James slowly repeated, "ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Instantly Salome leapt from the mat upon which she was mending clothing for the coming journey—she was stopping at a cousin's house, not far from the lake—and plucked at James' sleeve.

"Come," she cried, "there is not a moment to be lost! We must speak to the Master before the others can reach him!" Swept up in the gust of their mother's excitement, the brothers sped away at her side, their minds in a strange

whirl. "Despised" . . . "rejected" . . . "persecuted" . . . yet those other words, he had spoken them, too: "thrones," "judges," "rulers." How wildly they all clanged together in their brains!

Jesus looked mildly surprised as the three came near, but he smiled on seeing the two young men he loved. But his face grew grave as Salome fell at his feet, tugging at the hand of either son till all three knelt, for it was the kind of homage he especially disliked. "What wilt thou?" he asked with a hint of annoyance. But Salome, full of her mission, her words fairly tripping over one another, burst out she had heard that Jesus was about to establish his kingdom on earth. She had not let a moment go by; surely of all the disciples, her boys, James and John, deserved best of him; they should have the greatest reward; they had given up their father's blessing; they had abandoned a good fishing business on the lake; they were thin as sticks wandering all over the country-side!

"Grant," she hurried breathlessly on—and she would have kissed his garment had not Jesus gently withdrawn it—"grant that these two, my sons, shall sit the one on the right hand, the other on the left, in thy kingdom." And James and John—thus had their mother's zeal bereft them of their senses—eagerly nodded. Anger glowed a moment in Jesus' eyes, then died away before the pity that surged over him, pity for such ignorance, divine pity for such mortal frailty. That it should be John whom he dearly loved and James on whom he had counted! Yet for all his pity must Salome and her sons be sternly answered.

"Ye know not what ye ask." Thus he spoke to this woman who could not know how soon every bit of her silly, earthly pride would be drowned in tears for her dead Lord, there with the other women at the tomb. Then, turning to the two defiant lads, he put the question that James before many years was to ask himself over and over in the hours before his own supreme ordeal: "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

Beginning inwardly to quake, yet still dazzled by the picture their greedy mother had held before their eyes, the "Sons of Thunder" boldly answered: "We are able." Then the Master spoke again, and for James the words had more to quicken the soul, because there was human love in them and compassion beyond power to describe, than the awful voice that came out of the cloud on Hermon: "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup and be baptized with my baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father."

His cup! James groaned to see how from this time on the bitter draft seldom left the Master's lips. His cup! His baptism! In a daze of misery James saw one vast event follow on another, watched Jesus move serenely step by appointed step on to his sombre, splendid end. Small wonder sorrow and humiliation overwhelmed him. For this James who boasted he was able to quaff the same galling drink as his Master—this same James, when that Master begged him to watch and pray but a little time with him in Gethsemane's agony, threw himself upon the earth, and himself a senseless clod, slept three times in the Garden!

But Herod Agrippa did not find James sleeping when, a half-score years after the Crucifixion, he cast about in Jerusalem for the man on whom to fix responsibility for the tumult in Jewry. The Nazarenes, grown a great, troublesome sect, now kept Temple and synagogues in daily uproar, and bitter the fight between them and the Sanhedrinists. The old bottles refused the new wine. Mosaic law presented an unyielding front to the Mountain's teaching, and the party of Annas and Caiaphas, having triumphantly crucified Jesus, thirsted for the blood of his disciples. Rome too was vexed by the disturbance, and a Herod to his polished finger-tips, true scion of his sycophant house, Agrippa ever bent his ears to catch the least whisper from the Tiber. And now he might please both the Jews and the Romans!

So when a prominent Pharisee, Josias by name, as tradition tells, came by night to his palace and whispered that in all the Nazarene church none was so eager in the new faith as this James, son of Zebedee, Herod smote his breast like the good Jew he recalled himself on occasion to be, and swore on a phylactery as orthodox as Josias' own that James should pay for his folly.

"Able" now to drink to the very dregs the Master's cup of men's rejection, "able" to be baptized with his own baptism of their betrayal, James, first of the Twelve to win a martyr's crown, walked steadfast to his death. "And Herod, the king, stretched forth his hand . . . and killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." But James did not meet death alone. The same Josias who betrayed him, moved by his Christlike love toward himself even as he testified against him at the trial, prayed that the apostle might baptize him before he was led away to die, and the repentant Pharisee, also condemned to death, was led with the apostle to the place of execution. Here once more Josias, the new-won Christian, implored James to forgive him the cruel wrong, and James embraced his brother in Christ.

Spain was the chief field of James' holy labours, and thither one fancy has him accompanied by Abenadar, the legendary Arabian centurion who became a Christian as he protected the body of the dying Christ from the mob's grosser insults. For James' career, brief as it was, was not spent wholly in Judaea; and first of the Twelve, he is thought to have set forth early on his apostolic mission. So to a rude and pagan Spain came James and his disciples in that first century. But as they stood one day on the banks of the Ebro, discouraged by their small success among this wild people, appeared the Virgin, seated on a pillar of jasper and surrounded by an angelic choir. She bade James take comfort, for one day this province of Saragossa would become celebrated for worship of himself, and she directed

him to build the chapel which in due time became the renowned church "Nuestra Señora del Pilar."

Planting thus the seed on Spanish soil, the apostle returned to Jerusalem, tradition says, to complete his work in his own land and meet his martyr's death. After the execution, fearing reprisals from the Jews, the disciples carried the body secretly to Joppa, where they placed it on a ship, ready for sailing.

But this was no ordinary ship on which they placed the sainted body. No sails propelled it. No earthly crew directed its course, but angels miraculously hovered about its decks, and steered it for seven days straight toward the northwest coast of Spain. For we are dealing now with no garden variety of legend but are watching a romantic land trap out a simple fisherman and follower of Jesus into a Galilean baron and Spanish aristocrat, fit now for grandee and hidalgo. So on the ship of rarest marble the saintly freight glided through the Pillars of Hercules and made the Galician port, Iria Flavia of ancient times, now Padron. Thus Dante:

> Ecco il barone
> Per cui laggiù si visita Galizia.

Chanting a Latin song of the sea as they walked along, the disciples came ashore and laid the apostle's remains on a great stone. Melting like wax, it received the body into itself, closed firmly about it, and hardened as before, so forming a perfect natural tomb—indubitably a sign that the saint wished permanently to remain on Spanish soil!

True, archaeologists and persons wise in folk lore put differently this matter of the inlapidation. They recall those puzzling upright stones we have all seen throughout Europe, which it is agreed are the monuments and temples of megalithic man. What religious significance these megaliths had no one knows, but subsequent races and centuries came to regard them with deepest veneration. Nowhere are they more common than in northern Spain and especially Galicia,

and the folklorists trace out an interesting connection between some curious stones found at Padron, revered since time immemorial and crying out for a miraculous aura, and a Christianized Spain desiring a patron and choosing James from the belief that he after all must have been accorded the high place of power demanded of Jesus!

Queen Lupa, the fable continues, the idolatrous sovereign of these parts, commanded her subjects to harness wild bulls to the self-formed tomb and drag it off to destruction. But like other legendary animals we have met, these two, when signed with the cross, became gentle as lambs and dragged the body right into the royal courts; whereat the queen and all her land became Christian. Then, unhappily, came the long night of barbarism; Mussulmans overran Spain, and no one remembered where the apostle was laid until it was revealed about A.D. 800. Transported at length to Compostella, centred in a shrine the source of many a stirring miracle, even as the Virgin predicted, James or Santo Jago, as we must now know him, came into his own. Thousands yearly visited his shrine from all over Europe; and finally twelfth-century Christian Spain bestowed upon him, who in life had learned with costly pain humility of spirit and forgiveness of enemies, the supreme tribute of military honours. Founded for the protection of pilgrims to the hospices of Compostella, the Order of Santiago soon became the richest and most powerful in all Spain.

But saints must deserve the honours men do them, or their crowns will be allowed to tarnish, and Santo Jago seems to have been a hard-worked patron. And no wonder, for his was the task of driving the infidel from Spanish soil; and he is said to have had no less than thirty-eight separate appearances. The first was at Clavijo, where paintings show him in the pilgrim's cape and gown which prove him not all warrior, waving the Christian hosts into battle with a long white standard as he dashes forward on his milk-white charger.

This picturesque saint, however, is not to be recognized in Renaissance art by his pilgrim's staff alone, but by an-

other and most curious emblem—the scallop shell. Here again rationalizing folklorists suggest ingenious derivations. They say that those megalithic tin prospectors, who came so long ago and put up the menhirs or standing-stones of Galicia, may have used such shells in their primitive mining and that from this they came to be associated with the James

cult; also that a pair of scallop shells make a good cup and platter for a hungry pilgrim. But assuredly the following Spanish account has more to recommend it than such prosaic considerations.

For, say they, as the miraculous ship was conveying the body of St. James from Joppa to Galicia, it one day grazed the Portuguese coast at a small village where a bridegroom and his friends were whiling away the time before the marriage festival by galloping on the sands. Suddenly the bridegroom's horse grew unmanageable and plunged into the sea. But the mystic ship straightway paused in its course, and horse and rider emerged unharmed. As soon as the bride-

groom learned that it was St. James, the Christian, who had thus saved him, he embraced the new faith and galloped homeward through the waves to baptize his bride with his own hands. And as the knight emerged dripping from the water, it was seen that to his dress and to the trappings of his horse clung a mass of scallop shells. So from that very day, most naturally the scallop shell came to be the emblem of Santiago da Compostella. And of such peculiar sacredness is a vow made to this saint, brought to the western world in the ship without sails, that even today it may be dispensed only by the Vatican itself.

FOLDED SHEEP

St. Jude

FOLDED SHEEP

St. Jude

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. . . ." Night and huddled figures on a quiet hill, above a sleeping town. Watchful, ever-turning eyes, and a handful of wakeful stars to show the silent ones what they guard; and hushed within the piled-up stones, the safely folded sheep. Then suddenly on the midnight, the glory and the fear. . . .

"And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid." . . . But so wondrous the glory that lit up all the Judaean night, no fear could live before it. Up rose the joyous shepherds. Filled were their ears with angel carolling as the heavenly choir spread luminous wings between earth and sky, while thin and faint and far away came the bleating of the forgotten flocks, startled by the brightness out of sleep.

Quaint and tender the mediaeval story that pictures the shepherds pausing to gather gifts to lay at the feet of the young Child. A pair of doves, some new-laid eggs, fresh honey, and late autumn fruits they collected, together with a blanket of finest woven wool, the gift of their wives, left now in their husbands' absence to guard the flocks. Thus prepared, the shepherds set forth as the angel commanded, the good dog Melampo faithfully trotting at their heels, while at a little distance followed Madelon, the shepherd maid, sad for that she is too poor and must appear empty-handed before the Holy Child. As they neared the cave of the Nativity, their delighted eyes saw that everywhere grass and flowers sprang up beneath their feet in place of snow, and right before the holy cave itself stood angels scattering blossoms. And now the celestial choir pointed wings once

more toward Paradise, as the *Gloria in Excelsis* died away on the heavenly-crystal air.

Timidly the shepherds knocked at the door, but St. Joseph quickly welcomed them as they explained their mission. And they entered the cave, and falling to their knees, feasted their eyes upon the Mother and her little Son. But poor Madelon might not come in; she prayed outside the closed door, and sympathetic Melampo raised his gentle head in petition. But Madelon has a most lovely story all her own; it is the group within the cave that we would now be watching, and one absorbed face in particular. For now the gracious Mother is allowing the wondering shepherds one by one to hold the Child for a precious moment in their arms, and the turn of the one we watch is approaching.

Youngest of them all, he must wait until last for the unspeakable privilege of clasping the Babe. Perhaps he is no full-fledged shepherd, but the lad whose duty it is to run all day long over the hills at the end of the procession, while the head shepherd marches out in front. It is his cries and his crook that must keep herding the flock until at evening he may sink to rest, sure that he has brought to fold every tired, straggling sheep. What adoration glows in this youth's eyes as he stretches out his arms at last to receive the tender Boy! And the Babe who has looked so sweetly on them all, has he reserved for this youngest shepherd the loveliest of his smiles? Mark well this lad, here in the holy night, in the city of David, as he puts trembling arms about the Saviour Babe. For the legend says that this boy, on whose knee sits the playful Child, will one day follow him over the Galilean hills, go with him down to Jerusalem, follow at least to the shadow of his Cross, and then beyond to his own death and martyrdom. For this young adoring shepherd is Jude, son of James, future disciple of Jesus the Master. . . .

They were seated together still in the upper room. The Master was talking; Jude was listening, trying to understand, but he was most terribly afraid. For the sop had

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just been given . . . those terrible words. . . . Judas, that swift retreating shadow of all evil, had just slunk from the room. . . . "That thou doest, do quickly!"

Jude—of late he had grown half afraid of this name of his, though heroes had borne it, so that he was glad when Matthew and some of the rest called him by his other name, Thaddeus—Jude breathed more freely now that other Judas was gone, dismissed, as he guessed, once and for all from their company. Might it not be that the danger which John always insisted was somehow bound up with this man from Kerioth, had gone out of their midst through the door that closed on Judas? And the Master . . .

Jude leaned out from his place beside James, Alphaeus' son, the better to see the Master's face. Cheating himself was Jude, but how sweet it was for one blessed moment to still his fear with this hope that after all there might be no danger, no suffering at the hands of these tigerish elders here in Jerusalem. But what was the thing the Master was now saying? Not that he really needed to hear it; even in the brief moment of hope a chill as from the grave clutched Jude's heart. Still the words had not been spoken, the words that rolled in the burial stone: "Whither I go, ye cannot come." He was going away then; he was going to leave them. . . .

Still the Master went on talking; the beautiful grave voice spoke of the love that each man in that room must bear to every other, so that the whole world should hereafter know them disciples by the love they had one to another. This new commandment—ah, yes, Jude would keep that; but what agony to be asked to think of his brothers now, with that sword in his heart! . . . "Yet a little while I am with you. . . ." "Whither I go, ye cannot come. . . ." Dumb with misery, Jude heard Peter struggle forward, grasp at the Master's hand, insist that he at least be allowed to follow, to die with him now, at once, if need be; but he scarcely heard what the Master answered. An aching loneliness wrapped him round, stopped his ears to all but the clamouring of his own brain. "Whither I go—"

He closed his eyes, let his head fall upon his breast. The puzzled men with their pitiful, vain protests, he no longer heard; the table, the room where they sat, all were blotted out. Even the Master's face was no longer before him. Instead there came a picture . . . a lonely place . . . Judaea at evening . . . a wide field stretching away and away, and a man walking, eternally walking. And way off, over a crag, down in a valley place, his sheep, the whole flock, that had somehow strayed away and become separated from him. In the darkening valley, the poor bleating sheep turned helpless heads about. Piteously they sought their Master, but he stood on the heights far above them. Never, never would they reach him. Never again would he guard them. Lost they were in the night, lost sheep forever. . . .

Then the voice of Jesus, sweet like spices, drew Jude once more into the room. "I will not leave you comfortless," he was saying; "I will come to you." . . . But how? How? Again and again Jude's weary mind turned the question. Patiently the Master tried to make them see. The world would see him no more, it was true, but they should see him; they must believe that. For them he would live always, in the very love he bore them. But Jude shook his head. Sheep lost in the night, he was thinking. Jesus spoke on: "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." Then Jude spoke. How could it be that the Master who was leaving them desolate would be seen of his disciples, yet not of others?

"Lord," he said, "how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?"

And Jesus said unto him: "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Too hurt, too weary for full understanding, comfort at last began to creep into this disciple's heart. Love . . . yes, he could comprehend that, the love that never forgets, cannot abandon; the love that will seek out and find that which is scattered, even though it be darkest night. Something warmer than comfort was Jude's now.

"Look up to the heights, you sheep down there in your deep valley," something was crying in his heart; "your shepherd is true. He will seek you. Strayed as you are, he will find you; never will he leave you . . . but always he will abide with you, and when night comes, you shall be safe; for the shepherd will fold you in for sleep."

THE EVER-BURNING LAMP

St. Thomas

THE EVER-BURNING LAMP

St. Thomas

> Blessed art thou, like unto the Solar Ray from the great orb; thy grateful dawn India's painful darkness doth dispel. Thou Great Lamp, one among the Twelve, with oil from the Cross replenished, India's dark night floodest with light.

So the ancient Syriac hymn itself floods with eager light the holy labours of Thomas the apostle, and the fourth century crowns the paradox of a great doubt become an everlasting torch of burning faith down the ages. So persistent is the belief that at the dispersion of the Twelve Thomas went to India, that one need, we are told, but visit the southern coasts of India today to catch the echoes of a story told, with infinite variations, but scarce a break, for two thousand years. Here, "Thomas Christians" still to the number of some thousands, a dark-skinned people, shepherded by white-robed metropolitans in star-gemmed mitres, even today warm their piety in the light of one who for centuries has burned as India's Lamp.

But Thomas, before he can dispel "India's dark night," must grow up in the same Galilee that saw the flowering of Jesus' young manhood, must come under the rays of that glowing personality, and finally must himself be burnt free of the old clogging fears and doubt. It is this human Thomas first that we would meet; then, more shadowy, but well worth our pains, the Thomas immortalized in miracle play and Italian painting, in apocryphal acts and holy pilgrimages, sometimes themselves scarcely less apocryphal; the Thomas surrounded by his beautiful legendary peacocks, or, in relics and tomb alike, rehabilitated by dusty scholarship—"unbelieving Thomas" himself become in holy culture well-nigh unbelievable.

Stars, and a little boy alone by the mouth of a tomb. There were myriads of stars, bright and near as only stars in an eastern land can be. Low they hung over the great flowery plain that was the child's home. They tipped the mountains. They twinkled on the edge of the lapping waves of Gennesaret; but they could not shine on the child's face, for it was turned, dark and questing, to the tomb. His mother, asleep in the near-by house, had not heard him slip out. That tomb, with its great stone rolled so firm and tight—unbearable that his sister, young, little, like himself, nay, a very part of himself since she had been born on the self-same day, should be prisoned there alone in the dark! He leaned closer, touched the stone with his child's hands, then drew back, shuddering; it was cold like death—death, the unbearable fact that was to lie like a stone on his own heart till peace came by the risen Christ.

Of a sudden there were feet on the road below. He turned swiftly; what stranger could that be, travelling alone by night? A robber? Well, any company would be better than these dark thoughts! But he must have given a little gasp, for suddenly he saw that the stranger had come close. He was an old man, a pilgrim by his look, and he leaned on a staff.

"A child! Why, but—" Then, as the little boy's hand gestured mutely to the tomb: "Ah, perhaps I understand! Some one you have lost?"

"Yes, that's it—lost! My twin sister—I don't know where she's gone!"

"But the scriptures, lad, are they no solace to you? Not in Moses' law, nor in our prophets, but the tradition by the scribes? Do you not know she shall rise again at the last day?"

"I know they say so, Master—" The small voice ceased. Doubt hung in the darkness. Then he tried again. "I am so lonely, sir! Oh, Master, tell me about death—is it wrong to want to *know?* To be *sure?* Master, is it wrong to *doubt?*"

"Wrong? Nay, how shall I tell? It is sad to doubt—but already you know that for yourself! But wrong? And to

ask me—! I who have doubted fourscore years, and walk at last in faith!"

"Faith—like Abraham our father?"

"Yea, like him. But more than Abraham had, I have, child! For though I have not yet seen the King, I know I shall one day find him. It may be in the next moon; it may be tomorrow; it may be—it is possible—tonight!"

"Tonight you may find a King? Not cruel Herod yonder in Tiberias?"

"Nay, child, not Herod! Herod would have killed our King, had he but known how! So they told me, the Wise Men who did find him."

"Pardon, sir, I do not understand. Your face, for all its wrinkles—it is so full of light! If that is faith, I would that I, too, could believe!"

"Hush, child, you shall believe when you have found the King!"

"Messias, whom they talk of? Messias, the son of David? Oh, where shall I find him? And the way? How shall I know the way?"

"How should I know another's way? For myself, I go by night, when the stars shine, because I love the stars, and 'twas thus the Wise Men found him!"

"You are a Wise Man, Master!"

"Nay, nay, they were far wiser than I, those men from the East, where men read the stars. Like a kind of stately music, their names—Melchior, Gaspar, and Baltazar!" Then, kindly, "And what is your name, little son?"

"Oh, Master, after their beautiful names, all full of flutes and silver trumpets, my name seems nothing—just Thomas." Then, wistfully: "Oh, Master, I would I could believe as you!"

"And perhaps you shall, Thomas! Who knows? But I must go, for I would find my King!"

"It were hardly in Galilee he would live. I doubt it greatly—a King, among common fisher-folk! More like in Jerusalem, among the holy learned Pharisees!"

"Perchance! But methinks the stars are bright enough for any king, right here in Galilee. Good night, now, and peace to your questing heart!"

The old man turned and began to walk away, his eyes on the starry heavens. The little boy turned, too, and ran swiftly after him. "Master, if you meet again with the Wise Men—"

"Nay, they have sailed long since from Tarsus, but you yourself may meet with them, Thomas, in their own land!"

"Me? Oh, no! I could not be a pilgrim. I shall live always here in Galilee where nothing ever happens."

The old man turned with a grave smile. "Nay, how do you know? Go home to bed! But some day, it may be His miracle to make of you His messenger!"

"Not of *me?* A messenger of the great King?"

"Yea, of you! Of you, little doubting Thomas!"

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More and more as the years passed, the experience of that strange night came to seem like a mist, except that sometimes, after a day of exceptionally hard study—and all his days came to be days of study—as he lay on his mats at night, two thoughts would pierce through his consciousness and weave themselves into a pattern of their own, a pattern bright and sad, glorious and terrible. In the pattern was a walled-in tomb; beyond that, in words at least, he could not get, but he knew it meant two things—Thomas' doubt and Thomas' service to the great King. At the same time his love of knowledge grew into a consuming thirst, for he felt that enough knowledge would enable him some day to find and serve the King.

And because he was a Jewish boy, Thomas studied first the Jewish scriptures. But even here, where pious Jews found the thrill of expectation in the promise of the Deliverer, Thomas found often doubt, a deep unrest in that the days were passing, while the sorely needing nation waited for its Messiah. So the exultant words of hope and prophecy that he heard sabbath after sabbath in the syna-

gogue left him, after a brief ecstasy, in despair and doubt. He would hurry home, pull the books to him.

His mother, proud as she was of the tall boy who had passed so swiftly beyond her own teaching about the national heroes, used to worry over his absorption in all this study; in these innumerable laws, not only the written law of Moses, but its interpretation, handed down from scribe to scribe, the great oral tradition of the Talmud. But when she came home after a visit to a sick neighbour, Thomas would make her eyes glow with his new knowledge. And when he told her how Master Jehuda wanted him to go to a school of the scribes in Jerusalem, so that he himself might become a scribe, she was pleased and glad.

This was so hard a school that Thomas thought surely it would bring him peace. For here he learned of the wisdom of the Halaca, which would help him in the understanding of the two hundred and forty-eight positive commands of Moses, and the three hundred and sixty-five negative commands; and then of the higher wisdom of the Agada, which teaches of the angels and prophets and saints of God; and after that of that still deeper and most secret knowledge, which teaches the rabbis to perform miracles and wonders; which teaches of numbers and proportion, and the forms which contain all others—most holy and secret Kabbala. So the months passed, heavy with knowledge; and often when he seemed on the very verge of understanding, everything seemed to shrivel and dry up, and the holy city itself could not speak to his hungry heart. And Thomas went home and dreamed his dream of his doubt, and the King who waited, and the closed-in tomb. . . . And at last, perceiving that his pupil had learned all that he could give, Master Gamaliel sent him on to Alexandria, the city of learning, to be taught by Philo, who, they said, had gone far beyond the husk of the Law, and fed upon the kernel.

And Thomas, strangely thrilled for a space to be quit of his books, went down to Caesarea, and boarded a great corn-ship. Strange after the Galilean lake to feel Orontes beneath him; but the north winds blew strong, the ship went

steadily on, and before he could believe it, there on the right, soaring away into the blue Egyptian sky, was the white marble tower of the Serapeum, temple of the patron saint of mariners.

For a few months this crowded, jostling foreign city was a pleasure to Thomas; he went about among its splendid palaces and temples, marvelled at its monuments and at its vast library, filled with students and copyists. The old zeal for knowledge flamed high, and, eyes shining, he made his way through the ghetto to the house of Philo the teacher.

But here, as in Jerusalem, as the months passed and the rolls of papyrus yielded up their lore, a weariness of the very soul began to come upon him. For a little while it had seemed good to be held down no longer by the letter of the law, for Philo taught more freely, his learning coloured, as it were, by the iridescent learning of the Greeks all about him. It was here Thomas first heard of the Logos, in whom live all ideas. And gladly Philo gave him leave to study under the Greek teachers. So here he read Homer, incredibly different from his own Hebrew poets, and here he studied Euclid and learned the thinking of Plato, and then, in a neighbouring hall, of Aristotle, of Zeno and Epicurus. And at last, his mind swinging dizzily in all these possibilities of truth, only too ready to grant that he was but one of the innumerable atoms whirling blindly through accidental space, he slipped out one day, utterly spent and discouraged, leaving Alexandria by the Gate of the Moon.

Beneath all his discouragement was an aching homesickness; he wanted his own dear blue lake again, his quiet mountains. He had spent the best years of his life in study—and for what? He knew so much now that he knew only that he knew nothing; where had been a little doubt was now one vast unrest. His mind had become like the shifting sand, and there was that old weight like a tomb upon his heart. Cynically, the words of the Preacher came back: "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

And then a strange thing happened. At least to Thomas

it was strange, for it was really simple; and so quite the last thing his tired, sceptical mind expected. It happened a little after he had entered Galilee. A group of little children, the oldest not more than six years, listening to a man who was telling a story. . . .

Sitting in a meadow he was, and the children, ragged, not over-clean, swarmed about him, close as they could get. In his lap were the two youngest, snuggled contentedly against his breast. The hair of one was rough and tangled. Now, as he talked, the man raised his hand, and smoothed it with a gesture infinitely tender. The sun struck along the place where his hand had been, and the child's hair sparkled with sudden light. She smiled up into his face, and he smiled back. Then the whole little company smiled, and Thomas, who had not smiled for many moons, suddenly feeling the man's eyes upon him, smiled too. And he wondered, all at once, why he had never done these simple things for children, told them stories, stroked their hair. Too wise for simple things like that? Ah, but this man, too, was wise; the joy, the kind of joy, in his face, showed that. So much Thomas saw in that smile that passed between them. That man knew all, all there was any need to know. And Thomas wanted suddenly to fling himself at his feet. But the children were tugging at the story-teller's dress; they wanted him to go on; and with another smile at Thomas, the man turned to the little ones again, and Thomas passed down the road.

❧

So began for Thomas what seemed to his family and old friends a period of drifting, but it was a divine drifting. For that man who could talk to multitudes; whose feet trod lightly on the waves; who healed the sick and cast out demons; who gave light to those that sat in darkness, and made the lame man leap as an hart; whose face was to shine transfigured on the Mount; that man who was to be raised an ensign for the people, and die for the sins of the whole world, and by his death destroy death—the man whom he had first seen telling a story to little children, called Thomas

to be of his chosen Twelve. . . . And henceforth he had no other thought. Small wonder that to his little world he seemed drifting; this man, a doubter from his childhood, a sceptic through all his youth, a man ever delving for the unattainable knowledge, now at last walking in the dusty sunlit noon with the roving carpenter who called himself the Son of God.

Son of God or Son of Man—Thomas did not trouble now to think it out. Enough that he was called. The disciples would have known better than to call him, he sometimes thought, a little ruefully, save perhaps John, who for all his occasional violence was in a way closer to him than any of the others. So Thomas, who could not trust himself, began to trust his Master; and though sometimes, in spite of himself, things troubled him, he plodded on, his one most earnest prayer that he should better learn to do his Master's will; that at least, whatever befell, he should never let him down.

Of the sickness of death he still held his darkest doubts—his darkest doubts and his deepest hopes. Sometimes, in the precious talks he had with him alone, he tried to tell Jesus about this, and sometimes he would feel reassured; but more often Peter or James or John would come rushing in, and then Thomas, who could not talk about these secret things with so many, would steal out. Occasionally he missed seeing the very wonders he would have cared for most. So always he was sorry that he had been away when the son of Achias, the centurion, was restored to life by Jesus. This man, according to the ancient legend, was one day to go with Thomas to India and share his martyrdom on the mountain of punishment. And it was ever a sore hurt to him that he had not been with Jesus when Jairus' little girl was raised. But perhaps—Thomas pondered this—perhaps Jesus could not have done these wonders with Thomas' doubt lurking in the shadowy corners; and again, for the thousandth time, he vowed he would have more faith. But love was the greatest thing, and even Thomas never doubted his love for the shining person of this Master, love that would go down into death itself to save him from death. And especially he

proved it to them that day that came toward the earthly end of the great life.

With difficulty enough the disciples had at last got Jesus safely out of Jerusalem, from the hawk-eyed priests who feared for their rule of gold in his golden rule. Thomas had been active enough through this time, at the Feast of Dedication had risked his life, spying on the leaders of the mobs that tried again and again to trap Jesus away from his disciples. Now at last, beyond Jordan, where John at first baptized, they thought they were to rest a little space. It was a happy time; many were coming to them, believing. Then, suddenly, hotfoot into their peace, came the messenger from Bethany, from Mary and Martha whom Jesus loved, telling of Lazarus.

He was sick, it seemed; and yet "not unto death"—so John told them Jesus said. But Thomas, who knew that John often meant other and deeper than he said, did not feel reassured. And when, two days later, Jesus proposed their going back into Jerusalem, they were frankly terrified; for they knew at once what it might mean to him—that stoning which the Jews, led by the furious priests, had promised. And when Jesus told them Lazarus slept, they breathed a sigh of relief; for surely now they could convince him it was unnecessary to go. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," he had said; and added, strangely: "But I go that I may awake him out of sleep." Then, after a moment, it was just as Thomas had feared it would be. "Lazarus is dead," said Jesus plainly; then, his eyes all for Thomas, a grave, strange smile on his face: "Nevertheless, let us go unto him."

Then indeed the tumult broke, storm of arguments, pleadings, protests, that he should not thrust himself again into this wanton danger; and always Jesus kept his eyes on Thomas. Thomas was silent, lost in a half-dream, hearing their violent, frightened voices, James' and John's above the rest, well named "Sons of Thunder" now in their honest outspoken horror that Jesus should even think of going to Bethany. Somewhere in the back of his tired mind throbbed

words of Socrates he had read in Alexandria, when he said that Anytus and Melitus might kill him, but they could not hurt him. "Might kill him, but they could not hurt him" . . . and Thomas, looking into the eyes of Jesus, Thomas who did not know what—if anything—he believed about the raising of the dead, knew that at least he could go down into the grave with his Master; and turning to them all, his eyes shining with love and fearlessness, cried out: "Let us also go, that we may die with him!" Had he turned the tide? He saw only the smile of grateful love that the Master flashed him.

So they went the perilous journey to Bethany; to Bethany of Martha and Mary and the alabaster box; to Bethany, fifteen furlongs from the holy city, the cruel holy city that was even now laying its sanctimonious snares for Jesus. So they went to Bethany—the disciples, if need were, to die with him; Jesus, with his loving human voice to call forth his friend, for whom he wept, though he were bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; the Christ, to stand henceforth by every mourner, by every tomb, with His mighty cry that bade the very kingdom of death itself stand back: "I am the resurrection and the life!"

To Martha first that cry; to that simple woman, kind, flustered, troubled sometimes about much serving. Could she know, Thomas wondered, as he listened there in the quietness outside Bethany whither she had hastened to meet Jesus, could she know that he presently was to use her faith as a very bulwark against the power of the grave, Martha, who never aspired to knowledge of these hidden things, but who simply loved?

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever believeth in me shall never die." Tumultuous the words poured about them; there was an instant's silence; then, again it was the Master: "Believest thou this?"

Almost Thomas' heart stopped beating. Never for himself had he so ached and longed for faith, for he sensed the wonder that was to come—or was any wonder so won-

derful as that this man a few feet from him should so speak? But Martha was speaking; there had been no hesitation; her loving, tear-dimmed eyes were full of faith as she held the eyes of her Master.

"Yea, Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." Then, swiftly, having given him what he asked, she hurried after Mary.

But not alone the faith of Thomas wavered and almost flickered out in that next hour. Crying bitterly as she rushed from the darkened house, Mary had flung herself at the Master's feet, with her pitiful reproach: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died!" And Jesus, with nothing for the moment in his heart but sorrow and compassion, wept with them all. Then, groaning in himself, heavy with the burden of his human grief and that divine wonder he must do if he could, he went on with them to the grave.

It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Thomas, merged in the crowd, was breathing quickly. His old dream . . . he seemed on the very threshold of understanding. Pulsing through his grief was a strange new gladness; and as Jesus told them to take the stone away, he felt a moment's pity for Martha, who, in a sudden doubtfulness, cried out in protest that Lazarus had been dead four days. But Jesus, glowing now with exaltation, set about his work. "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me!" John, long after, wrote down the murmured words. A moment passed; still he prayed; then, loudly, compellingly, "Lazarus, come forth!" Jesus cried; and he that slept came forth.

❧

So Lazarus walked again in the sunshine, and the shadows thickened about Jesus. It seemed to Thomas he could not bear the agony of that parting. First of all it was his friend he would lose, and then—Thomas felt it in the very depths of his terrror-stricken soul—it was his faith. Without Jesus he could not believe. But now, now before it was too late, let him listen to that loved voice.

"Let not your heart be troubled," Jesus was saying. In the upper room they were, gone to eat the Passover: "In my Father's house are many mansions." (Ah, but *where? where?*) "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Then, reassuringly, as he felt Thomas' tragic eyes upon him: "And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." And Thomas, engulfed in the old black mystery, cried out despairingly: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" It was no mystic revelation he wanted then; it was sight and touch he wanted, forever, his life long; sight and touch of that dear Master who seemed even now withdrawing himself into the misty veil that had hung so long for Thomas between the seen and the unseen, the real and the illusion. And Jesus turned, in gentle reproach, and gave those words to Thomas the sceptic that have made faith ever more easy to the mystic: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." And Thomas was still. That crowded night he could not grasp the meaning, for his aching human heart was in revolt; but afterward the words shone out, serene and clear. Now, gatheringly, there was a darkness over all his land. . . .

Like a ghastly dream it was, so ghastly that, like the rest, he flung himself on the earth to sleep there in the bitter Garden, to sleep and so be quit, however briefly, of the unendurable fact. But oh, the ghastliness of the awakening! The replunging into the horror that would not cease; the quiet Garden a red flare of torches lighting the face of Jesus for the kiss of the Betrayer; the resolute face of Jesus among their craven faces. So Thomas ran; ran to forget; ran and ran, but never far enough; for the darkness followed him, thick darkness of mind and soul.

And after a day and a night he stumbled back to Bethany. All was as he knew it would be—the broken body of Jesus laid in the new tomb. So Jesus, too, had been mistaken, and the light for him, too, was out. . . . "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" . . . It was as

Peter told him of that worst agony on the cross that of a sudden the heart of Thomas stirred to life again. . . . Jesus had come closer. In his one moment of doubt, in his brief sense of separation from his Father, Jesus had begun to live again for Thomas. To think that Jesus should have tasted that despair! Oh, more bitter than the vinegar, that draught! But it had not lasted; faith had come resurgent. . . . "Father, into thy hands . . ."

Yet he was dead. The tomb had taken him who was the resurrection and the life. . . . So two more days passed. And on the third day—what was it that happened on the third day? Thomas, wandering alone, could not believe that which they told him . . . Jesus again in their midst, risen, free. "We have seen the Lord," they said simply. Well, they were simple men; faith came easy to some. And, his own eyes dark with pain, Thomas cried: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my fingers into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe!" . . .

Who had heard that cry? Who besides these simple men about him? What spirit of love, crucified, dead and buried, yet forever living, had heard that bitter cry of Thomas?

He had pondered it all eight lonely days; eight long, lonely nights. Then suddenly, something . . . something all about him, closer than sight or touch; love—was that it? Love, the building of the Kingdom; love, the answer to that old question of his about the way . . . "I am the way, the truth, and the life"—the beautiful, mysterious words he had said that night to Thomas. And suddenly the mystery began to lift, and all at once he saw. He saw that the way was love, and the truth was love, and the life was love. . . .

Swiftly he started back to tell the disciples. A new joy was upon him. Swiftly he came into the room and shut the door. And then, just as he was about to tell them, lo—*His* voice! "Peace be unto you!" He said. Then, His eyes on Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands." Through a mist of tears Thomas saw them, the torn, loving hands of Jesus. "And reach hither thy hand." Already

Thomas stood, his arms outstretched; but not for touch. No, no, he was far beyond that kind of knowledge now. . . . Almost before the voice had finished speaking, the man was on his knees by the torn, loving feet.

"My Lord and my God!" cried Thomas. . . .

❧

Doubting Thomas! Narrow-gauge theology has positively enjoyed its fling at this apostle. The Middle Ages, too, with their miracle plays, took a strongly reproving tone; but the early world exhibited no such superiority complex. It built up not only a believing Thomas, but one whose suffering heart was divinely comforted by knowing that he should be a very "eagle of light." In the eager mouth of the doubter, sympathetic tradition places the splendid affirmation of the Creed: "On the third day He rose again from the dead."

Legend says the Virgin loved Thomas, and still in Siena the Sodoma painting of the Assumption shows her in an attitude of charming graciousness. Summoned with the other disciples, Thomas was present at her death, but, in punishment of his old sin of doubt, was not allowed to witness her burial. Later, he begs the others to open the tomb. They do so; it is empty, and where lay the body, now spring crimson roses and pure white lilies; but this time Thomas does not doubt. He is lifting to heaven a face of radiant faith when he beholds in the clouds the ascending Virgin whose smile is bent upon him. She is extending to him a token of intimate love, her own precious girdle—an act, one feels, not without its tender humour, a sort of playful reminder and warning for the future.

The same delightfully human thinking that makes the Virgin remember Thomas sends the young man Jesus to the East just before his Passion, to pay his respects to the Wise Men, who so many years earlier had brought their gifts to his cradle. Very old and sad now, one of their number missing, Melchior and Baltazar hang upon the arm of Jesus, who, to comfort them, promises that after his death one of his disciples shall come to their country and convert their

people. Later, according to another charming story, Thomas in India does indeed meet and baptize the old kings who had followed the Bethlehem star.

Tradition says that Thomas did not want to go to India and begged Jesus to lay upon him any other mission. How could he, "an Hebrew man," teach the people of India? The complete story is found in the *Acta Thomae,* a group of apocryphal scriptures of extreme antiquity and importance. Since the Syriac account besides being the fullest is also probably the first in time—third, possibly second century—we shall take our stories from it.

Gondophares, a king of India, wished to build a palace and so sent his merchant Habban to Syria in search of a good craftsman. Habban questions Jesus, who at once points out Thomas. Thomas protests against the journey to India, and Jesus now sells him for a slave to the merchant for his royal master, a repellent idea enough until one reads into it the Oriental exaggeration which wanted to emphasize the heaviness of Thomas' yoke.

Once in India, however, Thomas eagerly responds to the king's inquiries. Yes, "in wood he knows how to make ox-goads and oars for barges, and ferry-boats and masts for ships; and in hewn stone, tombstones and monuments and palaces for kings." King Gondophares thereupon sets Thomas to work, and with the measuring-stick or carpenter's square, which is this apostle's emblem in ecclesiastical painting and sculpture, Thomas most carefully lays out the plan of the palace. "He left doors toward the east for light and windows toward the west for air"; he even allowed in such craftsmanly style for the "bake-houses" and "water-pipes" that the delighted king was full of praise.

But now the builder plays upon the king a sort of holy joke. The silver and gold Gondophares sends him, he spends not upon the palace, but upon the poor and afflicted. Furious at the imposition, the king is visited by the soul of his brother, Gad, who tells of wonderful sights met with in heaven, a palace so splendid that Gad would fain have lain in one of its "lower chambers." But the angels told that, as

an old Syrian service-book has it, "while Thomas was building a palace for the king on earth, the Lord was raising it up in heaven."

In the *Acts,* fabulous stories, pointed up with obvious doctrinal design, alternate with passages of rare beauty and Christian fervour. And so we come to the martyrdom.

Thomas is sought out by Sifur, a general of the court of Mazdai, a ruler of southern India; for his wife and daughter are afflicted with terrible demons. Sifur's home lying at a distance, Thomas and he journey by ox-cart, and when the cattle are weary, they are replaced by four wild asses, wise, gentle creatures, endowed with speech, who walk along gently and discourse with the apostle on doctrinal matters. Marvellous cures and conversions follow.

One day as Thomas is teaching, a great lady is carried past in a palanquin. Commanding her servants to put her down, she bids the attendants thrust back the people that she may hear the better. Thomas reproves her arrogance and praises the poor servants. And the lady Mygdonia, leaping from the palanquin, thereupon falls at the apostle's feet, repents her sins, and goes home, vowed to the strictest chastity. But Karish, Mygdonia's husband and the king's own kinsman, is determined to enjoy his wife's love, and in "sorry garments" presents himself at the court of King Mazdai, who promises to punish the sorcerer who has charmed away Mygdonia's love. Thomas, Sifur, and many converts are imprisoned, and Karish goes home, confident of his wife's return. But Mygdonia, sincerely persuaded of her Christian life, will not yield.

King Mazdai now sends for Thomas and implores him to loose Mygdonia from this enchantment. But she cannot in any manner be loosed from her heavenly bonds, and one by one the royal household is converted. Then Mazdai and his soldiers take Thomas out from the city, the King commanding: "Go up upon the mountain and stab him." And the soldiers pierce him with their lances, some say in his right side, after the manner of the death of his Lord, into whose wounds he had wished to thrust his own hand. After

which—again reminiscent of Christ's resurrection—Mazdai, returning to the tomb, finds Thomas risen.

Another account has the apostle meet his death when praying for the destruction of a Brahmin idol. A curious oral tradition is met with on the Coromandel coast, which does not appear in any of the religious writings. The saint lived in a wood, through which many peacocks were wont to wander. One day he was saying his prayers outside his hermitage, when an idolater seeking game came hither in pursuit of the birds. Not seeing the saint on his knees, he let fly with his bow, and an arrow intended for the gorgeous body of a peacock, pierced the right side of the holy man. Most sweetly addressing himself to his Lord, Thomas thereupon fell down and died, and though hardly conclusive evidence, it is interesting to note that the peacock is a frequent ecclesiastical motif on the Thomas churches of India.

Here, in any case, at "Peacock Town"—Mylapore, near modern Madras—on the reputed site of the apostle's tomb, still stands today a sixteenth-century Gothic church built by the Portuguese. Indeed this whole region is replete with evidences, fanciful if you like, but tenacious, for a Thomas who died and was buried in India—a tradition almost amusingly dogmatic for the sceptical apostle! A little way, for instance, from the Mylapore cathedral, still on this eastern shore, is Little Mount St. Thomas, whose small cave, one local story tells, offered shelter to the wounded apostle. Here, too, in the small chapel you may hear a Goan priest intone the liturgy and administer the sacraments according to the ancient Syrian rite to a tiny handful of Christians who trace their ancestry to Thomas converts of the first century. Not far from Little Mount, whose name the Portuguese changed to San Thomé, is Great Mount, widely visible out to sea. The Portuguese Christian explorers also built the church which stands here, probably on the site of a still older church and monastery.

And here begins the stream of distinguished pilgrims who for ten centuries visited the Thomas shrine and piled up a

pretty fair amount of evidence beneath an historical tomb. First, in the sixth century, comes Theodore the Gaul, a good raconteur as well as a travelled Christian gentleman. He told the story to Gregory of Tours, who wrote it down in his *In Gloria Martyrum*. Says Theodore: "In that part of India where they (the bones) first rested, stands a monastery and a church of striking dimensions, elaborately adorned and designed." Alas! that Theodore and the worshipful pilgrims to follow failed to fix in geography by some known reckoning of chart or compass, if not the name of the near-by town, at least the "part of India" they had in mind! Was Thomas really martyred in southern India, or should one seek a tomb in Persia? Was it on Great Mount that he died, as the Portuguese with their miraculous dripping Cross joyfully discovered, and were the relics they disinterred genuine bones of the saint? Certainly the pilgrims might have told more meticulously what they thought they knew. Yet for their pleasant accounts and their own picturesqueness, we pardon them their carelessness.

We have heard from Theodore. Three hundred years go by; then, stalwart witness for the genuineness of the south Indian tomb, Alfred the Great steps out; Alfred, who, say William of Malmesbury and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, specially reverenced this apostle—a tantalizing wisp of information, since we are not given the connection. At any rate Alfred, successfully defending London against the pagan Danes, sent one embassy to Rome and a second to the Thomas shrine. So around A.D. 883, two adventurous English bishops, Swithelm and Aethelstane, arrived "in the land of India," pay their respects to the shrine, salute their brethren the Thomas Christians, and return to Alfred, whose democratic penchant for pancakes and the herdsman's hut in no wise spoils his delight in the "Oriental pearls and aromatick liquors" the bishops fetch him along with the saintly relics.

Another gap of time. Then comes the third and most interesting of the Thomas pilgrims—Marco Polo. The romantic Venetian has been making a great swing round the East, visiting khans of Persia and Mongolia, and is returning from

China, about 1293, when he stops off at southern India, and finds that "the body of Messer Saint Thomas the Apostle lies in this province of Malabar at a certain little town having no great population. . . . Both Christians and Saracens, however, greatly frequent it in pilgrimage."

Whatever justification Malabar and Coromandel Christians have for the antique religious heritage they claim, undeniably the primitive Church cherished the presence of some of the apostle's bones, transferred at an early date to the city of Edessa in Mesopotamia. Here learned Syriac doctors spread the tale of special favours and miracles, wrought at the door of the Thomas church. Greatest of the doctors was the Deacon Ephraem, the spirited and poetic church father who devoted his *Carmina* chiefly to the celebration of Thomas. One poem, quoted less for beauty than for firmness of tone, concludes:

> Lo, his Bones, his Passion, his Work Proclaim;
> His Miracles, him yet alive assert;
> His deeds the rough Indian convinced.
> Who dares doubt the truth of his relics?

Having sufficiently dwelt on how many *have* dared doubt, we pass on to the later travels of the Thomas relics. From the original church in Edessa, they were afterward removed to a splendid basilica erected in the apostle's honour, and here in Edessa they remained well down to the Crusades. One pilgrimage in the fourth century we must mention—that of the feminine author of the *Peregrinatio ad Loca Sancta.* Whether we know this lady as Sylvia of Aquitaine or Etheria of Spain, we cannot resist her mysterious charm as she stands by the Thomas shrine, her cultured abbess' voice appropriately reading aloud to devout companions from the *Acts of St. Thomas.*

In the twelfth century Edessa became part of the great battleground of Christian knight and pagan infidel. After the second sacking of the city, persevering Christians gathered up a few remaining relics and, to avoid the Mussulman, carried them off to the island of Chios, where they were interred under the famous slab of chalcedony, with its

Thomas bust and curious inscription. Later Manfred, Prince of Taranto, sent his fleet to Chios to recapture the relics for Christendom. The island inhabitants fled before the Christian knights, and relics and slab were brought in due time to Ortona, Italy, where they were placed in solemn pomp in the cathedral of Our Lady, afterward dedicated to St. Thomas.

Yet not even now was the Saint to enjoy unbroken repose. Three centuries later Ali Pasha sacked the Italian city and burnt its churches. Finding Thomas' shrine well protected and suspecting treasure underneath, the Turks applied dynamite and pried up altar and Chios slab. After the vandals departed, the Italians crept back to their city, and reverently ransacking the debris, recovered the cracked slab and were even able to put together the entire fractured skull, or so records the "Deed of the Verification of the Relics," which may be seen to this good day! In the face of such saintly persistence, well may the Devil lament in Ephraem's old poem—

> Who will show me the casket of Iscariot, whence courage I derived?
> But the casket of Thomas is slaying me, for a hidden power, there residing, tortures me.

Over the earth the apostle has indeed cast his glorious light. In the words of the old homily, once attributed to John of Chrysostom:

"He is dead and he is immortal; he as a man died, but he dazzled the world as an angel. He suffered martyrdom, and he struggles in his sufferings. He lies here below and is in glory above. Nothing can conceal him; he has spread his light over the whole world. He has been buried, but he shines forth everywhere as the sun. The relics of the just have gone round the world. . . . Every corner of the earth holds a part of Thomas; he has filled every place, and in each place he subsists entire. . . . The barbarians honour Thomas, all people celebrate his feast this day, and make an offering of his words as a gift to the Lord, 'My Lord and my God!' "

"AND JUDAS ISCARIOT—"

"AND JUDAS ISCARIOT—"

Feu de Dieu, perds ta chaleur,
Comme Judas perdit ses couleurs,
Quand il vendit N. S. Jésus Christ
Au Jardin des Olives!

THUS, in the quaint charm against burns, modern France, well through the nineteenth century, adds her persistent quota to the Judas story. And out of the mass of legend, incantation, drama, poem, charm, and curse, which has come down to us—eloquent testimony to the enormous interest centring round him—we have selected the above at the outset of discussion because, a simple charm against simple burns, it suggests to us so clearly, by the transpositions of folk lore, the ultimate idea of fire and burning which, veering all the way from grotesque humour to tragedy, is perhaps throughout the dominating idea for the hell-bent apostle.

Not easy, we fear, a little later to force our eyes from monographs for once almost as entertaining as they are scholarly, on "The Judas Gallows," "The Judas Curse," "Judas' Red Hair," and the like; to forget the devastating brochure which, training all the batteries of philology on the puzzling "Iscariot," concludes that Judas never was a man at all, but only a symbol of Christ-rejecting Jewry; not easy after all these excursions to build the passionate human figure of our own Judas. For here the sceptical but more merciful present breaks sharply with the Middle Ages, and whatever the result on religious thought would have been if we had not waited for De Quincey to discover pity for the Betrayer, assuredly we should have lost what is easily the most picturesque of our apostolic lore.

It was their sizzling hatred of Judas that made him vivid to the mind of the past, in which shares, of course, the peasant mind of today. We can only hope that our pos-

sibly more understanding pity will not blur the clear outlines. His association with concrete symbols—the bag, the thirty pieces of silver, the kiss, the tree, and the rope, have all aided the poetic imagination as could no mere abstract wickedness. To us, too, the symbols have been vivid; and we also have read Judas' doom. But possibly we shall be no less truly Christian than the smug mediaevalists, if we bring to bear upon him a more modern psychology which sees in him a creature of endless repression, inhibition, and conflict, from which Christ would indeed have saved him, but in which his own nature shut him fast. And for speaking of modern psychology we may be pardoned since it is a story in the twelfth-century *Golden Legend* itself which links Judas with no less up-to-date a bugbear than the Oedipus complex!

In the *Legenda Aurea,* then, warned by dreams that the child she carries is doomed to perdition, the mother of Judas agrees with his father that the infant is to be killed at birth. But their hearts fail them; he is put to sea in a chest; and the king to whose shores it floats finds and adopts the beautiful boy within. As he grows up, his doom begins to gain; he kills his foster brother over a game of chess! Fleeing the land of his adoption, he enters the service of Pontius Pilate as a page. And here (the story crossing a far more ancient trail), he encounters a very beautiful woman. He flees with her, only to find when it is too late that she is his own mother. In wild remorse he is about to kill himself, when he hears of the prophet who forgives and cleanses. He falls at the feet of Christ, who, though foreknowing all, accepts Judas as an apostle.

Spain, enormously influenced, as all Europe was, by the *Golden Legend,* has written the incest theme into spirited plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And there is an old Catalan story about Judas as far back as the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Indeed, considering the stimulus he has been to her literature, Spain should not hold her Judas cheap. Linking him sometimes, it is supposed, with the Wandering Jew, and with the other legend of his restless, ever-floating soul, Spain has put him into boots, and as

Steward or *Dispensero,* sees him forever travelling her dusty roads. On Spanish soil, too, his hair is red as Satan's on the Di Vega stage; though we have no hint that here, as in some parts of France—he burns dull red in the stained glass of Chartres—red-haired men are said to be barred from the priesthood!

International malice, it appears, has entered into the question of his birthplace, the more general Spanish impression being that, though a Jew, he grew up in Calabria. By and large, the interest in him has been keen from the first, and it was early Spanish travellers to Rome and the Holy Land who brought back curious tales of rope and tree. It is in Spain, too, as generally on and about the Mediterranean and some of the South American countries, that there come stories of the burning of Judas. A variation of this, in the shape of an arresting Mexican custom, has been observed as recently as 1908. In Mexico, then, for several days before Easter, street vendors sell Judas figures of all grades, forms, and sizes, into which fireworks have been cleverly manipulated. These, amid great festivity and excitement, are exploded on the noon of Easter Sunday; often the figures are also stuffed with all manner of oddments for the people.

Dramatic, and with more than a touch of poetry—the strongest link between Easter rites and the spring festivals of the old pagan gods of vegetation—come the accounts of the Judas burning in Greece generally, and in particular in the little village of Kontachorio on the Aegean. Here on the terrace by the chief church has been erected a huge cross, a circle round the arms, the whole wreathed in twining foliage. From this tree is suspended by a rope the life-sized effigy of a man with horrible mask and complete Island costume, who, as the "Hebrew," has been carried through the streets shortly before, with yells of derision. On Easter Sunday afternoon, after Vespers, as the ecclesiastical procession returns from its visit to the other churches, the young men lower the Judas and soak it in paraffin; then, in the presence of priests and people, it is set on fire and swung up, with great brilliance, into the air. So, to those familiar

with *The Golden Bough,* the burning of Judas takes its important place as one more pagan custom surviving under the protection of the Church.

Again in Greece, but this time a purely Christian custom, appears the yearly *Nipter,* which is held in Patmos. Here, in an "upper room," prepared on a kind of scaffolding and set down in one of the chief squares of the town, is played out the washing of the feet. Christ is played by the Abbot, and Judas by a poor layman who gets thirty *grosia* for his pains.

Typically grotesque and horrible, in the old English Mystery of "The Passion of Christ," Judas receives suggestions from Despair and Remorse, rendered in appropriate bodily forms, for his suicide. Also in the Mystery, St. Peter's statement in Acts as to how Judas "burst asunder and all his bowels gushed out" receives further elaboration, when we are told that the horrible end was consummated by Satan, who, crouching on Judas' shoulder as he hung, so increased his weight that the rope broke, adding the last touch to his tortures. Almost gleefully Dante has ensconced him, of course, in the lowest Circle, at the precise apex of the funnel of Hell, along with Cassius and Brutus. But there is an exceptional mediaeval legend in which he is permitted to return to the world once a year, because of the single good deed he performed before he succumbed to his greed for riches.

It is this greed which has played its vital part in legend and ensuing folk lore generally. In the thirteenth-century English ballad of Judas, also—a ballad older by two centuries than any other popular English ballad, and falling back now and then on the *Legenda Aurea*—we have the familiar stress on Judas' need for money. Here in the ballad, the Betrayal itself is motivated by the gambling debt Judas owes to Pilate! And a somewhat analogous touch motivates the extremely ancient, possibly first-century Coptic apocryphal gospels of the twelve apostles. In the latter, it is the wife of Judas who, frantic with greed, eggs him on to the betrayal of Christ,

again to cover a gambling debt. In the ballad it is Judas' sister who plays the sinister rôle; both somewhat amusing examples of the oriental desire to shift the blame to a feminine centre, and plead, as of old, "It was the woman!"

But in European folk lore it is Judas' own greed, resulting in theft, which is repeatedly stressed; and which, again in folk lore, becomes the reason for the "Judas incantation," and even curse, against other thieves. Before examining the curse, however, let us glance back at the charm against burns and read the really delightful one for stopping lightning. This, unlike most of the French charms which are a matter of persistent oral tradition among the people, surviving all Church efforts to stamp them out, is written down in a late corrupted text of *Le Médecin des Pauvres*, and as late as the early nineteenth century. In it we are told to take a Christmas egg (why not an Easter?) and throw it toward the lightning saying, "Que Dieu t'arrête, comme Judas arrêta Jésus Christ, au Jardin des Olives!" In case of whirlwind, too, there is a charm. But we find no charm against flood—no doubt the reason why our own Louisiana "Cajans" were helpless when the levees failed them!

Switzerland and Belgium, too, contribute Judas charms, and as late as 1908 a Swiss charm was noted which stresses, like that at the beginning of our chapter, the Betrayer's famous change of colour in Gethsemane. It remains for Germany to give us the incantations and curses against thieves. And Mr. Archer Taylor, who has delved deep for his exceedingly picturesque material, finds the ultimate suggestion for most of the Judas charms and incantations in the Judas curse. In its varying, but always vigorous forms, it must always have been a potent weapon in the hands of the mediaeval Church to force the return of stolen property—lest the thief share the accursed fate, *"habeat partem cum Juda."* In the Middle Ages, the curse was often attached to legal documents, deeds, and so on, and used especially to protect the manuscripts in monasteries. Back in 1583, John Wier was attacking the use of the "Anathema Adalberti," as he called the Judas curse. But for all that, eighteenth- and

nineteenth-century Germany took it over, in an intriguing vigour of language which must have been little short of hair-raising to unfortunate Teutonic burglars!

Leaving this tendency to exploit the Betrayer to practical uses, we come to the stories of the Judas tree. Early pilgrims talked much of the fig as instrument of his end. Sometimes it was the fig tree cursed by Christ; sometimes the tree became the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. A little later, to the western world, looking for a typically European tree, it became variously elder, willow, aspen, tamarind, now and then still another. England, France, and Germany have been especially strong for the elder, the "heartless" (i.e., pithless) tree. *Piers Plowman* speaks of it, as do the great Elizabethans. Its well-nigh irresistible folk lore carries to the Isle of Man, where elder leaves are placed on doors and windows to forfend witchcraft. And in mediaeval France it appears in the *Passion des Jongleurs*. In France, too, the elder fruit has turned bitter, a typical change for the accursed Judas tree, which tends always to decay of one kind or another. And along the Marne, hanging to an elder by the head or feet, men see Judas in the moon. Sicily has her tamarind, shrunk now to a poor bush; and here, whenever the wandering Judas passes over a tamarind, it stops a moment to watch the re-enacted struggle.

To the Little Russians the leaves of all the trees began to tremble when Judas hanged himself, and characteristically, we think, it is the Slavic countries that make the tree the aspen. Bohemia says it has trembled ever since that day. And Lithuania, in perhaps the most poetic of all the stories, says that when Judas fled into the forest to kill himself, the trees awoke and would not permit him to come near. Only the aspen, still sleeping, did not hear him, nor know her degradation until the body hung from her branches; then indeed she awoke, and has been quivering ever since. Again in the Wendish folk song about the poor widow in the forest and the thirty pieces of silver Christ offered her to buy bread, it is the aspen on which the Betrayer, Christ's money stolen, hangs himself.

Less vivid than the folk lore and certainly with a viewpoint that would have struck the mediaeval mind as blasphemously imaginative, comes the Judas drama. And since already there has been more than enough smug moralizing by those who conceive Christ's Betrayal as a thing of the first century only, instead of the persisting tragedy in which we may all too easily share, may we offer our Judas quite simply as he has sometimes seemed to us?—not so much villain as the bitterly blundering fool of the great Passion.

Beautiful it was, as he had known it would be; and with the moment's pride in his own unfailing rightness of decision, the boy flung up his head in a joy that was clean and free as this untouched world of gorge and waterfall and cedar, sky-flung to the dawn. Nor had the dawn come yet. That would be presently, when the morning star had faded from the Judaean night. He breathed quickly; every dawn this had waited for him; for him, not for another. No other lad in all Kerioth had ever come out here to see the dawn—only Judas, drawn from his restless slumber on the rumpled mats, thirsting for this hushed mystery.

Jehovah, how beautiful it was! Let him look, look! Let him drink it in . . . could one drink beauty? A Greek, whom he had once read in secret, said so. But he himself was a Jew; he must never forget that. Yet why not forget it, if it so pleased him? He was no slave to stop his thinking for—for what? For his God, he had been about to say; then he shivered. Was not that blasphemy? And if it were—again that restive, eager mind swung round—better freedom, even in blasphemy, than to be bound! Jehovah was free; why not his creatures? Lucifer had been free; Lucifer, "son of the morning." You could say what you pleased, that had been a superb challenge, that proud archangel falling, falling, because he had dared to be free like Jehovah! Falling . . . falling . . . half hypnotized, the smouldering eyes of Judas stared into the sky. What light must he have struck off as he fell from heaven! Again he shuddered. Blasphemy! And

yet—what kind of God was it who wanted slaves, mind-stopped, to worship him? He drew the torn tunic closer about his narrow shoulders; chilly before the dawn, and he had eaten not so much as a date when he stole out. He never ate much, Simon his father complained; but what was the use of all this eating when one could think better without?

Thought . . . ah, there was the exciting thing! And he would think exactly as he pleased; that was the way he must go, in freedom, not in fear. Too much fear there was. Fear of Jehovah, fear of the Romans, fear—blackest and most revolting fear of all—that perpetual fear of sin! Why, he had feared sin a moment ago! And if he could fear sin, in this glorious pre-dawn world by the water-falls of Jordan—he broke off with an impatient breath. Pah! As well be an Essene, and done with it, and live his life in a cave, eating unripe berries! Or a psalm-singing Pharisee! But even with the impatient scorn that always lurked so near, came a gentle longing. It came with the dawn that suddenly fluttered like a rosy gossamer veil over the jagged purple mountains beyond.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!" passionately the boy Judas found himself crying. Tears were in his dark eyes, tears of love and joyful recognition. He was seventeen. He clasped his thin strong hands till the brown knuckles shone white, and a joyful peace was all about him. This flooding emotion, let it come! Let it stay! He no longer thought; he only felt, in an ecstasy; felt safe, secure, in a mighty peace that wrapped him in a mighty joy as dawn came up by the waterfalls of Jordan.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!" cried young Judas; and his heart surged with love for the shepherd boy who had sung the words of joy, for David, of whom should come at last Messias. If it should be in his time? Messias . . . "My King! My King!" prayed the boy. Oh, might he not come sooner if he knew how Judas' young heart waited?

Incredibly stale the rest of the day, back in the huddled town where his father worked and earned for them both.

Judas, his head throbbing beneath its thatch of flaming red hair, as he tramped the long furlongs back in the glare of noon, flung himself on the mats and tried to sleep. But his rest was no refreshment. His father scolded him again for staying from work. He had apprenticed Judas to a tanner in the neighbourhood; but the tiresome, repellent toil was torture to the boy with his splendid dreams, and he slacked shamelessly. Simon, not unnaturally resentful of his seeming lack of ambition, could never grasp that it was precisely his overwhelming pride that made the boy's mind and fingers useless for any ordinary labour. Well, his bringing-up had been at fault; his mother was dead; at least she was dead to Simon, the shameless creature who had run away with a vagabond almost before Judas was weaned. Often, looking into the boy's beautiful, discontented eyes, Simon wondered if Judas were indeed his son; his wife had sworn to him that it was so, and Simon really believed it, but sometimes he lashed the boy with the suspicion. And once Judas had flared out that he wished she had taken him with her. He loved her so; or was it hate? Strange not to know! Ashamed of her shame he was, burningly, torturingly ashamed, as only a boy of seventeen could be. She had wrecked his life, he thought; it was she who was responsible for his devil. . . .

For he had a devil. Ever since, barely out of his swaddling-clothes, he had crawled about the untidy, slovenly house, he had known he had a devil. Two other people had them in Kerioth; and beyond, over the whole land, from the holy city even to smiling, flowering Galilee, there were people who had devils. Magicians sometimes cleansed them, magicians who had learned their spells by pyramid and sphinx, taught by cat and crocodile. He had heard of such things; but he knew his father had no money to hire one of those Egyptian charmers. Anyway, his devil gave food for thought, and thought was the great thing.

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Thought was the great thing; so in two more years, when he took that journey northward, he was glad he had con-

quered love. But Mary was not glad; on her sensitive young body, which had vibrated like an Egyptian harp to his words and kisses, love turned, thwarted, and tortured her like a devouring flame. Thwarted and perverted, it writhed in her like a snake, like a demon serpent. And after ten nights of searing conflict, bitten deep, deep with the scorching madness, Mary had turned with all the terrible, beautiful force within her to the underworld of Magdala. The men of Magdala, kinder in their fashion than Judas, loved her, and the madness grew.

But it was Judas she longed for, Judas who had flung away from her that spring night when the flame he had lighted burned high in both, Judas who had torn himself from the arms he had invited, because—with averted face and clenched teeth he threw it to her, like sharp stinging pebbles—because he remembered his namesake Maccabee, Judas son of Mattathias, who had driven the invader from the land; that other Judas had driven the invader out, as she well knew; and now he remembered that he, too, a Judas, must keep himself pure for his great service—whether of the Zealots or Messias, he did not say. So he flung away from her, fierce in the sense of his mission, proud and upright because he had not once enjoyed the white flesh she burned to give. Yet he had been right; what man of Kerioth, least of all old Simon, could deny he had been right to keep himself pure? It was many moons now; but he still remembered the wild sweet smells that night when only his iron will had made their passion frustrate, and he fled from her until he stood at last safe in the synagogue of Kerioth, safe among his splendid patriot friends, the Zealots. That was his cause; that was where his loyalty belonged. Loyalty! The great word for a flaming young Jew like himself! For he was a Jew, nationalist, patriot! What else was there in life? What was Mary of Magdala to the cause he now served?

Yet as the years passed, the Zealots were not too sure of him. They used him, of course, as they used all the daring, high-spirited men they could lay hands on; and they gave

him an occasional secret errand—difficult and dangerous enough, they felt—to find out how the land lay around Kerioth. But when the gravest tasks were to be undertaken, as when a synagogue was to be canvassed, or the Roman officers who ruled these wily Jews with so bluff a majesty were to be questioned as to garrison and arms, somehow they always picked other, more well-tried men.

It was about the money that at last the sharpest clash came, when they flatly refused to permit him to approach the rich Jews for the secret treasury. They would attend to that themselves, they told him crisply. Judas pleaded, his pleas fast growing to indignant protests. Could they not see it was what he was ideally fitted for, that it took a man of imagination and power? Why, he could raise money better than he could do anything else! Oh, he could, could he? The stern eyes searched him. How did he know that? Know what? he tried to stammer; but their burning eyes never wavered. How did he know he was so good at money-raising? He felt himself flushing. Ah! Possibly he had collected some already? And forgotten to turn it in? They waited; their eyes, sharp now as their own daggers, transfixed him. . . . With a furious oath, he turned sharply from them.

Secretly, as he strode away, he hoped they would come after him. He peered back; they were shrugging their shoulders. Never would he tell them now, never, after the cruel, baseless charge! Not his fault! Never his fault! Though what was he to do, he pondered, striding on, what was he to do with that hundred pence he had wheedled and stormed out of a rich merchant during the last moon? An innocent exploit he had felt it; more—brave and splendid. The hundred pence was only a beginning, but when by cleverness and will he should have made it grow to a thousand shekels and have laid it, casually, before the chief Zealots of Kerioth, then they would see how clever he was, and trust him at last with a really high mission. Give him time, and he would gather gold for them, glittering, heavy—heavy enough to break Rome's heavy yoke. How they would remember him, then, he, Judas of Kerioth, Judas Iscariot, some called him,

Judas the young patriot, who would one day be coupled with Judas the Maccabee!

And now they had thrown all this away! The stupid Zealots, that could not tell a good thing when they had it, the stupid Zealots that would not trust him! Angrily he ground his sandalled feet in the dusty road. They had always been unjust to him, and when he had given up so much, too—Mary first of all, the life of simple, happy love he might have had with her. For she had wanted marriage. Curious how he had almost forgotten that, curious now how vividly he thought of it. Yes, that was what she had wanted from the first and had let him know, Mary who was so different from all the other Jewish maidens; Mary who was shy and young and somehow very fearless. A little home of their own, she had whispered simply, with a palm, and a fig tree, and a boy and girl playing in the door. Brusquely he had refused. He had a cause, he told her; true, he did not quite know what it was, but she could see for herself how children would be naught but a burden; and she had bowed her head. Suddenly he felt a sharp twinge. Was it regret? Remorse? Self-pity? He did not know, but he thought bitterly that he had given up something passing sweet, given it up for a cause. And now—now the cause had given him up.

Was it such a great cause, after all? One should be careful when one pledged loyalty. Of course Roman rule was a crime; Judaea must be free, but were the Zealots the men for the task? Crabbed, they were; needing new blood, look how they rejected it when it came! And what blunders! And yet they had dared to stare at him, as if—well, it seemed incredible, but there was no mistaking their eyes—as if he were a thief! Merely because he had raised a hundred pence for their treasury, which their own stupidity made it impossible for him to turn in! He, Judas Iscariot, a thief!

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A walking-trip seemed the most sensible way out; he was sick to death of Kerioth. Simon had died some time before, and his work with the tanner had long since ended. He could think things out, walking along the highway. One good thing the Romans had given him, anyway, these firm, strong roads; give the devil his due! At the thought of the devil he stopped suddenly. Could it be his devil that had whispered "steal"? Steal? Violently he started; violently he strode on, the sweat suddenly glistening on his brow. He had not stolen! Somehow, almost without his knowing, his feet found the road to Jerusalem. Among the great crowds would be relief, excitement. He hurried on, but when he was almost arrived, he turned off. Abruptly he decided he did not want a city; for a while he wandered about, east, north—scarcely noticing what varying paths he took. He was hot and lonely and sick at heart; his life lay in ruins about him. So, at last, he passed to Bethabara beyond Jordan.

Looking for a hero he was, to save him from himself. For deep within he was frightened. But when, suddenly, the multitudes blocked the path before him, and, still longing for solitude, he questioned them sullenly, he knew that the Baptizer they exalted was not the man. For the gaunt nakedness of mind and body, which had been so splendid to Andrew and John, only repelled Judas. Too tense a wildness lived in himself for him to welcome it in others. In a strange way he could not have expressed, he felt this prophet too like what he might himself have been if, as he scornfully expressed it, he had "let himself go." Sin! That was the howling burden of this man's song. Sin! Judas shivered. The Jews had had too much of sin. Scornfully he watched them as they plunged, the poor deluded people, frantic for redemption, into the waters of the holy river, shouting aloud their misdeeds, crying out their sins to John and Jordan, blood-red both in the glare of the sinister sunset.

For a moment, watching them so, he felt something tugging at himself. Should he, too, go down? "Wash me and make me clean!" his trembling lips whispered to the river. "Wash me and make me clean!" It would take his devil,

this holy river, washed away by this holy prophet; for suddenly, humbly, Judas knew John was a prophet, a saint of God, and not, not like himself! "Wash me and make me clean!" The sweat glistened on his brow, the baptism of his suffering, the anguished baptism of the baptism he spurned. But he could not confess. For after all, what was there? Theft . . . For the hundred pence jangled in his bag. But he had not stolen—not really! . . . Mary . . . But he had not had her . . . Sick and trembling, he turned from Jordan.

It was as he strode northward, day after day, and the landscape gradually lightened until it blossomed into the smiling meadows of Galilee, that his spirit became less tense and desperate. At last he came to a crossroads; without forethought, he turned toward Magdala. Evening was almost come, his happiest evening since he had left the baptizing in Jordan. Clearly, the more distance he put between that stern, gaunt prophet and himself, the lighter became his soul.

With a long breath of pleasure, he drew in the evening air, sweet with honeysuckle. Hark! music. No solemn Temple music, either, but Greek music, at once lightly sad and gay, music with a catch in it, on light instruments that young men were playing. And at the same moment a troop of them came out of the great house on Gennesaret. Laughing and singing, they came down to the landing, where, manned by dark-skinned slaves, a boat was rocking. It was a pleasure-boat, with sails rosy and silken as the sunset. Judas stared; never had he seen such gay excess. Then he saw that toward the boat came a woman. Proudly she came, carrying her blatant shame like a royal ensign; her lips smiled as she tossed a jest to her companions; but her eyes —her eyes held the look of a walled-in tomb. . . . Then, as she sensed the alien presence lurking in the shrubbery, she turned her eyes full on Judas; and his heart, which had begun to beat in thick, muffled strokes, seemed to stop altogether before the horror which suddenly widened those eyes of hers. "Mary!" he tried to whisper; but his stiff lips could not move. For she was speaking now, her beautiful face

distorted, demoniac, as, with a pitiless gesture, she pointed to her own body, and hurled him the one word, "Betrayer!" And then Mary laughed. Oh, the unforgettable horror of that laughter as she stood there in the soft Galilean twilight, in the splendid, multicoloured trappings of her shame, laughing, laughing!

Was it at Judas Mary laughed? At the foolish, gaudy company of youths that swarmed toward her, trying to turn it all to but one jest the more, in this endlessly amusing world? Or was it at herself, her past and present, and the yawning abysses of her future?

Judas did not pause to discover. Quivering in every nerve, already he had turned, already he was walking swiftly out of Magdala. Wise, thrice wise, he had been to escape a woman with evil in her such as that! Possessed? Not one devil, then, but a demon that was sevenfold strong! How he could ever have loved her! But she had not been so, then. Was that the ground of her monstrous accusation of himself? Slowly the stars came out. He had intended to eat and rest in the little town, but he tramped on, anxious only to shake the dust of Magdala from his stinging feet, the echo of Magdala from his stinging heart. "Betrayer!" Jehovah, how it spun round and round his tired brain, in letters of scorching fire! That any one should even think such a thing of him, Judas Iscariot! And when the same moon that came up now like a huge golden plate was but a silver line above the palms, the Zealots had as good as called him "thief"! He, Judas Iscariot, to be called in the same moon a thief and a betrayer!

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Then, suddenly, in the shadowy fields ahead, he saw a figure. A man by the look of him, though here in the silence of the night there was something strange—not terrible; it was beautiful, the something, and a peace lay all about it. . . . Then, as the moon came out again from under its thin wisp of filmy cloud, Judas saw that beyond peradventure it was a man. Among the olive trees he knelt immovable. Not

far off lay other men, asleep, their heads pillowed on weary arms; almost like sleeping flocks they seemed. Presently his eyes returned to that first figure. Alone he was; yet he did not look lonely, but as if the night and the shadowy fields, and something beyond that was more beautiful than them all, were near and friendly to him. After a moment his hands, which had been clasped in prayer, moved. He rose to his full height and flung his arms wide as in a gesture of benediction, so that he stood there in the silence of the night like a great cross, but a cross that was strangely the symbol of neither terror nor pain, but luminous with love and joy. And suddenly Judas, there behind him in the shadows, found himself on his knees, sobbing. Hot tears were on his cheeks; his heart seemed breaking.

"Master!" he called. "Master!" And Jesus, turning, saw Judas. With no word he crossed over to him, and with a shiver of utter joy Judas felt the hand, warm, human, tingling with loving power, on his shoulder. "Master!" he cried again, and this time a rapture surged about him. "Master! I have found thee! Let me be thy disciple!" And he told Jesus all, there among the olives beyond Magdala.

Afterward, as days passed and ripened into weeks and even moons, not one among the disciples could understand why Judas had been chosen. From the very outset they complained. Some, more outspoken like Peter, or fearless like John, went frankly to Jesus. He did not fit, they said—finally, bluntly, that they did not like him. And Jesus rebuked them. They had not seen, as he, that melting of Judas' stormy heart; and he bade them have patience. Granted, perhaps, that they were better men than Judas, had he not come to seek and to save that which was lost? Perhaps they, in the simple sunshine of their lives, had not after all given up so much as Judas in his darkness. Had he, then, a devil? bluntly Peter queried. It was Peter and John were with him now. Jesus said nothing. Because, if he had, the big fisherman went on, and if Judas must stay among them, why would not Jesus at least cast out the demon, as he had done for others? Faintly Jesus smiled; he said it was not quite

like that, and urged him to be kind to Judas, for that the man was changing and coming every day into fresh truth. And Peter, unconvinced, but deeply grateful for the healing Jesus had performed in his own home, vowed he would do his best; John, too, promised, but all that day he remained aloof from them all, and his eyes were grave and strangely troubled. Behind the Master's smile he thought he saw a question which he dared not read.

At last Judas was really happy. Even the addition to the company of Levi the publican did not distress him, though he thought it would more than likely mean the surrender of the money bag he had volunteered to keep for the rest. Yet even this—though none knew how he enjoyed the work—he was prepared to give up. It stood to reason that this Levi—"Matthew" the others called him—knew more of financing than even himself; so mused Judas, proud of his sudden humility. But when Matthew, with a warm quick smile, insisted he was through with money for good and all and would on no account keep the bag unless Jesus positively commanded it, Judas was enormously pleased. Not so the other disciples. An argument ensued, for however little they liked publicans as such, they instinctively took to Matthew, and vociferously they implored Jesus to make him change his mind. But the Master, who saw how to Matthew even the simple common money bag spelt bondage, and to Judas a very pleasant duty, told Judas to keep his post as treasurer. Peter and James frowned and turned abruptly, but Matthew was glad, and Judas gladdest of all. He was gladdest because, though he would boast of nothing yet—unless it were his humility in not boasting—he was thinking out a little scheme to help them all in winning wider support. Then, remembering how Jesus had persuaded him, when he first came, to return the hundred pence to the Zealots, for whom, Jesus reminded him a little sternly, it had been intended, Judas flushed, there by himself. With such a master, he must be careful to do nothing that would have even the faintest shadow of dishonesty. It was one day a little after the choosing of the Twelve, and the sense of his own call

was strong upon him. Better give up his scheme. And he gave it up.

It was in the next moon that Mary came. And so her sins, which were many, were forgiven, for she loved much; and now at last—from her quiet eyes he saw that it was so—she walked in peace. He pondered it all, did Judas, all the strange happenings of the twilight that began when Jesus was invited to the rich house of the Pharisee and sat down to meat. Judas himself was not there, and that was well; not that he would have troubled Mary. She would not have seen him, intent as she now was, only upon this loving service to the Master her breaking heart desired; but Judas could not have borne the sight of Mary the sinner scorned by all but the sinless. Long he had thought of her, deep in his heart, with only Jesus knowing the sore hurt that he now perceived he had done her, all those years ago. When first he came, he had spoken to Jesus about his wish that Mary, too, might be saved, and the Master had listened. But he had given Judas no clear word; he knew that when the time was ripe, Mary herself would come. Had he known, too, Judas pondered, of the gifts she would bring, her tears and humble kisses on his feet, her precious alabaster box?

One day in a little village where they were telling the good news, he found her briefly separated from the other women who followed the Master. He came up gently and asked her if she would tell him what had brought her to Jesus. But Mary smiled faintly and shook her head; she could not speak of all that yet, she said; it was too holy. And she went on sewing quietly on the tiny shift she was fashioning for a new-born babe. After a moment of quiet stitching, she raised her eyes from the little garment and asked Judas if she could do him any service. And when, dark-flushed, he muttered that she could forgive him, Mary gazed at him out of her wide quiet eyes and told him she had forgiven him long ago. Had not Christ forgiven her? Christ—the anointed, she called him. Did Mary's simple

heart, then, understand the mystery which sometimes baffled even Judas? And he saw, with a curious wistfulness, that she had indeed passed far beyond him. There was that in her eyes, more beautiful than ever, he thought, which showed she had so done with earthly dross. That little box she had broken for her Lord's feet—dimly Judas saw it was her heart she had broken, her heart, for which the Christ had given her back a heavenly treasure. . . .

Stirringly to them all came the word that they were to go out to heal and preach the Kingdom without the Master. They would miss him, of course, but he himself commanded them to go, though Judas could not help feeling it unfortunate to be without purse or scrip. All very well, of course, if the people were cordial, as they usually were to Jesus. But suppose they would not receive the disciples. What on earth were they to do without money? Of course they could shake off the dust as a testimony against such blindness, but even that would not fill empty stomachs. So, very privately, and deciding that he would not use it unless it were absolutely necessary, Judas took along the bag, common for himself and Simon the Zealot, with whom he was to travel. But Simon would not touch it. Yet surely Jesus could not object to their having a stipend in case of necessity. Why, they might fall ill, argued Judas, or be unable to return to him because of neglect, which a bit of money would forfend. Surely Jesus could not object to this—could not, or—should not.

Thus already during that journey, and how much more thereafter, Judas' mind was occupied more than he knew with this matter of what Jesus should not object to. And again he salved his conscience by the idea that if he occupied himself, even a very little, with these purely worldly matters, it would save Jesus that much more for his holy work. The other disciples plainly had no taste for it; possibly—and this was a comforting reflection—why, more than likely, the Master in choosing Judas had had a clear glimpse of the use he could be to them all, so that even if imme-

diately after the call, he had forgotten it, Judas was only helping Jesus to carry out his original idea.

This assumption—as assumptions had a way of doing with Judas—speedily became translated for him into something very like a fact. Presently it was more than fact; once a fact, it began, deep in the man's heart and in his restless, eager mind, to grow into an absorbing and passionate duty. A kingdom of heaven? Of course; but a kingdom of heaven on earth. Plainly he said that, and he meant—of course he simply must mean—the Kingdom for the people, snatched from the Romans on the one side, and the crafty high priests on the other. Caiaphas, for instance, and wily Annas his father-in-law, full of tyranny and years, cruel, dangerous men both, from whom Judas must guard well his recklessly loving Master. But Judas was there to guard. However absurdly the other disciples, ignorant men, fisherfolk and the like, of Galilee, however they might fail him, the Master could thank God that of the Twelve was also himself, Judas Iscariot. . . .

So time flew, and the multitudes flocked, and the plots thickened. Plot of Pharisee, Herodian, and Sadducee, a snarling pack making common cause now for the common victim, the little plots fast rolling into a great plot. And bit by bit, in the dim underworld of the consciousness of Judas, began to develop the great counterplot.

Never could it have come to him all at once, this vast scheme on which now at last was concentrated his every tingling energy. But from the joy with which mind and heart leaped toward it, a joy of recognition, he knew he had always dreamed somewhere of such a rôle. A man strong enough to hold in his hand all the threads—his breath came fast—a hand, light and strong, on the flying shuttle. A man watching, listening; even as the light, strong hand was weaving, ever weaving the glorious fabric of the Messianic kingdom. Dark, some of the threads, dark as Tyrian dyes, nay, as the grapes of the trodden wine-press. Crimson, some, as the life blood in throbbing veins. And others dark as the rolling thunderclouds that veiled the sky beyond the city

walls. Even as Judas wove, he saw how black the threads grew, black as the onyx heavens above the fiery ghats of the Vale of Hinnom.

Dizzying, now, the speed of the shuttle—dizzying, that is, for all but Judas. Judas could keep his head; lucky, too, for it was perilous work, this weaving, so perilous that he told no one. Safer he was without confidants, and as Judas was safer, safer of course the Master.

So, willingly enough, he dared the growing suspicion in the eyes of the disciples; they had never liked him, never even trusted him—all this without cause. Well, now he was going to give them cause; no denying that. So let it smoulder, their suspicion; let them watch these meetings, furtive as the fox, with scribe and elder. Let them guess the secret journeys to Jerusalem, even picture, if their poor imaginations could go so far, that sudden and sinister association with certain members of the Sanhedrin.

He licked his lips and smiled a little crooked smile. He was in deep, and no mistake; deep, and he must go deeper yet. Sometimes, in the rare softer moments, he found it hard to be suspected, but when he thought of telling them his bold plan, his heart stopped. When had they ever sympathized with any dream of his? Even if they accepted his honesty of motive, would they not, in fear at the desperate venture, tell all to Jesus, and so, however unwittingly, betray him? For if he knew—if the Master knew . . . Judas shook his head; never would his candid, fearless mind stoop to such subterfuge. Yes, Judas must hold his tongue to the others; for he knew, dimly as they really understood him, they tried to obey him, and they never judged him. That was just the trouble. So, when at last Jesus told them that he must go up to Jerusalem, sadly they assented, though a child might have known the snares were set.

He knew the snares were set, did Jesus. And preoccupied as Judas was with the secrets that he told no one, he knew his Master for a hero. Urgently, as the feast of the Passover

drew on, knowing more than them all the danger he was in, Judas longed to show Jesus his heart; never, it seemed, since that first night of discipleship in the moonlit meadow had he so loved him. But it was different now. Now Judas was strong; then he had been weak. Now, the clash of armour was in his ears; hurtle of battle; and before his eyes—eyes of passionate inner vision—marched the glittering spears; and a ruddy upraised sword gleamed high, high, to cleave a mighty pathway to the Kingdom. And always the sword was in the strong right hand of Judas, Judas who loved his Lord so much he would save him even from this weakness of love, so he might drive the Romans forever from the land, and the cruel High Priests, thirsting even now for the blood of their new victim. . . .

As he thought of how they thirsted, for a moment Judas trembled; then, teeth clenched, he drew the knotted cord more tightly about his waist. They should not get Jesus, however much they thirsted; or if they got him—his heart skipped a beat, then hammered on—if they got him, it would be but for a moment, at worst an hour; and in the next moment, at worst in the next hour, through the splendid uprising of the people, Jesus would be King. And without Judas to make things safe, of a surety they would take him; to that it had come at last. So, beyond all peradventure, it was best to be in on their plans, so that he could choose his own time, since a time there must be; best to be in on their plots. They could not know he had this counterplot, this deeper vengeance of his own to frustrate their revenge.

So hard by the seething holy city, they came to Bethany, where Lazarus was whom Jesus had raised from a sleep like death. And the crafty eyes of the priests watched Jesus, and Judas, who thought himself crafty as they, crafty for the Kingdom he would so soon now gain for the Master by this roused and frenzied love of the multitudes, watched too.

Strung to snapping point, the nerves of Judas, or he would never have cried out at the waste, and how the box should have been sold, and the money given to the poor. What did he care at that moment, quivering with excite-

ment as he was, what did he care about the poor? John was right to spurn his angry protests, but John was wrong, bitterly wrong, to look at him as if he were a thief! Granted he had taken money from the bag, more than once of late, and used it not for "the poor," but for this infinitely more important secret cause of his that ought to be the cause of them all—was he then to be blamed? Now that he was planning a thing that would restore the very kingdom to Israel, ought John to carp because he had kept the price of paltry fish from some paltry beggars? But now Jesus himself was speaking, and to Judas, and his tone was stern and sad.

"Let her alone," he was saying; "let her alone. Against the day of my burying hath she kept this." And suddenly Judas, stung to the quick by the rebuke before them all, rose abruptly and left the supper. "Against the day of his burying!" What a thing to say there among the very people who needed courage, not submission, for the perilous deed before them! And Jesus was constantly talking this way now; too busy himself to listen to the Master, he heard rumours of these strange sad sayings from the other disciples. Only too clearly, Jesus thought that he must die. Well, if the high priests had their way—again Judas' heart stopped, stopped like his terrified mind, then jerked wildly on. His will was iron; it must be, so much depended on him. Much? Nay, all; Jesus himself would not act. How often in the past, especially after the great wonders, he had tried to make him see his way; how often and with what despair and what futility! And now the loving beauty of him would be also his undoing. So Judas must make haste. And swiftly, swiftly he ran on in the darkness, ran on toward Jerusalem, straight for the palace of the High Priest.

❧

So, with the sweat starting from his brow, crowned with its wild red hair, his trembling hands plucking at his tunic, Judas spoke to the chief priests. He heard himself speaking, though from the stiffness of his lips—was it because of the

strange set smile he had forced upon them?—he scarcely knew it for speech. But as he finished, and they nudged one another and stroked their long white beards, he saw that he had made them understand. They were glad. How their cruel eyes glittered as he spoke, forcing those stiff lips to the question: "What will ye give me and I will betray him unto you?" Crafty he had been, crafty as they, he thought, to seem so eager about the money.

"What will ye give?" he repeated, and his hands plucked his garment. For a moment they waited, speaking low among themselves; it was a sound of snakes they made, he found himself thinking, sound of fat white coiling snakes in the sandy desert. Then they told him thirty pieces of silver. It should have been more, he thought, as he stumbled out, a scornful servant holding wide the door for his uncertain steps. Thirty pieces of silver! A queer sum—no particular sum at all—who ever heard of thirty pieces of silver as the fit price for a betrayer?

Betrayer! Suddenly his blood froze, and the damp red hair raised itself along his neck. Betrayer! Where had he heard that word before? Then he remembered. Mary! Mary of Magdala, who never looked at him now. What would she think if she knew that he had this night compounded to betray her Lord? But it was not betrayal! Was he not a disciple, one of the chosen Twelve? Had he not come all the way from Kerioth to serve Messias? Betrayer—! Let it be still, that cruel voice that mocked and scourged. Again he started; to mock and scourge—that was the least of what the high priests longed to do to Jesus; and desperate with fears, Judas dug his nails into the palms of his trembling hands. Sighing with relief, he raised them, and then he gazed, fascinated with horror. A tiny drop of blood shone there in the moonlight. It did not hurt, but it was blood, blood on the hands his nails had bitten into. Nails, he repeated dully. Nails . . . And suddenly there in the quivering moonbeams beyond the city wall, he saw a gibbet, and on the gibbet, nailed beyond redemption, Jesus, whom he loved. . . .

A dozen times that night found him trying to make the journey back to Bethany. He must, it seemed, be near his Lord. Was it to fling those thirty pieces at his feet? To confess himself? But to confess himself what? Knave or king-maker? It seemed as if his mind refused to let him know, as if his feet refused to carry him; though ever and again, as the torturing hours dragged past, he would find himself within a bare furlong of Bethany, and then, of a sudden, running with all of his exhausted strength away, away from Jesus, whom he loved.

Dawn found him back at the gate of Jerusalem, and a little later—he never quite knew when—perhaps he had slept a little—of a sudden it seemed to him that all the palm trees of Judaea were in motion—marching—marching—waving—shouting—thundering—"Hosannah in the highest!"

Dully he wondered; a dream, he thought, and rubbed his bloodshot eyes, and gazed again. No, they were still here, those waving palms. And then, with a brief clarity, he saw Jesus. On a young ass he rode, over the garments which the frenzied people strewed. Over palms and over garments, and the blue air above him shot through with waving green—cool, like a sea—and about him a great tumult of joy. Judas stared. It was done, then. He was King! It had happened somehow without him; the thirty pieces—they had not been necessary—he could fling them in the road. Breathless, he was about to do so when a scribe whom he had seen in the palace the night before leered at him, pointing with a gesture of cautious scorn to Jesus. Then it was not yet done. . . . Sick he must be to think so. Returning the greeting as best he could, he stumbled away.

So more days passed; hours—days—he could not tell; eternity it seemed, and every day the pieces in the bag grew heavier. Sorely he wanted to cry out and throw them from him. No one could expect him to carry a load like this; no common burden-bearer was ever forced to endure so much. But his hands would not obey his will. He went on. Giddy he was from lack of food and sleep, but he dared not lie

down. Dreams were torture, and the food he tried to swallow he spat from his mouth. Water, a little, he drank; but one glaring noon he found fire in it and flung it from him. God in heaven! Would his mind never be clear again? . . .

Clear at last, and his forehead cool; cool as snow on Hermon. Oh, the blessed coolness of snow! Cool—let him hold fast to that. He had thought it out now, all of it, every bit! Nobody could say there was anything hazy now about that plan of his. The next day—the Passover—once they heard the Master was taken—and how swiftly he would run to tell them, he, who would know the very moment!—once they heard, they would rise, courageous at last in their just wrath. Then, oh, then, they would make him King. Nothing could stop them, not even the King himself. So Jesus would be King at last, King of everything; King, most of all, since he would have put him there and suffered for it the very torments of hell, King of Judas. So he must be very calm. So let him think of snow—cool and white; snow of Hermon, on whose summit they said his very raiment became white and glistering. And his face—but best not think of the face of Jesus—not this afternoon, with that little step between, that little single step of his Betrayal. So Judas reached his decision. Why, he had scarcely need to arm the people. Tonight they would all rise, the moment word of his arrest was given. They would seize garrisons and watchtowers, the Temple, into which the Lord would suddenly appear. Oh, surely tomorrow Jesus would enter his Kingdom. . . .

So when the even was come, there in the upper room where he knew they had prepared the Passover, Judas sat down with the others. And there, a little later, he took the sop from Jesus, there in the upper room where Jesus washed his feet. . . . Words there were, dark words. As they were spoken, he scarcely heard them, but they knelled in his mind all that bitter night. "Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table"—Jesus was saying it. "Verily I say unto you, one of you shall betray me." . . . "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" And at

last, to Judas softly, before the frightened faces of them all: "That thou doest, do quickly." Did he then know? Consent to this plan of his, to the glorious counterplot that lay now like very obelisks of stone upon his heart? "That thou doest, do quickly!" But his eyes—the eyes of Jesus—how stern and sad they were, turned there on Judas in the upper room.

So he lingered, waiting; and presently—how strangely Jesus spoke—"This is my body, which is broken for you," Jesus said. He was breaking the paschal bread; so the disciples ate. And then he took the cup: "This is my blood of the new testament which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins," he said; and they drank. So strange and solemn it was, as if it meant something far, far beyond itself. Silently, strangely, they partook. Tears were in the eyes of some; and in the eyes of others a great light, as if they supped with a King; and all a little—dimly it seemed to Judas—all a little as if the King were going a far journey.

Choking, Judas, too, ate of that bread and drank of that cup. And presently, in the darkness which could not see his face, he ran again to the palace of the High Priest.

"One of you is a devil." The moment he had told them about the Garden, the words came back—"One of you is a devil." Vaguely, as he led that cursing mob over Kedron to the quiet olives Jesus loved, there by the disused oil press of Gethsemane, he knew that when Jesus had spoken of the Betrayer, he had asked if it were himself; vaguely he knew the answer, and that there had been other words, dark and full of omen: "Good were it for that man if he had not been born."

But he was not thinking now, only going where his feet led him. It was as if it had happened a long time ago, as if it were all a vast descent into the kingdoms of death and hell, and his feet were set. "Whomsoever I shall kiss—" he had said. The lanterns flared in the Garden, high on the face of Jesus. The feet of Judas ran forward. The voice of Judas cried: "Hail, Master!" And the lips of Judas kissed him.

And then, as the great multitude with their swords and staves closed in, the ears of Judas heard Jesus' question: "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Wherefore? Wherefore was he come? How he asked it of himself in that black agony which followed hard upon that holy agony among the olives! Wherefore was he come? And friend! To call him friend! Oh, as soon as it was done, as soon as the murderous pack of them all held safe their victim, and the jeering yells and howling tumult of priestly mob and soldiery were unloosed upon him, Judas knew, and the great waters closed over him. Fool, accursed fool, he had been! Traitor, betrayer! Too late he knew it all. "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" So it had him at last, the devil he had harboured his life long, the devil of pride and mad ambition!

Crouching there at midnight, listening on the outskirts of the crowds in the palace of Annas and Caiaphas, and there in the blood-red dawn when he was condemned by the Sanhedrin and they led him away to Pontius Pilate, Judas knew. And he repented himself. And he brought the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders. A sweat of anguish stood on his brow; his face was like the face of the dead who have died without God.

"I have sinned!" cried Judas. "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood!" And he waited; was it for the cleansing he had rejected long ago? Did he think he could move these cold hearts, these eyes, cruel as snakes'? But they were speaking; he strained forward to hear. "What is that to us?" sneered the High Priests. "What is that to us? See thou to that!" So at last the trembling fingers dropped the silver coins. As he turned away, they were jangling there on the floor, the price of him that was sold, red as blood in the shaft of ugly red that streamed upon them.

"See thou to that!" Well, he would see. Oh, if but only, once before death, he might see Jesus, Jesus his Master, whom he, the disciple, had betrayed to be crucified! His pride . . . God, God, how low his pride had brought him, he that had thought to stand so high in the Kingdom! There

would be no Kingdom now, he thought dully, as he stumbled blindly toward the Valley of Hinnom. The Valley of Hinnom—fire and desolation—since he could not look on Jesus —could not, for he dared not—let him look on desolation and death. Oh, fit place for him to die, there where the refuse of the world was consumed! In his hand was a rope. . . .

So he came to the dark valley. So, a few hours later, he hanged himself. But before he hanged himself—was it because of the cries of the mob: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" that tore his heart as he stumbled from Jerusalem?—before he hanged himself, he thought he would wait for Jesus. So long as Jesus still lived . . . "Master! Master!" cried the broken heart of Judas. Did the Master, as he began that long way of the Cross, hear that cry?

Moments passed, hours perhaps. Noon was come. Now they were raising him high, for all the world to see . . . Judas could tell from the great shout that went up, mingled shout of agony and joy. Suddenly he thought of Mary. She would be there, he knew, beside the Lord she loved; she would endure the sight of his humiliation and his pain. Mary's love would go on, but how desolate she would be without him! A shudder ran through him. Oh, God, how desolate they would be everywhere! And he had done that, he, Judas Iscariot! He had crucified the Master! Shuddering, Judas crept to the rope he had secured upon a high, strong branch of a tree. Slowly, he dragged himself upward, until at last he was close beside it, close beside the noose. Longer he could not wait; a moment more, and his head was in the slip. . . .

❧

And then, from the hill where stood the three crosses, there was a cry. And in his gathering anguish, anguish more terrible for Betrayer than Betrayed, he heard. Was it dying earthly ears that brought it to him as their last message, that dear voice so clear it stilled the waves on Galilee? Or was he so done with earthly dross that he heard on the

wings of his fluttering spirit? "Father, forgive them—" The wind that blew from Golgotha to Hinnom brought him that first word of his dying Lord. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Love! And the dying eyes of Judas lightened. Love . . . The Kingdom of which he used to talk, the Kingdom Judas would not understand. . . . Yea, of a mighty surety the Master was entering his Kingdom now. . . . And as he slipped forever from the world where he had hoped so much and understood so little, the broken heart of Judas echoed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

OUT OF THE GARDEN

St. James Minor

OUT OF THE GARDEN

St. James Minor

"VERY soon after the Lord was risen, he went to James, and showed Himself to him. For James had solemnly sworn that he would eat no bread from the time that he had drunk the cup of the Lord till he should see Him risen from among them that sleep. 'Bring,' saith the Lord, 'a table and bread.' He took bread and blessed it and brake it, and then gave it to James, the Just, and said to him, 'My brother, eat thy bread; for the Son of Man is risen from among them that sleep.' "

To St. Jerome, translating into Greek and Latin from the second-century apocryphal gospel of the Hebrews, we owe this lovely story, which shows how very early set in that confusion of identity between James son of Alphaeus, one of the Twelve, and James, "brother of the Lord"—whatever that puzzling term may indicate. None other than an apostle could have been present at the Last Supper to "drink the cup of the Lord," but Jerome and the unknown author of the gospel are plainly ascribing the holy hunger-strike to that "Just" James who was a "brother of the Lord," and who with Jesus' other brethren doubted his Messianic claims during his lifetime, but came to devoted service after the Crucifixion.

Later Fathers, aware of the confusion, sought to identify the Jameses. But closer modern scrutiny of the book of Acts and Paul's letters to the Corinthians and to the Galatians reveals a James quite distinct from the apostle.

For the author of the Acts establishes the presence of three Jameses in that upper room to which repaired the most intimate disciples, after their return from the Mount of Olives. His apostolic list includes two: James the brother of John, and James the son of Alphaeus; and by inference

at least, he points out a third in the group of significant figures who shared the hours after the Ascension. For we read that "these all [the apostles] continued with one accord with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." And that there was a James among the brethren we know well from the statement of Matthew, who would have known him personally; and from Mark, who would later have heard from Peter the story which the author of John, too, bears out, of the brethren "offended" at Jesus, who at one point went so far as to "lay hands on him. For they said, he is beside himself."

Paul, too, clearly names a James, not of the Twelve, to whom was granted a distinct appearance of the risen Lord. Indeed this conversion of James may have come like Paul's own from so special a revelation. And though Paul refers to him in this connection as an "apostle," critics clear up that difficulty by suggesting that by the date of Paul's writing, James, "the Lord's brother," may very well have been chosen by his fellow apostles to succeed that other James, son of Zebedee, murdered by Herod some time previous, and may have been given the title "apostle"; just as shortly before the day of Pentecost, they had elected Matthias to fill the place left vacant by Judas Iscariot. In this way would the number twelve have been kept intact. So whether Paul used "apostle" in the less or more inclusive sense, certainly he knew this James as "the Lord's brother." And it was he against whom the Apostle to the Gentiles pitted himself in his historic struggle for Gentile freedom.

To that other James, all but nothing remains of fact or fancy. His worth must have been tested of Jesus; yet the evangelists preserve not a detail of his calling. He must have been present on hundreds of days pointed up by some special drama; yet no event recalls his name, and he asks not a single question to light up any of those obscure paths in the teaching that lead off into hidden ways of beauty. Even the one hint at characterization, the gospel title "the Little," has too long been rendered "the Less," as if some type of inferiority were suggested. Every personal trait save this

shortness of stature seems to have been lost; and precisely as Church tradition hopelessly confused him with the "Just" James of Jerusalem, so mediaeval painting often labelled with his name incidents plainly belonging to James, "Son of Thunder."

The book of Acts, to be sure, by implication testifies to James' faithfulness in the dangerous days of the young church. For it tells that "the apostles"—and we can assume James of the number—were imprisoned by the Sanhedrin, and on being let go, beaten and in vain commanded to silence; and that "they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name."

The fragment of our information about his family, too elusive though it is, is not without its hint of beauty. For our James, most shadowy of all the Twelve, was the son of Alphaeus and Mary, "Mary, wife of Clopas" (with whom most scholars are able to identify "Alphaeus"), Mary of "the women." . . . "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene." And on that third day it was this Mary, mother of James, who with Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and probably Salome and the other women, stole out to that early tomb, her garments all fragrant with the spices and ointments which her hands, like theirs, had prepared against the body's anointing.

Something, then, in spite of cheating time, we seem to know of James. He was one of three sons who had, from his mother's lips, the first tidings of the empty tomb. For James' mother was of the women "who told these things unto the apostles"; and her son must have been of that sorrowing, bewildered group who shook their heads at the exulting women, refusing—for all their ardent need—those "idle tales" the women brought; refusing until in the glory that pierced through the shut doors, James, too, with the other disciples, saw the risen Christ.

CHRIST'S HERMES

St. Philip

CHRIST'S HERMES

St. Philip

FROM sunken stones below and parted curtains above met the two pairs of watchful eyes. A bit of sagging linen fastened to a couple of poles jutted beyond the paving and cast a grateful square of shade about the *khan's* entrance, but the high sun found out the holes in the ragged awning and danced on the broken stones of the courtyard. It played now upon the young stranger who peered round first at the horses, asses, and camels; then at the tiers of dark, doorless rooms to either side. They were empty now, but from the rolls of carpet, water-jugs, and odds and ends of provender for man and beast, he guessed they belonged to pilgrims, come down like himself and his uncles for the Passover.

And now the older lad was coming forward; a slim brown hand, weighted with heavy silver rings, was tugging a drapery aside to widen the opening. A long question these two put to each other as the gaze of each boy ran up and down the other's figure from caftan to sandal. Then suddenly they grinned—a wide, sociable grin. Galileans! Countrymen! Yet not a word had been spoken to reveal the old telltale accent at which the Jerusalem boys laughed each time either lad opened his mouth. And friends! Not today only—but for tomorrow; friends, these two, for tomorrow and always.

The boy stopping at the inn let fall the curtain, dropped down from his *leewan,* and strode across the courtyard. One more good look the boys took, and then the young host beckoned his guest to step inside and have a look at the fine Arab horses on which he and his father had ridden down for the feast from faraway Cana.

Philip, it appeared, came from Bethsaida. Sort of landing-

place, was it not, for Capernaum? Had Philip's father many boats, and was he allowed to take them out?

But the downright Philip would not pretend; simply he told his friend that his family was poor, his father having recently died, and that his mother minded the house of his father's brothers. He told of his friends in Bethsaida, Andrew and Peter, and of peddling the fish his uncles caught. Since he could talk Greek, naturally it was chiefly among the foreign folk of the village that he sold their catch, for of course there were lots of foreign people living up in his part of Galilee.

Nathanael wanted to know more about this. He wanted to learn Greek, and his father, Tholmai—he wanted Philip to meet his father—was going to teach him, but his rabbi said Israelites had no call to learn the Gentiles' language unless for buying and selling. But was not Philip's own name Greek? And Philip, embarrassed because he did not know how his friend would take it, explained that his father, though a Hebrew, had married a Greek girl of Bethsaida and allowed her to give the names of her people to both himself and his sister, Mariamne. But—and he spoke in some alarm—Nathanael must never think that he was not an Israelite like himself. Oh, no, his dear father, poor as he was, would often scrape together a few pence and pay the *chazzan* of the synagogue to give his boy special instruction.

Talking thus, the two young Passover pilgrims left the courtyard, stepped up on to the *leewan,* and threw themselves down on a couple of mats that Nathanael tossed out. Rummaging in a painted chest, the room's one bit of furniture, he produced some bread and cucumbers, and these, together with sweetmeats, they began comfortably munching. And here on Nathanael's *leewan,* Philip, the lonely boy of a few hours earlier, told of yesterday, the biggest day in his life.

Just think, only the day before yesterday he had been *katon,* a nobody; today he was grown-up, *gadol.* For yesterday, Uncle Ezra, acting in his father's place, had taken him

by the hand and led him up all those hundreds of steps to the Temple. Right through Solomon's Porch they had walked, then into the Court of the Gentiles—Nathanael knew how you had to pick your way through all that throng of money-changers, to say nothing of the pens of sheep and oxen and dove-cages—and then through the Court of the Women, and so, on and on, into the Court of the Men, until at last, all trembling, they saw just beyond the great High Altar. And there stood the High Priest himself. But Philip, much as he wanted to, could not lift his eyes high enough to look at him. All he saw was the very hem of his robe where the pomegranates swam round and round before his eyes in a sea of purple and silver and scarlet.

"Oh, Nathanael," suddenly Philip whispered in the half-darkness of the *leewan,* as if it were a secret none but he might hear, "suppose Messiah should come in our lifetime! What if we two boys should ever see the great King?"

Back in Bethsaida, the years passed quickly for the boy who had had his one adventure into the world beyond the fishing-boats. Philip was of man's estate now. Grumbling a little, the uncles took the boy into partnership, and gave him a boat of his own.

But best of all to Philip was the ripening of his friendship with the boy of the *khan.* More than once in the next few years, young Nathanael, or Bartholomew, as he was now called, less tied than his friend to daily toil, visited Bethsaida, contented in the company of the placid, hard-working young fisherman. Each visit cemented the tie between these two, so unlike, yet so akin, until their friends said they saw a modern David and Jonathan. And so when Philip in another few years chose for marriage a sweet young Jewish maid from a near-by village, though he was happy to have his childhood's friends, Jonah's sons, who now lived in Capernaum, of the joyous, dancing band of youths who went out on the bridal night to bring the maid with torches and music to his humble home, what the young

bridegroom cared about was Bartholomew's presence at the feast—Bartholomew, his heart's brother.

Philip's wife bore him no sons. He frowned at the pitying cackle of the midwife who placed the first little girl in his arms; well enough he knew she was mumbling the old saw from the Midrash: "When a boy comes into the world he brings peace with him and a loaf of bread in his hand, but a girl brings nothing." Philip was an Israelite; he longed for sons, but his warm heart declared that no child should lack a welcome in his house, and the second little daughter was received like the first. But the young wife shivered under the pitying, contemptuous glances of two households. After all, Philip was half Gentile; but she, poor girl, was all Hebrew. Before the third child's coming, her terror grew; she loved this kind young husband to whom she brought nothing but daughters—daughters and trouble; for had not her own mother warned her before marriage, in the dreadful words of the Baba Bathra: "Whoever does not leave a son to be heir, God will heap wrath upon him"? So when the tiny creature, smeared with the oil and salt of Hebrew custom, tightly wrapped in swaddling-bands, was laid beside her, she smiled faintly. But that night she died.

☙

It was to Philip, sitting in the doorway of his small clay house, the paving-stones still warm to his feet from the too lingering sun, and lonely for the girl who slept behind the round, white stone, that desire came at last. Behind him the rays of the one lamp, high-swung from the roof, cast a feeble chequer over the poorness, the bareness that was his home, and over the pallet in a corner on which his three children slept.

Like a great wind fresh from the sea beyond the mountains, it came, this longing that swept away pain and care—an irresistible impulse to get up and follow the world that for many moons now had been streaming past his door. On foot, on horse, in slow, camel-drawn caravan, they had been coming, Galileans, Jews from the Decapolis, and strangers,

too; from all parts of the eastern world they had been coming. To the south the lodestar lay, down there by Jordan.

It was not at the river, but at one of the cross-roads turning north from Bethabara, that Philip saw Jesus. He was walking a good way ahead of his companions, so that Philip, standing beside the dismantled booth in which he had been camping during John's preaching, did not know until later that his old friends, Andrew and Peter, were of the company. Of course Philip had heard of Jesus; how live in Galilee these days and not hear of the young man who still roughened his hands with a carpenter's plane, yet spoke so thrillingly that the people left the enraged rabbis high and dry in the synagogues and flocked down to the streets about him? Philip would have tried ere this to see Jesus for himself, had not Bartholomew, each time he spoke of the matter, cooled his ardour. Keener in most things than himself, his friend had a strong prejudice against Nazareth and all things Nazarene; and Philip had to admit the town had small reputation.

Enthralled by John's burning picture of a Messiah at hand, Philip thought little about the Nazarene carpenter who a friend told him might be seen any day among the baptized throngs. But there had been one wakeful night when Philip idly wondered in which of the hundreds of wattled *succoths,* lying so still under the stars about his own, Joseph's son might then be sleeping. No more. His thoughts were simple, not charged, mere curiosity. John's words had been—John's words; Jesus remained to him—Jesus. Not for Philip at this time, or ever, the mystic's prevision.

Yet here was Philip now, body trembling, pulses throbbing like a harp-string under the player's touch, all because a young man, come up the road, was pausing beside his hut. Swiftly Philip's thoughts flew to another pilgrimage long ago, another meeting. But small, indeed, that meeting. in Jerusalem beside this moment. Everything else in all his life seemed small, a nothingness, beside this; for even Philip knew that it held the key to all his life to come.

"Follow me," said Jesus, and almost before he spoke the words, the pilgrim's pack was slung to the other's shoulder, and Philip, with shining eyes, was at Jesus' side, stepping into the white dust of the road.

Of course he must tell Bartholomew. His friend must know and be made happy, Bartholomew, so sad over that heavy trouble of his own, whom Philip had persuaded down to Bethabara with himself. What joy—or sorrow—had either of the two friends but the other must share it on the instant? Philip could scarcely wait to reach his friend, whose moody self-absorption had held him back from the river preaching. All were walking along together now, the Master, himself, Jonah's boys, and John, Zebedee's son, whom he had not known before and toward whom he felt a great drawing. To John, an eager young fellow and all sympathy, since he himself was going home determined to persuade his elder brother, James, to join the followers of Jesus, Philip confided his plan. And so, with John able to explain were any questions asked, Philip, as they drew near the inn, ran on a little ahead of the party, until he caught sight of a man seated beneath a fig tree.

Philip was straining toward the fig tree when a thought came that for a moment stopped his heart. What if the other, so much wiser than himself, should reject the news he brought? But no, Bartholomew must believe! He would be shown a way to convince him. Why, Jesus back there on the road, Jesus himself, would be there at his side, whispering the very words he should speak! But what if, even then, Bartholomew should make objection? Suddenly he began to run.

Slowly the man beneath the fig tree rose; and now he waved his hand, for he recognized the other.

"Nathanael," panted Philip, for the old childhood name sprang to his lips. "Nathanael," he called loudly to the young man now hurrying forward with welcoming smile. "Sorrow no more, dear Nathanael," he cried, "for at last we have found him! We have found him of whom Moses in the Law did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

For the first time in a life that he reckoned unimportant, Philip knew pride. It was not conceit he felt, the small, fussy thing that puffs men up, but genuine pride, and this satisfaction of his did not rise from remembrance of how he himself had followed the Master's summons without one backward glance. That, Philip told himself, was natural. The Master simply called, and he followed; one asked no credit for that. But that this Master of his should have chosen him for messenger seemed the blessed marvel, for soon he understood that a greater will than his own had been enfolding him, directing him that day to go and search out his friend. And Bartholomew was a friend worth while. As for himself, Philip did not see why Jesus had chosen him at all, just a poor fish peddler. Alone of them all, it seemed to Philip, he came empty-handed. Unless, perhaps, he comforted himself, this power of his of holding a fellow being dearer than himself and bringing him to Jesus was something the Master valued. Jesus' messenger. Oh, might he always be that, Jesus' messenger!

Hard the Master tried in the days after Philip's return from Bethsaida, whither he made a hasty journey after the Cana feast to entrust the care of his children to his devoted sister, Mariamne, to make Philip understand that it had not been for Bartholomew's sake but for himself that he had wanted him of his company. A little humorously Jesus asked one day if Philip did not see that he might have arranged to have Bartholomew come to him in some quite different manner. But Philip liked to believe his own the true explanation of his fitness for service. And he was more than happy, was Philip; he was triumphant. Had he not brought the lesser friend—and always he should love Bartholomew as his very self—to the greater friend, Jesus, the Master?

Need enough in the months to come had Philip of his pride. Devotion he gave, but he was not quick of wit. To him, perhaps, more than to any of the others, the Master spoke in riddles. There was no humour in this disciple's make-up. Village minds move slowly; village tongues are literal, and Philip was always village-minded. So it was that

he received a deep hurt—oh, never from the Master, but from himself the day of the great feeding of the people on the north lake-shore.

Right in the forefront of those who pressed about the Master after the teaching came Philip. Counting mouths he was, as of old. But here was a terrible thing. Why, there must be five thousand souls at least out here on the slope; and there was Jesus, calmly smiling, raising not a finger to send them away. Something practical must be done, and at once; and then before he could get his bearings, the Master was speaking.

"Philip," he said, "whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" A little smile played about his lips as he put the question, but the other was far too worried to see it. Why, did not Jesus know there was not a bake-shop for furlongs round in this place? And anyway, they had left the bag on the other side of the lake; on a day of rest like this, even Judas would not have thought to bring it. "Why, Master," he stammered, and even as he said the words that sounded so reasonable, he had an uneasy sense of failing, of refusing something, "two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little."

With a strange look Philip saw Jesus turn from himself to Andrew, Andrew who saved the day along with the little lad and his pretty, silver fishes. But Philip walked off and remained by himself long after the people, seated by the others in companies, were happily talking and eating on the slope where the deep grass was greenest. Andrew, who was especially human about such things, presently joined him and begged his friend not to be too hard upon himself. With an affectionate little pat on Philip's shoulder, he reminded him that not one of them understood what the Master intended. At the very moment he handed up the lad's lunch-basket, Andrew added, he himself had only half guessed what might be going to happen. Touched, Philip thanked him; but he was not convinced. Again he saw himself the least in all that little company.

But he was too much the true disciple to fall into brood-

ings. As the months went on and the Master revealed himself more and more in word and deed, in spite of the mystery he could not understand and the pain he dimly felt, Philip was strangely happy. The larger tasks, the more intimate revelations, were not for him; yet he felt no envy. He was merely thankful that those who stood nearest the Master—John and Peter and Andrew and John's elder brother, James—gave him their liking. Besides, the Master often singled him out for special service. Their journeys required many practical things; routes must be figured out, lodgings secured; and Philip's knowledge of foreigners' ways was often of distinct assistance. Once the fact of his Gentile mother became known just in time to avert a mobbing and turned a hostile Decapolis village into friends for the Master. Often, too, just at the moment of setting out on a trip, some small thing demanded a quick hand. Food must be bought, a water-skin filled, a torn sandal mended. Philip loved these definite tasks. But that was not all; remembering that he was a father who had bravely given up the joy he might have had in his own little ones, Jesus always saw to it that Philip should share in the hours he spent with the children.

And when they found themselves in Jerusalem in the very centre of the waving palms, there came to Philip the second, perhaps the greatest, opportunity of his life. Fortunate that he, like the rest, was so strangely blind to the ordeal ahead; else he never could have thrown himself so eagerly into the moment. That joyous entry into the city, the shouting, welcoming people, made one forget all danger; why, the very sense of packed elbows in this huge jostling crowd that swayed this way and that down the street to the Temple warmed his heart; it was so human. And the Temple itself! Those marble colonnades, those glittering towers in the sun! Impossible in that hour to think of suffering and death here in this beautiful, beautiful city that for so many years had stood to Philip for the symbol of friendship's very self.

Philip started. Suddenly John was pointing out a little knot of men, conspicuous by their manners and foreign dress

in this Passover crowd. For some moments, John said, they had been staring and pointing in Philip's direction; so Philip was prepared when the spokesman, a handsome young athlete, addressed him presently in a Greek different enough from his own clumsy patter of the fish-market.

"Sir," began the young Greek courteously and with a gesture that included his companions, "we would see Jesus." At Philip's exclamation of astonishment, the other hurried on to explain that he and his friends, though Greeks by race, were Jews by converted faith, and like all believers had come to Jerusalem to attend the Passover. But the Mosaic Law—that seemed harsh, unbeautiful; and lately they had heard of the new teacher, Jesus, who, people said, cared nothing for the letter, so the spirit dwelt in men's hearts. And now they knew Jesus was in Jerusalem; they had seen the palms, heard the hosannas. "Oh, sir," and there was pleading in the young man's tones, "you are his friend, and we know that you are from Bethsaida and speak our own tongue. Will you not, then, speak for us, be our voice? Bring us, I pray you, to Jesus!"

Too moved for speech, Philip's face gave glad assent. Once more a messenger, he was thinking. And this time not to his own race, but to these strange, interesting outsiders, the Greeks. His mind played about for a word. What was the name the heathen Greeks called the messenger of that god of theirs, who wore the winged shoes? Oh, yes, he had it. Hermes. Very well, let him be as swift, Philip, messenger of Jesus, Christ's Hermes. . . .

Nodding to the spokesman of the Greeks, Philip rapidly consulted Andrew, who would know where the Master was at that moment, and Andrew agreeing to go with him, the two young men pushed through the crowd to find Jesus and tell him that on this day of palms, a Gentile world also sought after him.

But the day of joy was short-lived. The shadow in which the Master moved deepened swiftly, so that Philip no longer saw Jerusalem as a thing of glittering beauty, but as a place where terror crouched. Everywhere they turned were

threats, plottings. . . . Philip was afraid for him who knew no fear for himself, and again in the hours when the Master tried to prepare them for what was ahead, he had his old numbing sense of failure.

So it was again the night they ate and drank together in the crowded upper room. The old, old puzzles. . . . Always they were confused when he talked to them of the Father. Philip's mind went back to images of his boyhood. The God of his synagogue was terrible and just, the mighty ruler. How far away he was, that God of Israel! But the Master was near, so near that when their hearts were troubled, fearfully troubled, his friends could always see and touch him, and it was of him alone they wanted to think in this poor, brief hour. But it was to the Father that Jesus was bent on directing their thoughts, to the Father and his own oneness with him. "If ye had known me," and sorrow and reproach were in his voice, "ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him and have seen him."

But Philip did not understand. With all his heart and mind, he wanted to think as the Master bade him; but a blind rebellion swept him. Hotly he saw the scribes as he had seen them that very day, skulking on the outskirts of the Master's crowds, listening for a moment with sucked-in cheeks before they slunk off in the direction of the high priest's palace. Who was this God who could deliver their dear Master over to such wicked men? Surely no father . . . But even as these thoughts flooded his mind, Philip was frightened of himself; never must the Master know what he was thinking. But let him explain, oh, let him explain this terrible, far-off God!

"Lord," he said, and he controlled his trembling as best he could, "show us the Father and it sufficeth us." And Jesus said unto him: "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. And how sayest thou then show us the Father?" Tenderly for a moment then he searched Philip's eyes.

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me?" he asked; and as the other continued to turn upon him a tortured, questioning face, he insisted that the very words he was speaking at that moment to comfort him he spoke not of himself but of his Father who dwelt within him and performed all the works Philip had seen him do. Long they talked, the Master and Philip, the others shifting their places to listen and take part; and gradually Philip found a load gone from his heart and himself for the first time in three years understanding. . . .

Those same early churchmen whose memory—or fancy—dispatched nearly all the disciples, after those first days in Jerusalem, to the East to perform their apostolic labours, gave Scythia to Philip. Presumably this Scythia lay in the valley of the Indus about the borders of the Persian and Parthian empires, the same, indeed, that competed with some vaguely defined Scythia in Asia Minor or even Europe for the honour of Andrew's holy exploits. But as the tale of Andrew's mission is tangled and long, so the sketchiest account turns the apostle Philip westward, after the founding of many eastern churches, in the company of his sister, Mariamne, afterward sainted in the Greek church for her pious journeys with her brother. And at some unguessed date they arrived in Hierapolis of Phrygia.

Two apocryphal letters preserved by Eusebius, who claims to have had them straight from Syriac documents at Edessa, though they offer no direct key for Hierapolis, connect Philip with the Christianizing of the Hellenic world. The Greeks who sought out Jesus in Jerusalem the last week of his life were messengers, so the story runs, from King Abgarus V. of Edessa. The king's letter confessed a belief in Jesus, begged him to cure him of leprosy, and offered his own domain as asylum from the Jews, who, he heard, sought to destroy Jesus. "Now I have a small and beautiful city," writes the believing king, urging the other to visit it. Jesus'

letter, of course, declines the offer, but rewards the believer. "When I am taken up," the letter reads, "I will send one of my disciples to heal thy sickness; and he shall give salvation to thee and those that are with thee." And truly enough we find Philip and Andrew, the two disciples who brought the Greeks to Jesus, the one traditionally labouring and dying in Achaia itself and the other in Phrygia, a Greek province of the Roman Empire.

Hierapolis, at the time of Philip's coming, served many gods, but chief object of the Phrygians' elaborate and hideous rites was the huge serpent of Zeus—Zeus, who in dragon's guise once coiled himself within the arms of his own child, Persephone, Demeter's lovely daughter. Philip undertook to lead the Phrygians away from these idolatries and was presently joined by his old friend and fellow disciple, Bartholomew. Calling upon the name of the true God, and holding before his face the cross of His Son, the apostle commanded the dreadful serpent to come forth from his sacred place in the temple. Straightway the noxious creature glided forth, says the story, from beneath the altar, giving off as it came so frightful a stench that many idolaters, among them the king's son, fell dead at the apostle's feet. In the San Filippo chapel at Padua an ancient fresco pictures this scene, while Fra Filippo Lippi's much finer painting in the Florence Santa Croce dramatizes the prince dying in the attendants' arms, with the saint standing by, ready to restore him to life.

But the unappeased dragon-priests seized Philip, scourged him, and proceeded to his destruction, whether by stoning, as he hung by the neck from a pillar, or by crucifixion, head downward. Bartholomew was bound upon a second cross, and it would have been fitting enough had this friend, who shared Philip's first knowledge of Jesus, tasted in the same hour the mystic fruits of martyrdom. But satiated with one death, or else given pause by a sudden quaking of the earth upon which they stood, the magistrates commanded the priests to release Bartholomew.

And so, when his agony was finished, Mariamne, the sister, and Bartholomew, the friend, took down from the cross the body of Philip—Philip who long ago had brought the Greeks to Jesus, Philip who had carried his last message, Christ's Hermes.

THE WINE-PRESS

St. Bartholomew

THE WINE-PRESS

St. Bartholomew

In the little boy's background there was no sea. It was green, his world, and still; or broken only by the singing of the birds perched high in the leafy solitudes of his father's fig tree, removed from the sleepy bustle of the town, set back from the roadside of little Cana.

All his earliest memories were of the fig tree and of Tholmai his father, praying, meditating, sometimes with his little son so quiet beside him, under the broad leaves of the tree that cast such cool sweet shadows. To some of the boys, Nathanael knew, whose pious Jewish fathers also prayed and meditated at dawn and evening, and in the hot noontide, it seemed strange and mysterious to turn thus from the busy world and the piling up of the eager shekels. But to small Nathanael it seemed wholly natural. Had not Jehovah made his father, and the fig tree, and little Nathanael himself, and the strange bright thoughts that sang like many-coloured birds inside his head? So was it not natural to pray to a God who had made all that, to this Jehovah whose secret name was sweet and perilous to speak? Jehovah, served by his shining angel ministers, waiting always, their bright wings folded, to do his bidding—Michael and Gabriel, Raphael and Uriel, and even, yes, even Azrael, the dark angel of Death. For if Azrael carried one to God, sleeping in the soft deep feathers of his wings . . . gently the child's eyes closed. He dreamed of the journey to God.

Sometimes, as his father would rise at last and go back to his work among the vines, the strange thing to the child was that he should be able at all to leave this holy contemplation. For himself, he would have liked to just go on

sitting there under the lovely fig tree, still as the little mouse that nibbled Joseph's grain long ago. But surely his father, who before he bought the vineyard had studied so long under the ancient Tholmai that at last he took his name, surely his father would know how much it was best to talk to God?

And of course the grapes were very interesting. It was thanks to the grapes, perhaps, that the little boy's legs grew sturdy as he trotted day by day at his father's heels, up the terraced slopes of the vineyard Tholmai tended. Often a little girl would come with them; Rachel was her name. She too loved the grapes, though they were not what they had been, Tholmai said, when Moses sent men to spy out the land of Canaan, and they came to the brook Eshcol, and cut down from thence a bunch with one cluster of grapes, and bore it between two on a staff! Nathanael loved to hear his father tell about this glorious cluster, and Rachel's eyes would shine.

In late summer, year after year, when they went up from Cana, and slept in the rude arbours after they had gathered the grapes all day, he would think of those grapes of Eshcol, and the watchers posted on the mountain summits, to guard the vines against beast and brigand. Almost like guardian angels they would look against the sky, he fancied. And he was glad that his father was a husbandman, who brought the fruit, golden and green and purple, out of the mysterious soil. Of God it was, so it was holy; food for men, these grapes, to nourish them and make them strong in His service; drink, too; sweet wine these grapes would be ere long.

For once, on a never-to-be-forgotten day, Tholmai took the child to the wine-press, and he saw the young men and maidens dancing with joyful, naked feet upon the grapes, singing as they danced; a song to God—to love—he did not know. "Come, my beloved, let us go forth," they sang; "let us go forth to the vineyard; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth; there will I give thee my love!" And suddenly he too knew that he must tread the wine-press; and as they nodded,

smiling, he kicked the sandals from his dusty little feet, and leaped upon the grapes, his father's grapes, himself helping to make the wine for the marriage feasts of little Cana.

Shyly, as the young boy tended the purple grapes, he thought of love; and one day when Tholmai left the children together, a big basket of plaited reeds between them for the gleanings they might gather, he decided to ask her if she would marry him. But a flood of Hebrew memories stirred suddenly to life, confusing him. He asked her, his voice unsteady, if she would give him a grape from her cluster. She surveyed him in cheerful surprise and shoved the basket to him. Let him help himself!

But this was what Nathanael could not do. As he grew older, if there was anything he wanted very much, he kept it hidden, and if, as sometimes happened, some one else wanted it too, he let him have it. It was simpler so; he could do without; he could do without almost anything except the secret treasure of his soul—his love of God. And that they seemed content to let him keep. Year after year they saw his scrupulous keeping of the Law, of feasts and fasts. They did not guess that all this was but the smallest part of his loving adoration. Only Philip guessed, Philip of Bethsaida, the sturdy friend of his youth, who was to be his friend till the very end.

They were not often together in the beginning, but from the moment of that first excited meeting in the *khan* at Jerusalem, it seemed as if a deep, strong part of each were knitted to the other; so that at Cana, where Philip occasionally visited, or at Bethsaida, on the lovely lake, they could always begin just where they had left off. Andrew and Peter, too, Nathanael met on one of his visits. He liked his friend's friends, Andrew especially, but he could not really confide in them, least of all in these years of his young manhood dark with his separation from Rachel.

A thousand times he asked himself why he had not followed his small boy's wisdom and asked her to marry him. And one day—in Bethsaida they were, he and Philip and Andrew and Peter, cleaning the rainbowed fish—he burst

out in a savage, unwonted fury when Peter said something about the wonderful young carpenter men talked of over in Nazareth. Andrew and Philip stared at him in surprise, and Peter glared back in fury violent as his own; for Peter, it appeared, had taken up the cudgels for Nazareth. Nazareth! Nathanael loathed its very name. Was it not from Nazareth he had come, the young man that all Cana whispered had won the hand of his Rachel?

Something of this Philip murmured to the other two, and presently Andrew and Peter moved off, leaving the friends alone. But direct and practical as Philip usually was, he seemed now to find strange difficulty in bringing out what he wished to say—that he, too, loved a maiden. But at last it was said. And that night Nathanael, having no prayers for his own love, prayed fervently to God that Philip's love might be richly blessed.

The same moon that saw his friend's betrothal witnessed his father's death. And Nathanael, with a bitter pain for the old man with whom he had climbed the vineyards long ago, adopted Tholmai's name—Bartholmai, the son of Tholmai. He could not share the old man's learning, but he prayed, as he sat there alone under the fig tree, that something of his father's deep wisdom and goodness might be his.

Deeply withdrawn thus into himself, he scarcely noticed the passing of the slow moons. At one, he remembered, he danced at Philip's wedding feast, and saw them pour, from the huge stone jars, sweet wine made from the grapes old Tholmai's hands had tended. Kindly the bride smiled at him; then Philip came, bearing her away, and Bartholomew slipped out from the gay company to be alone under the stars. The music came more softly there; the clash of the cymbals, the strident rhythm of the marriage drums, and at last the thin, sweet piping of the Greek boys Philip had bidden to the wedding feast.

And now the years were moving swiftly, though to Bartholomew their passage was quiet, noiseless as a thief in the night. Lonely he was sometimes, but it was not like

Philip's loneliness, he knew, when suddenly, into the midst of his love, the wings of the Dark Angel brushed Bethsaida and bore away his young wife.

Still full of his friend's loss, Bartholomew received the news of Rachel's betrothal. And now he learned that the suitor, Jonathan, was kinsman to Joseph's son in Nazareth. He tried to bow his head, but more than ever he hated the place, refusing to hear good of it. Not that there were many who spoke good of the mongrel little town! As the time for the marriage drew on, his quiet life in Cana became a torment. It was more than he had bargained for, this stabbing pain. How could he go through with the marriage feast? Wine of his grapes he would send, but how could he be Rachel's guest, who had longed to be her bridegroom? He cast about for anything that would take him out of Cana.

Relief came with Philip's unexpected visit. Aged he was since his wife's death, but tender and steadfast as ever; and to Bartholomew's sore heart he spoke with healing. Let his friend come with him for these next days, Philip urged. And when the other asked in surprise where he was going, Philip told him his sister Mariamne was caring for the children, because, he went on, his eyes suddenly glowing, he was on his way to the region beyond Jordan, to hear the great new prophet. Let his friend come with him! And the other assented.

So presently they were off, on the camel Bartholomew procured; and the animal's gently rolling motion brought balm to his tired mind and sick heart, as he left Cana to escape the dreaded sight of the bridegroom from Nazareth.

Strangely spent he was when they reached the desert region, now so full of weary and exultant men calling for Messias. Sleeping in tents and on the sun-baked sands, the people, for the most part; and some sleeping not at all, caught up in the passionate vision of their own cleansing and their nation's joy. Bartholomew could feel little of this, and his heart was doubly heavy; sad for him, the mystic, to be shut away thus from other men's ecstasy.

He went in to the one rude *khan,* and flung himself, worn

out, upon the mats. But before he slept, stepping out for a moment to be alone under the stars, he saw, a little way from the inn, a fig tree. It made him think of home before home hurt him, and of old Tholmai, and of God, God who would surely comfort him. . . . And next day, before dawn was come up over Jordan, he rose softly and went out and sat under the tree. About him there began to be a peace. . . .

As it deepened, came a glowing brightness, like the brightness of all the sun's rays together, golden and green and purple and red and blue, seen through fine-spun glass; like the brightness of the rainbow, set in storm-rent heavens above the Ark, to show forever to the children of men that God's love is very close. And then it was no brightness of the eye, but a brightness of surging music, more lovely than the silver trumpets of the Levites; and then at last a brightness not of eye or ear or any earthly sense, but a holy trembling brightness of the soul—an ecstasy.

And as he sat there, lo, along the sandy road that ran by the river, alone by Nathanael's fig tree, flinging him a glance of love as he went by, passed Jesus of Nazareth. . . .

It was a few hours later that Philip ran swiftly to his friend. "We have found him," he began, and the other, expecting him to say John the Baptizer, listened in silence; for he felt that for himself it would not be John. "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write—" Again Philip paused, expectant; still his friend did not speak. "Jesus of Nazareth"—half defiantly he brought out the name of the hated town—"the son of Joseph." And Nathanael, salt rubbed on the fresh wound, answered with weary scorn: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

For a moment Philip stared; then, very gently, "Come and see!" he said. And Nathanael, already ashamed of his question, but still bewildered, went out on the highway where his friend was pointing. And as he gazed, some sense of that early rapture in the dawn came to him from the strong young figure whom he saw. Two others walked with him; they were Andrew and John; but he saw only

Jesus. And now he was speaking . . . Nathanael heard the words . . . could it possibly be of himself, at whom Jesus was suddenly pointing, as he cried: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" And, close upon him now, he saw that Jesus did indeed mean himself.

"Whence knowest thou me?" he murmured. Such a hunger was upon him to know; then the Master was answering simply, quietly: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." For a long moment Nathanael gazed. Memory of his ecstasy came back, memory, it seemed, of all the lovely thoughts he had ever had, since he dreamed as a child; memory of what Philip had just told him. Oh, it was true, then, true!

"Rabbi," he said—oh, greater than the teachers of the holy schools this man before him!—"Rabbi, thou art the Son of God! Thou art the King of Israel!"

"Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou?" the Master questioned. Was that a tender smile on his lips? And as Nathanael waited, his face glowed suddenly brighter: "Thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily I say unto you"—how his voice rang there on the sunlit road—"hereafter ye shall see the heavens open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man!" . . .

No mere quiescent service this—so much was clear at once to the new disciple. And with it came, as never in all his life before, the sense of vigorous aliveness. This swift walk through Galilee, trying to keep step with the easy, swinging strides of Jesus . . . nothing like it had he ever known. Short they seemed to them all, those hot, dusty furlongs back to the lake country; and all because he was there beside them, the new Master, talking, talking, in a joyful hurry, of the Kingdom they should build together.

But when he learned that the speed they were making was not alone because of the Kingdom that waited, but because of a particular wedding Jesus would attend, Bartholomew started. A wedding. . . . His face paled suddenly beneath the tan; he hoped to have forgotten weddings. He glanced

at the others, and read the truth from the averted faces. Then he looked at Jesus. But Jesus did not turn away his eyes, and though there was pity, as if he guessed something, yet there was courage too, and promise of strength to be his for the asking. And suddenly Bartholomew saw that the others had dropped behind, and that he was alone with the Master.

So it came out, in the presence of that great gentle courage, his shy boy's love for Rachel, and now the bitterness that bore him down when the bridegroom from Nazareth . . . he did not want to finish. It happened that just here a palm tree was putting forth cool shade. Simply, Jesus pointed to it, and as simply they sat down beneath it. And so, reading in the face before him love more deep and changeless than the love of man for woman, Bartholomew talked on. . . . And at length, when he had spoken out all his grief and pain, Jesus began to speak.

He began to speak of the heavenly bridegroom. . . . And Bartholomew, who all his life had hearkened to the deep things of God, listened; about him deepened the pool of peace; that heavenly bridegroom . . . the bridegroom whose feet would surely one day tread the holy wine-press . . . the bridegroom who came forth from his Father's house. . . . Mystically, the phrases dropped into the deep places of the young man's heart. . . . At evening the five entered Cana of Galilee.

"Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair!" Tumultuous the marriage music met them at the door. They had sung it before, these youths and maidens, but they must sing it again, if only thus in snatches, this music made for lovers, music of the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's. . . . "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyard of Engeddi." And now they were entering the house, in the swiftly ordered beauty of their marriage garments. . . . "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes. . . ." And before Bartholomew could find Rachel's, the music rose again, strong, joyous, the voice of the young bride, hearing her lover's voice:

"Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. . . . My beloved said, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . ."

It was here for the first time that Bartholomew met Mary the mother of Jesus. Long after, when he had seen her brave heart break under the gibes of soldiery and priests, though her brave eyes lifted still to the cross on which he hung, he liked to remember that first night, so happy for her, when she herself had planted the feet of her young son on the path of glorious wonder. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it!" Bartholomew heard her say, with a joyful urgency, to the servants at the supper. For well she knew Jesus would not let her be humiliated at this marriage feast of their young kinsman. And how much easier for Bartholomew to welcome Jonathan, now he knew he was of Mary's line, a kinsman of Jesus himself. So they waited—Mary of Nazareth and Bartholomew, who had thought he hated Nazareth, now almost forgetful of himself, so caught up into her excitement as to how Jesus would find the needed wine. . . .

And now again they were singing. What words of the sober present could paint this beauty, this echo of a past that was old when Cana itself was young? . . .

"Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee. Come with me from Lebanon, my sister, my spouse, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards. . . ." And with throbbing, surging expectation: "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spices, I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey. . . . I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying to me, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night. . . ." And yet once more that tumultuous refrain: "I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine. . . ."

Beautiful Rachel was, decked in the glowing apparel of

the bride, her dark hair set with heavy jewels beneath the veil white as Hermon. But Bartholomew saw, with a tremulous sigh of peace, that he did not grudge her to the bridegroom; love he still felt, yes; but it was love, not the searing lust he had feared; a love in which, strangely, the bridegroom also shared. . . . He was musing on the words of Jesus. . . . Beyond the beat of the marriage music of the Song of Songs, he heard the voice of that Other. . . .

And now it was late. Mary had spoken. He was watching with her, watching Jesus, and now in a tensely growing wonder watching the servants of Rachel's father as, obedient to the quiet command, they filled the stone water jars; heavy they were, those great water pots, containing two or three firkins apiece; full of water now; water or . . . Bartholomew could never tell, watching with bated breath, what those jars held as they were borne away now by the curiously staring servants to the governor of the feast. . . . But the ruler, lifting high his sparkling goblet, that ruler of the feast, he knew, and John and Peter, drinking with exultant triumph, and the great company that quaffed, wishing joy to the young pair, they knew. . . . But of a sudden the joy they wished for them was more than the joy of happy mated flesh, but the deep joy of spirits, too, that loved and would go on loving to the perfect day. . . .

And Bartholomew, catching Mary's eyes, turned in such loving gratitude upon her dear son, as she held to her own lips the water that was made wine, wondered if she, too, pondered, what wine it was they drank, here at the beginning of miracles. . . .

There was wine again one night. A night of power, it was, three years later; years that seemed but a happy day ending all too soon in the darkness of that anguished night. And this time it was wine of his blood they drank. . . . He was the true vine, he said; and they, the disciples he had gathered round him, they were the branches. . . . "He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; if ye

abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. . . . So shall ye be my disciples. . . ."

More fruit. . . . So it was the vineyard of which he spoke. And Bartholomew saw that though he was presently to go from them, as he said, yet he would really be there, forever close, he in them, and they in him. And as he told them of the Comforter whom he would send, and of love—always love—there came to the young man a sense of how every deed of loving power which Jesus had done, in those packed and happy days of his ministry to men, was now being given its just place in the eternal Kingdom. Love, that seemed so simple; love to men as well as to God the Father, this was the path by which they should find and hold the Christ. Loving deeds—how a little child could understand!—these were the fruits, simple as holy, which should hang like grapes upon their vines. . . .

Was it with eyes of flesh they saw Him yet again? Surely, the disciples mused, that radiant body with which He clothed Himself when He appeared to them, was more than the nature of even risen clay? . . . But these were mysteries to be hidden and pondered deep in each man's heart. Or were they to be proclaimed upon the housetops? And was it perhaps only mysteries which in this strange world one could rely on? What, after all, was death or life?

Alike a dream, it seemed to Nathanael, drifting with the other men through the long night on the sea of Tiberias. Philip was there beside him, dear Philip who had been so staunch a friend in the days that lay behind; Philip, whose heart, lonely as his own, longed always for the familiar voice. . . . And lo, there upon the shore by a fire that burned dimly in the clear, cool dawn, was Jesus waiting. Thus often he had waited, before the great change touched his body, moulding it to this dazzling radiance. . . .

And one last time Bartholomew saw Him, in this body that

was more than flesh, in this risen mystery which the best and clearest of words only bungled and concealed. . . . And again, as of old, He was leading the little band He had chosen to plant His loving Kingdom among all peoples. On, on, over the familiar roadside they walked, under dates and quiet palms. The roads were strangely hushed; no others walked here, only the risen Christ and His disciples. . . .

Suddenly Bartholomew saw they had reached Bethany. And here, where He had made the deathlike sleep of Lazarus yield to His love, here at Bethany He turned once more to His disciples, and lifted up His hands and blessed them, blessed them for the work they must do and the bitter cup they too must drink. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. . . .

Still for a space they stood gazing after, as if perhaps their eyes, which had gazed on the mystery which was made flesh, could see beyond the veil. And one among them all, Bartholomew, remembered with a great joy Christ's promise. . . . Not yet, perhaps, he thought humbly, but would he later, in the witnessing to which he had been called, would he perhaps pierce those shining heavens and see again the loved form of the Son of Man?

Once more, as with nearly all the loyal band that set the recording of their Master's life above their own, our apostle, after the common experiences in Jerusalem, slips quietly from anything approaching historic scrutiny. But if we are left without history, there remains tradition in plenty, and ancient biographers are a unit in sending the mystic who sat beneath the fig tree to that most mystical of lands, India. This India, they tell us, is that part lying next to Asia.

It was here, Eusebius tells us, that Pantaenus, a converted Stoic philosopher, found, some hundred years later, Matthew's Gospel in Hebrew, brought hither, according to the inhabitants, by St. Bartholomew himself. We give the story for what it is worth. It would seem that Bartholomew

must have been unusually strong and vigorous to have carried a Gospel written so near A.D. 70—and this not at the end of his labours—but it is not impossible.

After his ministry in India, he traditionally returned to more western and northern parts of Asia. And in Phrygian Hierapolis, the story tragically and appropriately enough links him with Philip. Now, humbly preaching the Master they had loved in Galilee, the two steadfast friends faced death. For here furious idolaters, ears closed to the gospel of love, fastened Bartholomew, at the same time as Philip, upon the cross. Then, overtaken by fear of retributive divine justice, they took Bartholomew down and released him. And here, with his lifelong friend taken from him, he made his way, with what pain the old biographers forget to tell us, to Lycaonia, old preaching-ground of Paul.

Here, according to Chrysostom, he successfully preached and taught. But not for long, one can well believe. The field must have seemed too easy. And leaving his little Christian flock, he proceeded to Albanopolis, in "Armenia the Great"—the same city, old William Cave hazards, as that which Nicephorous calls Urbanopolis, somewhere on Paul's own barren Cilician plain, beneath the towering mountains. And in this place, "miserably overgrown with idolatry," again he was commanded to be crucified. This time there was no reprieve. And comforting his Gentile converts to the last, Bartholomew died.

Regretfully, one sees, his character appears in no sense to have captured the imagination of the mediaeval world. Perhaps this is largely due to his almost complete lack of association with concrete symbols in the gospel story. There are no pegs to hang stories on.

Almost as alien to the temper of the gentle mystic as the violently apocryphal gospel which bears his name, is the legend concerning his bringing of Judas to Christ. In the tale, Judas—about whose birth some darkness seems bound to brood—is illegitimate; and, deserted by his mother and exposed on the brink of a river, is discovered and rescued by his uncle, a rich agriculturist and tanner. Beautiful and

gifted as he grows up, he is coveted by the disciples for Christ. And at last Bartholomew brings him to the Lord, with a "Master, here is Judas, of whom I have told thee!" And Jesus, though foreknowing the doom, as in the analogous Judas legends, accepts the new disciple.

Again, in the apocryphal gospel Bartholomew appears in fantastic, even grotesque adventures among the Kurds. No wonder that Gelasius, bishop of Rome, indignantly branded as heresy this wild flowering of the Coptic gospel!

It is in the paintings that, though still not popular, he stands out, thanks chiefly to the gruesome horror of his martyrdom. Curious and not a little sad that the eye has caught the physical horror of his death and not the vision that must have come so close. Glorious, of course, to remember that he died so valiantly. But there came holy living first, and happy living. For looking back a moment, one likes to recall the little boy sitting by old Tholmai under the peaceful fig tree, the bare toes that trod the grapes for happy human love, and the young man drinking the wine of the strange new vineyard in Galilee.

And finally—always in his ears the echo of the promise—opening his eyes to a last triumphant vision, to the glory of wide heavens, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.

"THE RACE THAT IS SET BEFORE US"

St. Paul

"THE RACE THAT IS SET BEFORE US"

St. Paul

THE ship cast moorings at last and shot gently out to sea. Silkily as any swan deep-breasted on a placid pool, she coasted under Priam's ancient, blunted towers and nosed her way for crested Samothrace. Once long ago across these curling waters, a woman's storied face and sweet, provoking laughter lured the bristling Argive hosts to ten blood-mad years of battle. And now again a vision beckoned. From opposite shores this time the vision came, yet once again it spoke of wars, of unknown odds to conquer; and because of it four men stood in the prow of the Roman packet leaving old Ilium fast behind, to come to port a few days hence, God granting, in Macedonian Neapolis.

As old Troy in Asia grew dim at their backs, three of the group drew in about the fourth. Plainly their leader, this fast-aging man; and the bent shoulders—bent with age, or was it rough usage?—along with a marked shortness of stature, emphasized the frailty with which nature handicapped him. A Jew, he was, like one of his companions, that little, silent pine-knot of a man the others called Silas, but obviously not, like him, a Palestinian Jew; rather a cosmopolite by his fluent Greek and manner of seasoned traveller, a citizen, one would judge, of no mean city.

The older of the other two, still a young man save in comparison with the olive-skinned lad whose name was Timothy, was clearly a Greek of the provinces. A grave charm marked this Greek, a ready courtesy. Something in the style of his thrown-back cloak, or was it the lean hand lying along the rail, bespoke the physician.

"Master," he began, and waited. The others waited, too; for the grey-haired man, pressed so hard against the rail he seemed to be driving the ship forward by some fierce energy

that dwelt within his own slight form, had forgotten their existence. A short time back and they had come aboard in the bustle of embarkation, for the packet was crowded today with Roman provincials, setting out for home after Asian sojourns on pleasure or business, and Greek travellers who would leave the boat at the first port and journey overland into Illyricum and Thrace. Then he had paused on the gangway to question some Arab merchants. But now he heard nothing, saw no one, only stared into the purpling night. The three at his side could not see his eyes, but they knew they burned, eating up the fathoms of water.

Again the young physician spoke: "Master!" This time he was more urgent. "You said when Troas was behind, you would tell us why we have left Asia. When I bade our friends farewell, I thought it had been Ephesus whence I should write our adventures. See, Master, Troas is behind. Tenedos is almost gone. One can trace but the faintest line, like the mark of a stylus."

"Ay, Luke," and the piercing eyes turned upon the three who bent their heads against the crash of water. "You are right; it is time I should tell you." Then to the one called Timothy: "Boy, you know how it has been ever since Antioch in the mountains. Again and again we tried to go up into the northern countries after we left Phrygia and the region of Galatia, but always we were turned back—"

"You said, sir"—the boy was a little breathless—"you said you were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia."

Paul nodded. "Ay, Timothy remembers how in Bithynia, too, it was the same. Time after time we halted and Silas and I would set out to preach, but somehow the Spirit suffered it not. And so, passing by Mysia, we came to Troas. And there," he laid a worn hand on the young Greek's shoulder, "there God was good; he brought these sick eyes of mine to you, Luke—to our beloved physician. It was in your house that the thing was made plain to me." A pause. "Oh, never fear; I have not done with Asia. Some day we

shall go back there and preach Christ crucified. But now—"

The silence deepened. At last Silas and Timothy were to hear what had been puzzling them for days, the reason of those weary months of travel, only to turn their backs on Roman Asia the moment they came into it. The waters creamed away at their feet, and the voice went on:

"I was sleeping. But before I slept my spirit was troubled. I thought of our friends back there in Antioch and Iconium and Derbe, of the misunderstanding in Jerusalem; then of Lystra and your people, Timothy. Had I done right to make them suffer through the dangers to you, lad—gentle Eunice, your mother, and your grandmother, kind old Lois? And Silas Silvanus here, so true a friend ever since Syrian Antioch. And now you, too, Luke, torn up by the roots to follow a vagabond preacher—" From the group a murmur, but still no speech. "It was then I must have fallen asleep, but the hour I do not know. All I am sure of is this: a man came in close to my couch and stood looking down upon me—a Gentile like you, Luke; for though it was night, his face was clear to me. And as I became aware that he was a man of Macedonia, he stretched out a hand to me, and as I rose up to question, he began to pray me. Long and earnestly he prayed me, saying: 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.' "

Another silence, broken this time by Silas, the pine-knot of a man. "Thanks, Paul," he said in a gruff voice. "Let us go at once to these Macedonians, for assuredly the Lord hath called us for to preach the gospel to them."

Sitting on his stool in Rabbi Gamaliel's class room in a corner of the Temple's outer courtyard, young Saul's thoughts floated above and away from the parchment on his knee. . . . What thing under the firmament could be finer than this being a Hebrew, of God's elect, set off forever before all peoples! Not lolling one's life away, as the Syrians

did on the River Cydnus, with flute-girls fringing one's boat like a wreath of flowers. Saul frowned. From his childhood up, in the house of his father, Tarsus' richest wool merchant, he had held himself aloof from other boys. For there in Tarsus other young men of his age either thought not at all on serious matters or clicked tongue to cheek as they made offerings to the gods of their nations—careless young Syrians, half laughing as they spoke the name Astarte, and athletic Greek youths, trooping out of Apollo's temple. The supple strength of these last Saul envied; he would have liked to know these boys were it not for this gulf of religion. But it was a gulf; there was something he had a habit of repeating as he passed these Gentiles on the street; a sort of charm it was, though he would have hotly denied it, against the spells invoked in this heathen land: "Circumcised on the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews, as touching the Law, a Pharisee."

Ah, yes, it was good to be a Hebrew. Saul pressed his phylactery against his brow and resolved to attend the lesson. But again his mind was off. To be a great rabbi like Gamaliel! he was thinking. Wait, some day he, too, would draw students from Babylon beyond the Euphrates and from those western lands, too, whose mere names he loved to murmur; and from wherever Jews dwelt throughout the whole dispersion, students should flock to him. He, too, would lure pupils from Philo's bench in faraway Alexandria. Philo, or whoever should then be rival master. *Rabbi* Saul. Well, none should wear his phylacteries broader!

When his education was done, for his parents' sake, he supposed, he must live for a time in Tarsus; or was it only for their sakes? Possibly a little for his own. Jerusalem was in truth the mother of all. Here, glittering in the sun, stood God's own house, the Temple of the Most High God. In Jerusalem, of course, he meant to have his career. Yet Tarsus was beautiful, too—and Tarsus was home. Already old, with Athens and Rome yet unborn, the Syrians said the king of the world built it for his pleasure city, the great

Sargon whose tomb by the sea men still smothered in roses, while the Assyrian legend above their heads forever invited them to drown themselves in the nightingale's song and the soft, cool flesh of woman. Thus it ran: "Sardinpolis, son of Anacyndaraxes, built in one day Anchilae and Tarsus. Eat, drink, and be merry. Nothing else is worth that (a snap of the fingers)!"

But the Greeks said it was not so; no man built Tarsus, not even the King of Kings, but a half-god dreamed it, Perseus, son of Zeus by Danae; Perseus who carried off the baleful head of Medusa. And as for conquerors—was ever a warrior since the world began who did not thirst to clap into his helmet the jewel that was Tarsus? Assyrian Shalmaneser, then Darius who held the East in his hand like a goblet till young Alexander swept out of the west, drew the heavy-armoured Persian hosts to Issus and there left them like so many crushed sea-shells staining the red Cilician plain. And within the memory of Saul's own father, last of the line of conquerors, Roman Mark Antony, himself fatally conquered the moment black-skinned slaves, bending on silver oars to the music of flutes, turned Cleopatra's purple-trimmed barge between Cydnus' banks.

Yes, Tarsus had history, and besides she had the sea. Down there in the harbour ships tossed in the blue Cilician water; strained at anchors, longed to be off past Cyprus, to the Aegean, to the cities of the west, even as Saul himself longed to be off those times he forgot he should one day be a great doctor of the Law and dreamed he was only a happy sailor.

Saul started; Gamaliel was staring at him. Seas! Ships! What had Saul of Tarsus to do with these? The Sanhedrin—there was his destiny.

The Sanhedrin! Israel's high tribunal, whose decrees even the Roman overlords dared not dispute, the great court of law, established so long back no man could say whence it sprang, though some declared Moses' self created it to guard the Law he handed down from Sinai.

But Judaea saw troublous times or ever the young man

Saul came into what he took to be his destiny. For a matter of three years one Jesus of Nazareth, a mean town in Galilee, a young man of the people, playing the rôle of simple carpenter, but all the while a man of deep craft, had been preaching up and down the land, and wherever he went from Hermon to Jericho, stirring up the people. The tale that reached Cilicia was confused; Jewish traders out of Syria told it so many ways Saul grew exasperated. Some said the "Messias"—and they grinned at the name—wanted to drive out the Herods, clap the crown on his own head, and restore the throne to Israel. Others, with fearful glances over their shoulders, said his plottings went yet deeper, aimed at the Roman Eagles themselves. Still others denied he was after any earthly loot at all; he never took a drachma for his cures, and truly he had a power of healing; they had seen things. . . . But these last Saul's contempt drove away; he had no time to listen. A busy man was Rabbi Saul, the tent-maker, for this was the trade his father had had him taught. And he was conducting a school of his own now in the Tarsan synagogue.

Then came the news that Jesus had been put to death, and Saul was annoyed to find himself too often thinking of the slain Nazarene. Persons of repute told him that to listen to his preaching, multitudes would sit in the hot sun all day long without food or shelter. Pah, hypnotism, and the so-called cures cheap magic! Stupefaction, too, on the people's part. When the sun was hot enough the mind went to sleep, or else visions danced before the eyes. God! Did not he know that Syrian sun whose eyes had always been a thorn in his flesh? Whatever the truth about the uprisings, the Romans had done well to back up the priests. Saul had no sympathy at all with anti-Roman feeling. The Romans governed well; did she but know it, the Pax Romana was Israel's peace. As for himself, he took no little satisfaction in the Roman citizenship the men of his family shared with many another well-to-do Jewish household in Tarsus.

But presently Saul heard the trouble had not ended with the crucifixion of Jesus. The man left disciples, who claimed

he had reappeared to them after death. Eleven of his closest friends, with another of their choosing, swore to carry on his teachings—"apostles" they styled themselves. Boldly they preached Jesus, the Messias, proving all, after their fashion, from the scriptures themselves, even to this death of his on the cross. And, man alive, they were successful! Even the imprisonment of the two ring-leaders, Peter and John, had no effect. The Temple even was becoming affected; actually there were priests obedient to the new faith. It seemed this Jesus, dead, went right on stirring up the people.

It was about a year after the execution of the discredited prophet that Saul came up to Jerusalem to take his place in the Sanhedrin. Over his parents' protest and sooner than he intended, it was; but Pharisee friends kept writing him disturbing news about the Nazarenes, as Jesus' followers now called themselves. Abetting the "apostles" were other leaders sprung from among the recent converts, some of them Hellene Jews like himself, to whom, because they spoke Greek and knew foreign customs, was given the task of converting other provincial Jews who came to Jerusalem at the time of the annual feasts and who frequented special synagogues set aside for them throughout the city. Doing most to unsettle these provincial Jews was a young man who bore the Greek name Stephen. Here, no doubt, soon would be a second "Messias," mused Saul grimly, and assuredly another case for the Sanhedrin. . . .

In the Hall of Hewn Stones the Council met. And they stroked their beards with satisfaction whether they flowed over the Pharisees' white, blue-fringed robes or down the Sadducees' striped silken tunics. And now of a sudden, coarse voices and heavy shuffling feet from just beyond; the Temple guard was bringing in the prisoner. Force, Saul saw, was unnecessary; eagerly the man seemed to approach his accusers. Still a leering fellow shoved him forward so roughly he stumbled and almost fell at the feet of the first

line of judges. Then recovering himself, the prisoner raised his head and smiled, smiled into the hawk-like faces.

A shudder ran through Saul. That face of Stephen. . . . Nothing. A mere trick of the light. Those eyes of his, always a bother. Just the way a shaft of sunlight, entering the corridor, had glinted along the prisoner's brow . . . part Greek, he must be, with that body straight as a spear and the fair hair, fairer still above the hideous black robe of the prisoner. But the shining face, joyous, radiant as a bird against the sun. . . . The young Sanhedrinist set his jaw and dug his nails into his folded arms. None must guess that a moment ago, looking on Stephen, he saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. . . .

Now all the evidence was in; man after man had testified till Saul wearied to hear them. Yet as Stephen rose and began to speak, Saul found himself listening tensely. The old men, too, listened; Pharisee and Sadducee, they nodded their heads; but High Priest Jonathan and his elders frowned under their bonnets. Here was nothing on which to condemn a man; the prisoner spoke like any Hebrew with his talk of Abraham and Joseph. Jonathan held up a jewelled hand to stop the harangue. But one voice—Saul could not see, but he thought it was Gamaliel's—insisted that the prisoner have his say. So Stephen continued, and presently Saul strained forward.

"Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears," he cried, and Saul's anger rose with the rest; for like a stone Stephen hurled it at them. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost. Which of your prophets have your fathers not persecuted? And they have slain them which showed before the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been the betrayers and murderers."

"Blasphemer!" As from one terrible wolf-like throat came that snarling cry. Then from a hundred throats lesser noises, short yapping sounds as of a pack in cry: "Stone him! Stone him! Stone the blasphemer!" Every man scrambling to his feet, thus they gnashed on the prisoner with their teeth. Stephen stood his ground; even through the fury that

shook his body like a leaf, Saul saw that not once did the man waver. Rather he was like one who has found a place of secret calm in the midst of a lashing sea. And now he cast his eyes upward, looked into lovely spaces beyond the ken of his tormentors, and his face was illumined as by some unseen glory. Saul, standing near, caught the words: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. . . ." No more; a heavily-jewelled hand crashed full on the speaker's mouth, and he sank to the floor.

Seeing Stephen down and blood trickling from his mouth, they cried out and ran upon him with one accord. Blow after blow they struck as they hustled him from the hall, some strong like that which drew the first blood, some impotent, because struck from weak, old wrists. And those who did not strike spat on him, spat, and after caught up spotless robes and wiped off the saliva. But the old men's part was done; the mob thrusting toward the Temple would do the rest. From the streets below they had heard the cries, and at the words "Stone him!" they licked their lips. In the hallway a worried Sadducee, remembering the Sanhedrin had no power of death save as Roman authority sanctioned it, tried to protest, but he, too, was hustled along. Stumbling on his robe, he tried again, but Jonathan and Caiaphas nudged him to quiet; handling the Romans was their affair. . . .

Now the people were surging up the steps, a thousand hands stretched out for Stephen. Above the clenched hands Saul saw a flash of brown and purple in the sun, then an iridescent cloud; the frightened doves were lifting out of the Temple. Down the steps the mob dragged their prey. And in the midst of the spitting, cursing throng went Saul; his head ached furiously; he scarcely knew what he did, only that he burned with a bright hate of Stephen. And they cast Stephen out of the city and stoned him. . . . First they rained stones upon him, for every ruffian in that crowd must have his bloody share; then certain ones, determining to despatch the victim, thrust aside others who

would have pressed forward, and the better to free their arms, flung off their upper garments, and casting about for some one to mind them, caught sight of Saul. A man of importance, they wagged their heads, and they laid down their clothes at the young man's feet.

But Saul noticed nothing, words or action. There was something he was trying to hear. Off there on his knees the dying man was saying something . . . strangely clear the beautiful voice, even in agony: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Another great stone hurtled through the air; then Saul saw it was over. . . .

A fever of mad energy ran in Saul's veins from that hour. The Nazarenes were to be hunted like wild beasts, and the Sanhedrin set him in charge of the hunting. They gave him letters to the synagogues, and the Romans, pledged to the Jews to protect their Temple, haled to prison every man and woman his spies pointed out. But first came the synagogue whips. Thirty-nine lashes—a pity the law permitted no more; but Saul, with tightened lips, watching his men lay on, saw to it that each lash bit into the naked flesh like a hundred. Sometimes his own hand seized the whip. . . .

Love-feasts! Drunkenly Saul laughed. These Nazarenes had a custom of meeting in a brother's house and breaking bread and drinking wine in the dead Jesus' name. Hmm—! Love-feasts a-plenty all would be having soon in the arms of their gaolers—unless the "apostles" should put forth some of their boasted power and save the wretches! For the Twelve Saul craftily left alone; the freedom of these would puzzle the following and make them suspect the leaders. Up and down Judaea went Saul, hunting, hunting. . . . How his strength held out he did not know, for he was far from well; and the Sanhedrin wondered, too, the young persecutor was so pitiless. The heathen told tales of fire-breathing dragons. Saul was like one of these; his very nostrils breathed out threatenings and slaughter.

He had covered Judaea down to Jericho; Galilee, too; but

he would push farther. So fast the disturbers scattered, some might have got clean away to the Syrian wastes. He would go to Damascus. So the delighted High Priest gave him letters to the synagogues, bidding the rulers turn over any of the new sect lurking there that he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem.

Saul and his cavalcade set out. The soldiers were in high spirits and joked with the Temple spies, though in their hearts they despised them for such cruelty to men of their own race. But Saul, at their head, talked little and smiled not at all. Grim the work and grim his mood. Besides, his heart was bothering him; hardly fit he was for this long journey. If he had not laid his hand to the work . . . he pressed his fingers to his eyes. How they ached in this fierce sun!

So Saul rode forward. He was going to Damascus, to bring Nazarenes bound unto Jerusalem. . . . As he rode on, the words and the ideas began to drone stupidly in his mind. His heart, plodding heavily, took up the refrain, hammering it out upon the glaring road with his horse's echoing hoofs . . . "*go*ing *to* Da*mas*cus—to bring *Naz*arenes *bound* unto Je*rus*alem!" In a sort of lolloping tune it was going now, lolloping and sinister, heavy with he knew not what. . . . And now images began to scud across the screen of his weary mind, images that cut like burning steel into his labouring heart . . . Temple spies and Temple whips, and Nazarenes, always Nazarenes, whose eyes turned always to himself, maker of disaster, accusing . . . until they all, pair by pair, became the eyes of Stephen, and then they pierced him with a love more keen and bright than any hate . . . *Go*ing *to* Da*mas*cus—to bring *Naz*arenes *bound* unto Je*rus*alem—! Jehovah Lord God of hosts save him from madness! . . .

Then came the light . . . he called it light; though what it was, God knew, God who gave visions beyond all words . . . and he fell to the earth . . . and in the dazzling radiance—oh, it was beautiful, that light!—came the voice; and with it, died the terrible refrain.

"Saul, Saul," it came, "why persecutest thou me?" And like a little child, caught now in things too high for men or angels, Saul cried out: "Who art thou, Lord?" And the Lord said: "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

Jesus, the Name . . . the Man who ruled the world from his tree of shame . . . Jesus whom he persecuted! . . . Oh, if this were true—and in every fibre of his heart and soul, Saul knew it for the truth—if this were true, what must he do, he, the arch persecutor? For even at that moment Saul knew that for him there must be action. So the words trembled from him—again, the words of a child, but the words, too, of a strong man, ready to run his course.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" . . .

So Saul rose at last from that eternity of vision that had passed in the twinkling of an eye, vision so simple and so mighty that blinded, speechless, he gave the soldiers his hand. And they led him to the house of Judas in the street called Straight. . . . So Saul of Tarsus entered Damascus. So he who had thought to go to Damascus and bring Nazarenes bound unto Jerusalem entered the city. He went as one who saw through a glass darkly. He went as a prisoner of the Lord, who would one day carry to the ends of the earth, in free, untrammelled liberty that should mock at last at death itself, his Christ of the blazing road. . . .

To the street called Straight, also guided by vision, three days later, came an old Nazarene disciple, Ananias.

Quaking in every limb, for he shared the common terror of Saul, he entered Judas' house, and here they told him, marvelling, how the sick man had lain three days without meat or drink. Not once had he spoken; seemingly he refused to confer with flesh and blood. And of course the blindness was still upon him. And filled suddenly with a pity that drove out all fear, the old man hurried to Saul's chamber.

"Brother Saul," Ananias whispered; and again, in the

tensely listening stillness: "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

At the touch of the kind, cool hands, slow tears seeped from the sealed lids; weakly, gratefully, Saul raised his head. His blind eyes strained toward Ananias, toward the man who had just called him "brother." It was then the blindness fell away, as it had been scales . . . And that night, baptized a Nazarene, for the first time in many months he knew sleep and deep repose.

Next day Ananias brought Saul another friend, Barnabas. Good man that he was, hearing of the new threat to the Nazarenes, this Barnabas had come all the way from Jerusalem to be with the Damascene brethren in their hour of trial. To them Saul announced his intention of proclaiming his vision to the Jews of Damascus, and knowing him still too sick, they tried to hold him back. But Saul would be restrained no longer. So, pale as any hunted Nazarene, he staggered into the synagogue.

"Hebrews of Damascus," his voice croaked like a raven's, "I am Saul of Tarsus. Well ye know how that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God and wasted it. This did I being more exceedingly zealous than any of the traditions of my fathers. But now I say to you, this Jesus"—almost his voice died away; then with an effort that rent his whole body, the words were shaken forth like a trumpet note: "This, I say unto you, this is very Christ!"

Barnabas caught him where he fell and dragged him from the hostile eyes, and a few days later, with the help of friends, Saul set off for his long journey into the desert. In the solitude of waste spaces, under the stark moons of the desert, he would grapple with his experience, learn to live with his vision. And as his camel carried him farther and farther from Damascus, he was soothed. With every crunch-crunch the great pads made, as they ploughed into the sands, peace sank deeper into his soul, and the long wave-like motion was restful to his still sick body. Why Arabia

drew him he did not know, but all through the Syrian waste, week after week, month after month—sometimes he would travel days at a time before meeting a wandering sheik who would tell him the landmarks as they broke bread under a palm—he journeyed south, always south.

And here in Arabia Saul learned what no man could teach him, the meaning of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ. As the slow months passed, sometimes to the stars he put his question; sometimes to the glowing sands as he sat at evening. Fantastic shapes these would take on of sea and piling cloud and soaring mountain. And gazing day after day into these mutable shapes, at last he saw into the heart of the mystery. The Incorruptible One had had to put on a corruptible body and come among men in that body to suffer and die; and even as He had died upon the cross and risen again, so must man die with Him unto the flesh and with Him rise again unto the spirit. . . .

And now he was in Antioch. Barnabas was here with him. The burly Cypriote he had come to love had fetched him down from Tarsus, for he had done much fearless preaching in Cilicia after the Jerusalem visit, in order that Saul might help garner in the harvest already sown among the Antiochenes. In Antioch there was much for Saul to remember. Full of the gospel he had worked out in the desert, he had hastened back to Damascus; and the Jews, remembering the white spectre who had stood in their midst, were at first merely confounded by him. But as he talked more boldly, they came to a different mind. Closely bound were these synagogue men to Jerusalem; what if an end were made to this disturber here in Abraham's old city, and no one at whose door to lay his blood; would not Damascus stand high in the Temple's favour? But Saul's friends were clever; they avoided the watched gates, and coming to him by night, fixed rope pulleys to the roof of his lodging and let him down over the city wall in a basket.

It was after this that he went up to Jerusalem. Strange

that in all these three years since his conversion he had not seen one of the Twelve! Not that in thought they had not often been present with him; only too well he knew their faces, men whose hearts it had been his delight to break in the dreadful days of whip and prison—suffering, courageous faces seared with much that was hateful into the very wall of his brain. It was Peter whom chiefly he yearned to know; what a force of love must be in the man who had held together the little Nazarene church through all that whirlwind of persecution! But how would Cephas, as he liked to call him, receive one who had given him so much cause for hatred? Well, they said the man could not hate any one long except himself. "Denier" they said he branded himself lest he for one day forget. A wave of compassion went out from Saul to the great-hearted fisherman. Yes, at last they two should meet, and, denier and persecutor that they had been, forgiving each other's sin against their common Lord, learn at last to forgive themselves.

And it fell out exactly as Saul hoped. He spent fifteen days in Jerusalem, and almost all that time with Cephas. Friends they were from the moment the fisherman's huge hand closed over Saul's tense, nervous fingers. . . . Well for Saul that Peter and Barnabas thus openly showed him friendship, for the disciples generally refused to have aught to do with him. No "Brother Saul" to them! And James, called, from his near kinship to Jesus, the Lord's brother, the nearest in power to Peter of all the apostles, was stiff and cold, immovable, as Saul proclaimed the gospel received before Damascus, given him not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus direct, and God the Father who raised him from the dead.

Saul was glad he had spoken as he had to James; it gave him a sense of freedom here in Antioch. All the time now Jews were gladly hearing him and Barnabas, for already they had had the good news of many a Nazarene fled thither after that scattering from Jerusalem that followed on the death of Stephen. And Greeks were listening too, for these subtle minds, that had tasted all the pagan world had to offer

of beauty and wisdom, long since were finding the old ways savourless, the old gods dead, childish, empty. By the time Saul and Barnabas had been in the city about a year, a flourishing church had sprung up. And here in Antioch men were first called Christians.

Only one thing disturbed Saul's content—the terrible famine that swooped down like a grey bird of prey on all Syria. Agabus had foretold it, a shaggy, wild-eyed creature who had attached himself to the young church at Jerusalem, and who now went out in all directions to warn the people of coming trouble. Antioch chose Saul and Barnabas to carry a liberal supply of food-stuff to the mother church at Jerusalem. For some time they stayed at the capital, and when they had finished the work of relief, returned, bringing back with them John Mark, Barnabas' nephew. Mark's family was close to Peter in Jerusalem, and John Mark himself, though so young, had been of Jesus' disciples. It was soon after the arrival of these three—Saul, Barnabas, and John Mark—that the men of Antioch begged them to set out on the long-planned journey overseas; for, long since, Saul had given them his own vision that the gospel was for all peoples.

Cyprus! Lovely green isle of cedar and boxwood, springing each day magically as Aphrodite's self out of the foam of the sea. Indeed she was Aphrodite's own, this isle that had been Barnabas' old home, and Aphrodite was herself; hence that name of hers—the Cyprian. But everywhere beneath the emerald line her forests made, coveted of all the world, ran the rich, red veins of copper; and as the copper veins ran everywhere dark beneath the bright land, so through the minds of the Cyprians crept the black, sinuous thread of magic. . . . Even Sergius Paulus the propraetor, a man of better intelligence, had fallen prey to the universal sickness, and in his palace at Paphos kept his private sorcerer—an apostate Jew, by name Bar-Jesus.

At Salamis, whither they had taken passage from Seleucia, the travellers heard that this Bar-Jesus, or Elymas as he was also called, desired to match strength with the new preacher.

So straight they made for Paphos. In the massive Roman palace itself, under gleaming Doric columns these two met, the false prophet who delved in hidden blackness, and the true, who taught Christ the Lord Jesus. And always as Paul watched the wretched conjurer shrivel before the mighty truth he preached and at last run whimpering out of the palace, he was aware of the Roman's tragically questing eyes and knew that in the palace of Sergius he was having his first encounter with the Roman world.

Crossing the Cilician straits from Cyprus to the mainland—they were making now for Perga in Pamphylia—he pondered the thing so deeply that John Mark with a young man's curiosity questioned him and Saul confessed how it came to him that God meant him one day to bring his gospel to Rome. So persistent was the idea that in the half-believing Roman Sergius, Rome itself beckoned, that Saul's companions by common consent now began to use the Roman form of their leader's name—Paulus. Saul himself liked the change. Paul . . . yes, the name seemed to suit.

In Perga they stayed several days, for Antioch in the Pisidian mountains was their aim and they must load pack-mules with at least a week's supplies for the long, steep climb. Grim going they found these Pisidian passes that were like sword-cuts through the mountain's heart. On the second day John Mark, who, for all he admired Paul's courage had still some of the Jerusalem prejudice, was all for turning back. With the whole world to be converted, surely it was stubborn folly to risk their lives in these desolate gorges. And grudgingly Paul admitted they were indeed in constant danger—peril from wild beasts, for at night lions and hyenas stalked by their camp—peril from robbers, too, for the long arm of Roman law could not reach these savage places. Yet Paul would not hear to turning back, and since John Mark would go no farther, sadly the Cypriote bade farewell to his nephew; for himself, he said, he stayed by Paul.

But Jewish Antioch would have none of them. For just one sabbath the Jews listened in the synagogue. But during

the next week so many of the humbler Jews and Gentiles flocked to the new preachers, it seemed the whole town would become Christian. And the courtesy of the chief Jews turned to rage. Women proselytes to the synagogue also took a hand—wives they were of the authorities—and such a clamour arose that abruptly the Roman magistrates told Paul he must go. Better, they said, to be "expelled" than to be knifed by some Zealot. These Jews were such frightful fanatics!

As in Antioch, so presently in Iconium. The unbelieving Jews could not bear the sight of these new Christians going about in happy fellowship; so they incited the Gentile population to such fury that the apostles only escaped with their lives.

In Lystra it was Antiochene and Iconian Jews, who had journeyed down for the purpose, who again wrought the mischief. One day, talking in the market place, Paul saw a man lying on the paving-stones. There he lay with his pitiful, twisted limbs, thirstily drinking in every word. Paul stopped. That power of healing . . . they said in Jerusalem it lay in Peter's very shadow. Did he himself have the power? Often and often he had brooded, feeling that in this one matter his own apostleship was yet to be confirmed; for up to this day he had healed no one. This cripple before him . . . never in all his life before had he wanted anything so much as to bring him to his feet, whole, rejoicing.

"Stand upright on thy feet!" he fairly shouted, and the cripple actually staggered up and, eyes riveted on Paul's face, swayed and tottered toward him. But the moment after, Paul himself was almost as weak as the cripple. . . . It was the same utter spentness he was to know years after when he brought the breath back into the body of Eutychus, the lad who fell from the window in Troas while listening to his preaching. And Barnabas, fearing a return of the old nervous weakness that had again come upon him up in Antioch, hurried him away from the crowd.

Lystra was all agog over the healing. Each newcomer must hear the cripple's tale and run his hands down the

man's thighs and legs. And instead of subsiding with time, the wonder grew. So that one day Paul and Barnabas, re-entering the town from a neighbouring village, were dumb-founded at seeing a large crowd of men and women who went frantic at sight of them. "Here come the gods! We will worship them!" they cried in a delirium of joy. And before the apostles could prevent, they whirled them along in their midst. Vainly Paul tried to speak; the words stuck in his throat.

At the gates a slow procession met them; first came the stately chief priest of Jupiter. He was robed in white; a golden fillet bound his brow, and his lips were softly moving. With one hand he was describing mystic circles, and with the other he led a lowing heifer, snow-white like his own robe. Behind him followed other priests, guiding oxen, their necks hung in garlands of flowers, purple lilies, yellow phlox, and star-shaped blossom of pear. And now with fresh abandon the people threw themselves on the ground, some at Paul's feet, others at Barnabas'; and in horror Paul saw that these heathen folk of Lystra did indeed mean to worship them. In a moment they would be offering sacrifice. . . . He opened his mouth, but his words were drowned in the frenzied shout: "See, the great one is mighty Jupiter! And the little one that speaks most, he is Mercury! He is God's messenger!"

Beside himself Paul was. These people must understand.

"Sirs," he implored, and a powerful thrust of Barnabas' great arm shoved some of them aside, "you must not do these things!" And he pointed to the oxen straining at the ropes with which the priests held them—the priests whose eyes, he saw, went dark and sullen. "We are no gods, but men of like passions with yourselves!" And with a rueful smile his hand swept the length of his own insignificant person. "We have come into your midst to preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God!"

At last the crowd began to move slowly away, but there was a murmur and threatening in the air. . . . It was this

discontent the Iconian Jews lost no time in turning to account, for they were set now upon having the lives of the two apostles. And one day without warning, the inflamed people rushed upon Paul preaching alone in the market-square—for Barnabas happened to be at work in another quarter—and made short work of dragging him outside the city. Well-nigh blinded as blow followed blow, stumbling to his knees to be dragged up and again shoved forward, Paul had the sense of something known an immeasurable time ago, yet in every detail the same. . . . That singing pain . . . surely his flesh had known its like before . . . those curses . . . the very voices the same . . . and God be thanked, here, too, the same courage to endure, even to forgive. . . . Paul groaned aloud, but as the first stone bit into his back, he cried out a name—*"Stephen!"*

But those who stooped over him later in an agony of suspense found he was not dead as they that stoned him supposed, and before he sank into the bliss of unconsciousness, Paul was able to place three faces: Barnabas' he knew at once, his large, gentle comrade; Timothy's, too, son of a convert here in Lystra—dear little lad, it was wet with tears! And then a third . . . whose? He could not think . . . ah, yes, the third was that of the man he had healed, the cripple. . . .

*

And now, after several years, Paul and Barnabas were back in Syrian Antioch, but not before they had retraced their steps and spent months of work, undisturbed this time, with each Galatian church in turn. To the Lycaonians he had first preached through what he called "an infirmity of the flesh," meaning that nervous affection of the heart which, coming upon him in Antioch, had caused him not to journey farther into the mountains, but to seek regions to the south. He was a sick man when he came into their midst, but they had not spurned him, rather received him as an angel of God. And to these, more especially on this second visit, since

the matter was much on his mind, he taught how the death of Christ had brought freedom from the old crushing law of Moses.

Titus, a recent convert, himself raised the question. The little Lystrian church was meeting one day in the house of Jewish Eunice, Timothy's mother, and since Titus himself was a Greek, the problem touched him closely. Must he, a Gentile and now through faith a Christian, come under the Law as they in the synagogue required of the religious proselytes? Patiently Paul explained. Then as Titus still hesitated—"There is neither Jew nor Greek," Paul thundered; "there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus!"

Neither Greek nor Jew—ah, well! . . . They had not been back in Antioch, whither Titus the Galatian accompanied them, a great while before the storm broke. Just when the Antiochenes were rejoicing in the safe return of the travellers, came the men from Jerusalem. Well Paul knew the unbelieving Jews; often he had escaped their clutches, his life in his hands; what he did not know was this legalistic party sprung up within the Nazarene church itself in the years of his absence, nor could he dream that, beginning with Peter's treatment of Cornelius in Caesarea, its growth was due to his own success in Galatia, with which all Jerusalem was humming. Soon enough he was to learn!

Like an army of destroying locusts, the Jerusalem men spoiled the church of Antioch. "Submit yourself to Moses! Observe the sabbath! Be circumcised!" they hissed. And Jews and Gentiles alike they left in unhappy bewilderment. Paul's anger knew no bounds until he reflected that these Temple slaves were not all Jerusalem. Cephas who fed all sheep, not only those of a certain brand; John whose mind was the perfect fusion of Jew and Greek; Matthew who loved the poor; Thomas whose doubt was become all affirmation—these would remember how Jesus had come to save all; and they would know, too, that his service was perfect freedom. So it came to Paul that he must go to Jerusalem

at once and talk all this out with the apostles. Barnabas should go, of course, and with them Titus; Jerusalem should see what faith was in a Gentile.

All triumph, this Jerusalem visit; or so it seemed at the time. Generously the apostles received them both. They praised the work in Syria, in Cilicia, in Phrygia-Galatia. It warmed Paul's heart that they called him "brother," though he noticed that they did not name him "apostle." Ah, well, he thought, that too, in good season. . . . So James, Peter, and John, "the pillars," gave him the right hand of fellowship; and in a formal meeting of the church council it was determined that the Jewish world of the circumcision was to belong to the Jerusalem elders; while in that other vast world of the Gentiles, Paul and his companions were to work, directed only of God.

And when everything was settled came certain elders who had voted for the decision, hinting that of course Paul would now see to the circumcision of Titus, the Greek . . . Flatly he refused. Yield in this one case, and what had been gained? Barnabas nodded his great head; he said Paul was right, though in truth it hurt to oppose men who in the old days had been his good comrades.

Eagerly now the Antiochenes looked forward to the coming visit of Peter, the more because the decree sent down from Jerusalem by the messengers Judas and Silas seemed to contradict the spirit of the council. Besides, Peter was Peter! And Peter, delighting in the work that Paul and Barnabas had brought to fruition, treated Gentiles exactly as Jews, going into their homes, supping with their families.

But presently upon all this happy fellowship broke a second storm. Men from Jerusalem, who said James sent them—and the thing seemed likely—came secretly to Peter's lodgings and implored him to leave off further intercourse with the Gentiles. And Peter, reluctant though he was, listened to the messengers of James.

Paul was deeply angry. James, for all he was the Lord's brother, seemed to care more about bondage with Moses than freedom with Christ. But Paul was more than angry;

he was cut to the quick. Cephas whom he loved . . . well, love him or not, he, Paul, apostle to the Gentiles, must withstand him. And he did so. Hurriedly he called a meeting of the whole Antioch church and there withstood Peter to the face. Peter did not rebuke Paul or even answer his arguments, but, though sorrow showed in the care-worn face, he did not again mingle with the Gentiles in the old, friendly way. Many Jewish converts, siding with Jerusalem, followed Peter. Barnabas' mind, too, in these days was in a maze of worry; his head told him that Paul was right, but the old, childlike part of him at last had its way—the heart that had belonged to Peter before ever he heard of Paul.

When Barnabas left him, Paul thought he could bear no more; but worse was in store. Letters soon brought word that, not content with disruption in Antioch, the Judaizers were at work in Galatia as well, but going even further; for here, where Gentiles far outnumbered Jews, because they feared a Gentile church throughout the Greek and Roman world that would soon overshadow the Jewish parent, they did not stop at separation; they commanded all Gentile converts to undergo circumcision.

When the news came, Paul threw up his head. If that was the way of it, he must fight! A vast thing was at stake, nothing less than the word he had had direct of God before the gates of Damascus. He seized his stylus and drew the papyrus to him. No time to wait for a scribe; this letter he would write with his own hand.

"Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" he began, and rapidly all his life he laid before them on the papyrus: his strict Jewish upbringing, the months of wasting God's church, his conversion, the time in Arabia, Damascus, even the conflict just past with Jerusalem. Then he came to the core of the matter, the place of law in the life of the Christian. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." But would any misconstrue this word "liberty"? Hastily he added: "Only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh." And at last, thinking of these

Galatians as weak human beings, they became very dear to him.

Paul was pushing the letter aside when suddenly an acute sense of wrong swept him. So much of his very self had gone into this Galatian work; in these people's service he had spilled his blood, broken his body. Why, the very fingers that wrote these lines were at this moment so misshapen by a stone of Lystra they could scare guide the stylus! Yet men not like himself commissioned of God, but self-appointed, had dared enter his field to destroy his harvest! Well, here was his challenge; let them look to it. Whipping up the stylus once more, he scrawled these words: "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

He believed he would win his fight; yet he knew he should have no peace until he could see his people once more face to face. Besides, he was eager to leave Antioch, the scene of so much strife. He would be gone a long while this time, for he meant to extend his own frontiers. After revisiting the Galatian churches, he would turn north, and journeying westward in these northern regions, at length press far out into Asia. As he made his way through the Syrian gates—he was to travel by land this time—he was thinking of the farewell of friends in Antioch; but by the time he had put the Cilician gates behind him and found himself again in Lycaonia, he was laying plans. Of course there was the old stab of pain for Barnabas; one did not forget, and every step now held memories. . . . Yet was Paul's heart high with adventure. Was he not about to take his Christ into Asia?

Philippi would stand to Paul for a symbol, a symbol of things of good report. Here first in Philip's city of gold mines he would preach his Christ on European soil; here he would found his best-loved church, alone of them all never to fail him; here, too, Paul, whose tragic eyes ever saw man's flesh encompassed not by ministering angels, but bound fast in

chains by principalities and powers, his spirit writhing in the grip of the fell Prince of the Air—here in Philippi he was to know his nearest approach to happiness. And here in the city of the great conqueror's father, he was to dream his own supremest dreams of conquest. Philippi captured, he would push on through other Macedonian cities, and so into Achaia.

Athens! Corinth! Into the very temples of their false gods; within the very shadows of their groves, he would carry his Christos; into the schools of their shallow Sophists, too. And when the Greece he loved for her mind and her body, and despised for that mind's and that body's decay, should have died unto the flesh in Christ and risen again with him unto spirit; even with Greece conquered, he would not yet have finished—there would still be Rome!

A sense of all this filled Paul's mind as his mule jogged along the Egnatian Way, first up the summit above Neapolis, where he and his companions had left the ship, then down again into Philippi. Timothy, Luke, and Silas rode at his side.

One small house of prayer—and that outside the gates—supplied the needs of the Jewish people. For the Jews, banished by Claudius from Rome, were not encouraged in the colonies. And to this little praying-place on the river bank, following the train of worshippers, came Paul and his companions. Women, chiefly, this mere handful who heard Paul's first message, and among them was one set off from the rest by a certain noble grace of mind that well matched the grave beauty of her person. She was of middle years; heavy braids of hair, coiled about a splendid head, framed face and shadowed eyes. Paul noticed her at once; here, he felt, was one who truly worshipped God. By the present kindling of her grave eyes, he saw that she was deeply moved, and he felt no surprise when, after he ceased speaking, she came to say simply that she was ready to receive his Christ. From the group of women whose admiring glances testified to her wealth and superior station, he learned that she was the far-famed seller of purples, Lydia.

He heard how she had left her native Thyatira to come to Philippi to inherit a business in dyes, which in her hands had grown to vast proportions. So successful was she, her dye-vats were one of the city's sights, and her reputation for probity such that traders of every nation were proud to deal with the famous woman merchant. Yet for all her wealth and activities, she was reputed lonely; she had lost her husband, and though her house teemed with dependents, she was childless, and though all knew her courtesy and many her generosity, few had seen her smile. Such the woman who, a short time after the arrival of the four travellers, threw open her rich house and even begged that they make free use of her purse. At first Paul hesitated. "Come into my house and stay with me as long as you will," urged Lydia. And then, misreading Paul's silence, she bit her lip. "That is," she added, "if you judge me worthy of such service to the Lord." It was only then that Paul consented.

Lydia! If Philippi was a symbol of what was happiest in Paul's life, so was Lydia Philippi's symbol. . . . "Whatsoever things are true . . . whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely" . . . long years after, he sent them his loving message. To his life's end he would think of the two in the same breath. They would mean home; now his parents were gone, his sister of the Pharisee party and living in Jerusalem, with Tarsus a thing of the past, he had no other. Philippi and Lydia would mean rest when one was too weary for further journey, and of all security the deepest, they would mean unwavering trust.

And well it was for the new-born church that Lydia believed. What a stir in Philippi when it was learned that Macedonia's foremost merchant had been baptized! Others followed her example, both Jews and Gentiles; yet as always, success brought trouble in its wake. Already there were those plotting against the apostles, but it was not until Paul one day drove an evil spirit out of a slave-girl on whose soothsaying powers her masters had been living, that these same masters dragged himself and Silas before the

magistrates. Scenting trouble, a great throng gathered; and the magistrates, with slight inquiry into the cause of all the clamour, commanded their lictors to strip the offenders and lay on with rods. When the apostles had been severely beaten, they were turned over to the gaoler with orders for special guarding.

The same night Paul and Silas found themselves in separate pens, their feet tight in the stocks, and above and around them the inky blackness of Philippi's citadel-dungeon. Foul breathing and hoarse murmurs all about told of other prisoners. Pain wracked their limbs, and beneath their blood-stained tunics they could feel the welts left by the lictors' rods, swelling, festering. But Paul smiled, for off there in the darkness, from time to time, he could hear Silas singing, and from the sudden quiet all about, Paul knew the astonished prisoners listened too.

Midnight had gone, when on a sudden a tremor ran through the prison. Came a creaking and groaning of the iron walls. The vast building rattled like parchment; it seemed to totter on the brink of an abyss. Paul, pinioned there in the blackness, knew the very earth was gaping. . . . Soon it would swallow them up. So death, then, that had pursued him in so many forms, had come at last to claim him. Well, he was not frightened, disappointed rather; there was still so much to do. Rome . . . Spain . . . he would like to have finished the race. . . . And he yearned to touch Silas, Silas who had stopped singing.

Another terrific report. Clang of iron falling on iron; and instantly thereafter a gust of clean air into the foulness. The prison gates! . . . Paul knew the prison gates had fallen in! It was even as in Silas' song . . . "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are escaped."

Voices now . . . giant flickering shadows . . . men running down the passage-way, torches in their hands; and after, panting in his night-clothes, the gaoler. The prison gates ajar and the pens fallen apart, these the distracted man took in. But he did not see the herded prisoners whom Paul,

taking command, urged to quiet. And thinking himself ruined before his superiors, the poor wretch was about to run upon his sword to end his life, when Paul pointed out the captives.

Before dawn the two magistrates sent their sergeants to the prison with command to the gaoler for the apostles' secret release. But Paul, incensed over the whole affair, would not let the magistrates off so easily. Haughtily he sent the sergeants back to fetch their masters. "Think you," he lashed the trembling officers arrived on the spot, "that I will permit you who openly caused two uncondemned men—and Roman citizens at that—to be beaten and clapped into gaol, now in secret to set us free? No!" for he was thinking now of the effect on the little church. "You shall make public apology! Or"—as they seemed to hesitate—"would you prefer I take this up with Rome?" At the stinging threat, they crumpled. Post-haste Paul and Silas were freed. And after a brief recovery in Lydia's house, the two set off for Thessalonica. Luke and Timothy, Paul left behind to build up the fellowship in Philippi.

But persecution was Paul's life. Only three weeks of preaching in Thessalonica, and the chief Jews stirred up the rabble. On they came, the whole cursing mob of them, to the house of Jason, Paul's host. And here, with clenched fists, they demanded the preachers, shouting out that these had turned the world upside down. Not until Jason had furnished bonds to keep the peace could the authorities quiet them. In Berea, too, trouble-makers set upon Paul. Silas, with Timothy, who had followed now from Philippi, would stay on here; but Paul's new friends, fearing fresh plots, conducted him secretly into Greece.

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And Athens laughed . . . that rising laughter of Athens . . . Paul never forgot it. More cutting, this Athenian mockery, than any synagogue whip or lictor's rod; crueller for the man that was Paul than ever stone on naked flesh. And carefully he had prepared his message for Athens. All

the way down from Berea he told himself that to his own people he would talk in his usual fashion, but for these Athenians there must be a different approach. They should see in him not an unlettered wanderer, but a man of their own culture. Their own poets, Menander and Homer, he would quote. Paul knew his Greek was not polished, but he also knew it was clear, forceful; at once the Athenians would recognize him as one acquainted with all their schools of thought. He would not begin with upbraiding, though their practices were indeed evil, but would discuss in the manner of their great philosophers, use their own dialectic. Matter in common there was between himself and the Stoics; Epicureans too he must meet; already he had heard how these last flitted about Athens, always craving the newest thing. Paul smiled. Well, would not he himself be a novelty?

And they invited him to speak. With seeming courtesy the Areopagites inquired what new philosophy brought the stranger to their city. Standing on Mars' Hill ready to begin, Paul's sombre eyes swept the Acropolis; there they stood about him, all the houses of all their gods, resentful Hera, swift Hermes for whom the Lystrians once took himself, sun-bright Apollo; but most of all Athene's dwelling drew him, Athene, sprung from Zeus' own forehead, Athene, mother to all these before him—Athenians. . . . Could he make them know, artificers of statues, worshippers of houses, his God who dwelt in a temple not made with hands? Courage! Paul flung up his head.

"Men of Athens," he began, "but a few days I have been in your city; yet well I know that in all things you are religious. Many gods you have," he gestured where the temples gleamed; "yet you still seek one who shall be greater than all. But this God—you do not even know his name." He paused. Not a face in all that assemblage gave up its secret save one; later he learned that it was Dionysius the Areopagite. Paul cleared his throat; he must break through this seal of silence. "As I was coming hither to this place, I passed an altar, and asking what god they worshipped,

silently they pointed out the inscription, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.' " A long moment he held silence, and then: "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." . . .

But Athens laughed. She had smiled before, and yawned and shifted; but at his mention of the risen Christ, her laughter rose, tinkling and shrill. . . . And the people down below, catching the merriment of the wise men on Mars' Hill, laughed too, rocked with laughter, like to split their sides.

In Ephesus, in the house he shared with Acquila and Priscilla, that laughter at last died down in Paul's ears. For Corinth lay between, Corinth where Gallio, Achaia's governor, acquitted him of the Jews' charge of interfering with emperor-worship, Corinth where he had left a great church in a beautiful shameless city. And after Corinth there was the hurried voyage to Caesarea, whence, with the purpose of arranging about the fund his new churches were collecting for the poor Christians of the mother city, he had gone up to Jerusalem and briefly saluted the brethren. Then came his return through Antioch and the Galatian cities, and now again this life of his in Ephesus.

Dear to him they had become, rugged Acquila the tent-maker, and kind, fearless Priscilla, ready both to lay down their lives for his sake. "Where you are, Paul, there is our home," said the old sail-maker, preparing to follow Paul from Corinth. So husband and wife settled in Ephesus, and when Paul returned from the Syrian journey, the sail-loft was there waiting for him.

Poor now he was; not a vestige of the fortune the Tarsan merchant had sheared off the backs of all those thousands of Cilician sheep remained to his son; all had gone in the work. Paul's helpers were many now; besides, he gave much to the poor, and there were the young, struggling churches. But poverty held no terrors for the hands that had not forgotten the old craft of his boyhood. Paul liked making

things; he liked to draw the needle back and forth through the resisting cloth. The tents he and Acquila made for the trade brought back desert pictures. But it was the sails he liked best, for they made him think of ships. The needle would fall from his hand and the heavy cloth slide from his knee, but it was not of little craft he was dreaming, it was of far-plying ships. To Alexandria for corn some would be going, and some to Spain, and some to Rome. But some day that to Rome would sail for Christ. . . .

There seemed nothing to fight these days. So content he was, here in Ephesus, Paul thought he must be growing old. True, he had been turned out of the synagogue when he had preached there but three months; but he was used to that. Always he was willing to do for his own, but he was the apostle to the Gentiles now; and abundantly God had blessed him. Let Athens laugh an she would; Christ lived wherever Greek was spoken. . . . And here he was building an Asian church, too; just as he had told Luke and Timothy and Silas so long ago. Silas! It hurt to give Silas up, when the quiet, faithful fellow went back to aid the work at Jerusalem. Luke was still in Philippi, happy in that happiest of all the churches. And Timothy, dear lad—to Paul he would always be a lad—was long since his "beloved son." No child of his flesh could be nearer. All the new friends, too, here in Ephesus—Andronicus, Junius, Herodion and Mary, and the households of Aristobulus and Narcissus.

For two years now he had been teaching in the school lent him by Tyrannus, the generous Sophist. Paul mused; here in Ephesus, five hundred years before, Heracleitus had taught too, taught eternal change, everlasting flux. And now Paul taught Christ, changeless, eternal, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. . . .

He was thankful for this time of quiet, but was not off his guard. God, he knew, was but letting him gather strength for some new task. Like a runner he was, poised for flight; eyes fixed on the One who set the race, he awaited the signal. From Corinth that signal came. Messengers from Chloe, a prominent woman convert, told of serious trouble. Factions

had grown up within the church; there was, they said, the matter of Apollos . . . Paul knew of Apollos.

Eloquently Apollos, the Alexandrian Jew and former disciple of John, was now preaching Christ in Corinth. Chloe's friends hated to tell Paul, but there were Corinthians who cared more now for Apollos' leadership than his own. They themselves were loyal to Paul. And here was another matter. There was moral laxness in the church. As Paul knew, all the filth of the East seeped into Corinth. There was even a man prominent in their Christian group living shamefully with his own father's wife, and none thought to rebuke him. They said they were sore beset; would not Paul himself come to them?

But Paul said he was needed in Ephesus. Besides, there was a wiser way to combat this twofold trouble. Thank God, he could write letters, and he would. Timothy himself should take an epistle to these Corinthians. . . . But when Timothy was gone, others came, telling of a contentious spirit among the brethren. Instead of talking out their difficulties like friends, they took them into the law courts. Disorderly they were, too, even to drunkenness at the Lord's Supper. Worst of all, said the second messengers, some now disputed the resurrection of the body.

As he listened, Paul's lips tightened, and beneath the fierce anger there was pain. The Corinthian church was his own foundation; proud he was when he planted it in this city where Rome towered in the midst of the wit and the charm that was Greece. But strong and beautiful for the games, Corinth held back; for she was also of the East, and lust bound her limbs. Paul would attack not Apollos, but the party spirit that forgot the Christ. So he wrote: "For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not all carnal? Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed? . . . I planted and Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

About fornication he was stern. Not this the "liberty" he had toiled his life away to give them! Evil practices they must stamp out, and that "wicked person" put from their

midst. He wrote about the things that touched men and women—faithfulness, continency. He wished all in the church might be as himself, unmarried; so might the Lord be served with undivided mind. But he confessed singleness like his own was not commanded of God. He begged each to do nothing that might offend a brother, not even were it so small a thing as the eating of meat offered to idols, lest the liberty of the strong become a stumbling-block to the weak. And he wrote of the proper behaviour of women at home and in public places. But most of all he wrote on the resurrection of the Christian who died in Christ.

"But some man will say," Paul wrote, "how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. . . . All flesh is not the same flesh. . . . There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. . . . Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." . . .

Nothing to fight in Ephesus! So busied was he with all this trouble in Corinth, he had no ear for the mutterings at his elbow. But if Paul was unmindful of the glowering silversmiths, the silversmiths were all too mindful of Paul. For months now these craftsmen of Ephesus, whose cunning

wrought out of copper and bronze and silver and gold and precious stones the thousands and thousands of little images of Diana, had been raging. Diana's shrine—lay your hand on that and Ephesus quivered. "Temple sweepers"—mean as was the name, it was their choice, these Ephesians who honoured themselves in serving their goddess. And every Ephesian and every visitor must have his own tiny image, alike in the smallest point to her who dwelt apart behind the veil of her carven glory, so secret and holy, only priestesses might behold her—catching between her two feet the honey-bee—the squat little black woman with the many breasts. Or so it ever had been till this new preacher came. So, because of Paul and his companions, was Diana despised and her magnificence destroyed, whom Asia and the whole world worshipped. And the little images grew rusty in the shops, and the silversmiths clenched their fists at the man who was taking bread from their mouths.

It was the Macedonians, Gaius and Aristarchus, whom the enraged craftsmen, led on by Demetrius, their best artificer, seized one day and rushed toward the amphitheatre. When word came to Paul, elsewhere in the city, he started hotfoot after them. This was the season of the fights . . . one knew that dull roar . . . But as his terrified disciples struggled to hold him back, came a message from the authorities that the Macedonians had been got away from the mob; but Paul himself, they said, must on no account adventure that day into the theatre. The people were mad. Later they learned how Alexander, himself of the coppersmiths, had stood up to denounce Paul; but the minute the crowd saw that he too was a Jew, they howled him down. Then began that uproar that drowned every sound in Ephesus save one—prolonged, horrible, full of thirst . . . the lions. . . . A fanatic priest started the cry, and the silversmiths, trade in mind, spread it among the people.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" shouted the first man. And "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" shouted his neighbour. And then they all cried it together, thousands and

thousands of throats. Sometimes it struck on Paul's ears as foolish, silly. But there were times, so much sullen rage was in it, he could scarce tell which was which, shouting people or beasts in the amphitheatre. So Paul fought that day with wild beasts in Ephesus. And suddenly he knew he had been hearing something else in that savage cry—wild beasts and something besides—the snarling of old, cruel men back in Jerusalem.

Always he had known he should go back to Jerusalem, not as before, on hurried missions to the apostles, but to face the priests, to face the old men, to look deep into the hawklike eyes hidden within the bonnets. But first he would revisit Achaia and pass through Macedonia, then he would go up to Jerusalem. "And after I have been there," he told himself, "I must also see Rome." He could not know in what sense his wish would be fulfilled.

So when the uproar in Ephesus had died down, Paul embraced his many disciples and took ship for Cenchrae. In Corinth he remained several months and had the joy of seeing a recovered church. His letters were on every tongue. Paul was touched; he hoped he had made himself plain, but he had never dreamed of devotion like this to mere parchments. But the day he met the children tumbling helter-skelter out of school, shouting out his own words as they ran, his eyes smarted with unwonted tears. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," they lisped, "and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal!"

Sopater of Berea, and Aristarchus and Secundus of Thessalonica, and Gaius of Derbe, and the Asians, Tychicus and Trophimus, and Timothy—quite a little company in all—wanted to go with Paul into Asia. So they went forward to await him at Troas. But Paul himself must go to Philippi. "I thank my God on every remembrance of you," he said to Lydia at parting. He thanked her for her goodness to Luke, said he would come again, and smiled. But Lydia's

eyes were shadowed as she breathed: "No, Paul, this is farewell." And Paul bowed his head.

In Troas, Paul's friends were so many, long after midnight they kept him talking. He had meant to say good-bye to his people in Ephesus, but the time was growing short, for he meant to make Jerusalem by Pentecost; so he had the elders of the church come out to meet him in Miletus. . . . "And now behold I go bound in spirit to Jerusalem," Paul told them, "not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city that bonds and afflictions abide me." And the Ephesians, Aristobulus, Junius, and all the rest, and most of all, old Acquila from the sail-loft that would be lonely now, wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words that he spoke, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him to the ship.

At Tyre it was the same; the brethren begged him not to go up to Jerusalem. And Philip the evangelist, in whose house he stopped at Caesarea, told him that everywhere there were Zealots. And last, shaggier and wilder even than when he foretold the famine, old Agabus unfastened Paul's girdle and bound it about his own hands and feet, in picture of how the Jews at Jerusalem would soon bind Paul's self and deliver him over to Roman judgment. "What mean ye to weep and break my heart?" cried Paul. He was ready not only to be bound, but to die as well, if need be, but he could not endure these prayers, these warnings, this sorrow. But at least it told him, had he any doubts, of what lay ahead. Already he was beginning to see himself as he should be, a few days hence, standing before Jerusalem's Council. He smiled; Saul the Sanhedrinist before the Sanhedrin. . . . At the thought he tried to throw back his shoulders, but it was painful these days, so bent, so old, these shoulders. But his nostrils quivered; like a warhorse he scented battle. The Sanhedrin of Jesus, the Sanhedrin of Stephen, he was thinking; and now his, Paul's. . . . Yes, Paul, too, should have his Sanhedrin. . . .

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No sun. No stars . . . Water . . . for days now, nothing but hateful water. One moment a mountain would tower over their heads, high and white as Hermon. The next, horrified eyes would be staring into a yawning green cavern. And the wind—like all the demons in all the world let loose, that wind. A madman cracking his whip, the storm drove the vessel.

Lashed to a spar, Paul watched the storm. He had known how this would be. Back in Sidon, when they sailed, he had warned Julius that they were setting out too late in the year for a safe passage to Italy. But the centurion only said he must get his prisoners to Rome. Paul had told the ship's master, too; from Cyprus on, he pointed out, the winds had been contrary. Never would he get his cargo to Alexandria—all that Cilician wool and Syrian oil and wine—and sternly he bade him think of the lives in his charge. But the curt Egyptian asked what a landsman should be knowing about the sea and said that one did not advise with a prisoner.

But soon he knew Paul was right, and tried to put into port, and winter in Phenice. But just off Crete, the Euroclydon set in, most tempestuous of winds, most feared of mariners. In its teeth the ship could not bear up; they simply had to let her drive. Off the island of Claudia, they nearly lost the life-boat, and had much ado to keep clear of quicksands. And the very next day, such a furious tempest arose, the master commanded to lighten the ship. Bag after bag of wheat Paul's own hands hurled over the side. But again they put out to open sea.

That was days ago. And now the storm had again doubled, tripled. All on board believed they should be lost. Even Paul wondered, but only briefly; for a voice, clear as any human's, spoke now in his ear: "Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Caesar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sailed with thee." Paul told it to the seamen, and they said it was his courage that kept the ship afloat. Fourteen days the horror lasted, and then of a sudden a sailor cried "Land!" It was midnight, but he could tell by the look of the sea. Land! They hardly breathed a word as

trembling hands took the soundings . . . "Twenty fathoms." And now, "Fifteen." . . . But fearing rocks if they landed by night, they cast anchor and wished for the day. And a second time Paul's foresight went ahead of the captain's. Shipmen were lowering the boat, and he knew that under cover of casting anchors from the foreships, they were preparing to scuttle away from the vessel. Unless the sailors abode in the ship, all would be lost. So he told the centurion, who hastily bade his soldiers cut the ropes and set the boat adrift. And again it was Paul who bade all on board to eat meat. For days they had been fasting, and he knew they needed their courage.

At dawn they made out a strip of beach—Malta—and taking up the anchors and loosing the rudder-bands, they hoisted the mainsail to the wind and tried to put in to shore. But so high was the sea running, the ship ran aground and was split in two. Nothing for it now but to leap overboard. The soldiers clamoured to kill the prisoners, but Julius kept them back, for he had grown fond of Paul. So he commanded all—sailors, soldiers, and prisoners—to swim as best they could, and every man cast himself into the sea. Some swimming, some on boards, some clinging to bits of the ship, they struggled in the deep; and as Paul foretold, every soul on that ship came safe at last to land.

Rome . . . Paul was in Rome . . . "a prisoner of the Lord." "An ambassador in bonds" he called himself, and the men and women of the Roman church, in love for his courage, came out to meet him on the Appian Way. As far as the Three Taverns they came. A long time they had expected him, for once, back in Corinth, he had sent them a letter. They had wanted him to come, but, dear God, not like this, in chains! But they could see that even so, Paul was glad. "For the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain," he said.

"Ad Caesarem appello!"—"to Caesar I appeal!" Paul had cried to Porcius Festus, Syria's governor, back there in

Caesarea when Felix' successor asked if he would consent to go up again to Jerusalem to be judged a second time of the Jews. But Paul said no, he would not go to Jerusalem; he would stand at Caesar's judgment seat, where he ought to stand who was innocent of any wrong to the Jews.

Nor were they harsh at first, these Romans who guarded him. Julius the centurion gripped his hand when he turned him over with the other prisoners to the captain of the guard. Julius would come to see Paul afterward; he had saved his life, and he was a man, that Paul, if he was a Christian! And the captain of the guard, too, was considerate; he allowed the prisoner to live in a hired house of his own, where he could have Luke with him, and where any one who chose might visit him. The Philippians sent a purse; though imprisoned, their beloved friend should lack nothing they could give. And Paul took the purse simply, gratefully; but only from Philippi would he have taken it.

Yes, he had much freedom here in Rome, though always there were the soldiers. Night and day they guarded him. Every watch a different man, yet always the same soldier face. Under these eyes he must eat, sleep, write his letters, even pray. Well, smiled Paul, many a Christian there would be in the Roman army! Many a Christian throughout Rome, too, for the brethren were constantly bringing newcomers to that strange hired house. Out of sewers and slums they came, and out of the palace too.

A long time Paul was patient; but, oh, these endless law's delays! There had been a first trial which had seemed to go his way. Yet they had not freed him, and now he was weary, weary. More than three years now, and still no decision, neither guilty, nor yet not guilty. So from the first it had all dragged out, beginning with the day in Jerusalem when Claudius Lysias had rescued him first from the Sanhedrin Jews, and after from the forty Zealots, mad for Paul's blood with the thirst of their blood-oath strong upon them . . . then Felix, Syria's governor, and the two years in Caesarea, long as two lives to Paul.

"I am innocent, most noble Felix!" he had cried, and

likely enough the Roman believed him. But knowing how many Paul's friends were throughout the Empire, he had played with the thought of a ransom, and as none came, had left him in bonds. Festus succeeded, a better man than Felix, but vexed when Paul insisted on this appeal to Rome. And just before Paul was taken from Caesarea, came the visit to Festus from Herod Agrippa, who wished to see the famous prisoner.

Lolling on their couches, the Idumaean princes stared at Paul—Agrippa, so drained and weak he would father no more Herods, and his sister queen, Berenice, sister to harlot Poppaea, and worse herself than any harlot. . . . Yet even to these, glad of any pulpit, and perhaps most of all to Roman Festus, Paul brought his resurrection. . . . But Festus tapped his forehead: "Paul, thou art beside thyself," he said; "much learning hath made thee mad!" And Jewish Agrippa, nudging his smiling sister, simpered out as he toyed with her Egyptian fan: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

And now the end was near. Tomorrow all would be finished. When this dim light from the waning moon that slid softly in between these bars of his should have burnt out, they would come for him. Men would come, bringing a paper; it would have a great gold seal—Nero's. There would be a sword, for they told him he should die like a Roman. Words of his own, phrases of long ago, passed through his mind . . . glory . . . "one glory of the moon . . . another glory of the sun." . . . With the glory of the sun, the men with the sword would come. But what of that, when death had no more dominion?

He thought of Timothy. When he sent that last letter he believed Timothy might come in time. Smiling a little grimly, he thought of the old cloak he had asked him to fetch from Troas; Timothy would not smile when he heard. Paul was glad the lad would have that worn-out cloak, and his books and the parchments; not that Timothy would need them to

remember. . . . He thought of Onesiphorus. Oft he had refreshed him here in prison, not ashamed of his chain . . . of Luke, faithful to the end, when not a few had fallen away—Demas and others who had loved this present world. Somewhere out there in the Roman night, unable to come to him, Luke would be pacing the streets, clenching and unclenching his long doctor's fingers . . . Philemon; had Philemon freed that slave of his, good Onesimus, about whom Paul wrote? He must write again. Then he remembered; he who had despatched so many would send no more epistles. . . . Priscilla, dead now—how would it go with Acquila alone in the sail-loft in Ephesus? Titus; he hoped Titus would get to Dalmatia. . . . And Crescens; how would the Galatians receive Crescens? . . . Iconium; there was a Greek girl there, long ago, lovely of face—Thecla; they said she had died for the Christ he brought her. . . . And Lydia; some used to hint that Lydia loved him; long ago he would not have it so; it was his Christ she loved . . . But now, so near the end, the thing seemed possible. How if he had let himself be as other men? For a brief moment his mind rested in the home he might have had in Philippi . . . "whatsoever things are lovely" . . . then he pulled himself sharply away. No, no, that was not for him; God had laid a work upon him. . . .

God's work—how had he done it? It seemed to him there, looking out from his cell into the dying moonlight that he had run not as one who runs uncertainly, that he had fought not as one beating the air. Rather, he had fought a good fight. . . .

His life . . . a fight . . . things came back, scenes, experiences, words from letters he had written. . . . In the soft darkness his lips began to move. . . . "In labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. . . ." His eyes gloomed sombre in the dusk; his lips tightened. "Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a day and a night I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in

perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness. . . ." Faintly now he smiled; he knew he was glorying in the things that concerned his infirmities. "In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." . . . He was still. Then suddenly, his voice swelling to a loud, triumphant shout: "I have finished my course!" he cried. "I have kept the faith!"

Tomorrow . . . these Romans who held the world with their glittering spears . . . tomorrow . . . well, he too had known how to go into battle. The whole armour of God he had put on; he had girt his loins with truth, and fastened on the breastplate of righteousness; the shield of faith had been his, the helmet of salvation; and for sword he had carried in his hand the sword of the spirit which is the word of God.

The word of God . . . for an instant his mind groped . . . the Law and the Prophets . . . would men have nothing more? But there should be more. Oh, if only he himself had written something! Just those hurried letters to his churches . . . yet in them he had spoken his mind and heart . . . Only that shining vision—how could he, a man, tell men the Christ he had seen on the road to Damascus . . . the Christ . . . light . . . light . . .

Sounds now from the corridor. Down there the Roman guards were stretching, yawning. He was not afraid, but that was not enough; there must be forgiveness. Except for these Roman soldiers he could be starting for Spain tomorrow; except for these he would be starting; he had only begun his voyages. . . . And yet he must forgive them . . . Charity, greatest of these, charity that meant forgiveness. . . . Paul threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for charity. . . .

Dawn, a streak of clean daylight. Paul listened; no mistaking now the grating of the doors, keys turning in locks. The prison was astir, and now there were feet coming

toward his cell, heavy, clanking soldier's feet. . . . Death, then, walking in that Roman soldier's feet. Ready, Paul rose from his knees, and as he rose, the feet in the corridor paused outside his door. A fumbling sound the soldier made as he put his ear to the lock. A game one, this prisoner! He wanted to hear what he would be saying.

And presently words came; like the paean of a conquering host they came. . . . "Death is swallowed up in victory!"

The Roman soldier scratched his head. Well, it was just as he thought—the Christian was game to the end. . . . And now, more exultant than before, as if indeed he were destroying his last enemy:

"Oh, death, where is thy sting?" cried out the good soldier of Jesus Christ. "Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" . . .

LOST ROAD

St. Simon Zelotes

LOST ROAD

St. Simon Zelotes

THEY told him he was ahead of his times. That was because he said war was wrong. And he really meant it; that was the astonishing thing. Most people said murder was wrong, and theft, and adultery—meaning that people should not commit these sins. And precisely in the same way, Simon felt that war also was wrong, and that Christians should not fight. That was why they told him he was ahead of his times.

But passionately, to the mild reproaches of his people, he would shake his head. Simon was getting old, but the fire that had burned when he was young flared still, higher than ever. He had been with the Master, and he knew these people were mistaken. He was not ahead of his times, or if he was, what more honourable place for a Christian than at the outpost, on the far frontier of thought and effort, always pushing, compelling, forcing on the conscience of men? War was wrong. Let Christians fling down their arms! Be the Empire never so mighty, she had no right to conscript a Christian. And if she persisted, let him choose death! For love was the way—not force. Jesus' every act had said this. He had said it, plainest of all, when he hung on Calvary. "Follow me!" he had cried, who was himself the way. So if men would have it that Simon was ahead of his times, he had but one answer—Let the times catch up with Jesus!

They tried to trip him in his words. Sometimes they succeeded. Deep in every honest fibre of his heart he knew he was right, but it was hard to argue with these men who were so clever in making truth come out the most comfortable way for themselves. There were moments, in his sudden storms of bitterness, when Simon would wish they did not want to be Christians at all. Why could they not

stay heathen? he wondered. As heathen they were better than their fellows, but as Christians, he thought ruefully, they were not half good enough. Yet they seemed so drawn to the new life. And the other apostles welcomed them so joyfully; were they not eager to be baptized? Did they not believe? Of course, said Peter and John, Jesus' followers would suffer martyrdom, if need be; they would not resist evil. But this about war—why, the Jews were not expected to serve the Eagles. They would look at him out of honest, puzzled eyes. It was as if he spoke a different language from their own burred Galilean. Who was he to keep any one out?

Often he himself wondered. After all, he was only Simon, the eleventh chosen of the apostles, chosen to the surprise of no one more than of himself. And not one single thing had he ever said or done that Matthew or any of the rest seemed to think worth recording. The others could barely remember where he came from, whether out of Cana as Matthew said, or elsewhere in Galilee. The thing that stood out to Luke, to whom he talked of all this long after, was that he had been a Zealot.

Into the patriot cause he had flung all the fire of his young manhood. He had no money, but he brought them himself, eager heart and soul, honest mind and strong young body. He hated Rome, hated her wealth and her arrogance over her wealth, her heathen ways, and the iron heel that ground the Pax Romana deep into all the world. Even in those days he felt this was no peace worth having. He longed to see Rome broken. His night visions were of Rome overthrown, Rome biting the dust she forced upon her vanquished foes from Euphrates to Gaul. Most of all, he dreamed of Rome driven from the holy city; Rome's golden Eagles fleeing before the silver trumpets of the Lord.

But in all this he was pure. He did not desire her wealth and power for himself, but only that, with Rome destroyed, his labouring country might arise, once more proud and glorious, offering Israel's tribute to Jehovah, God of hosts. Ready at all times to wield torch and dagger on Zion's behalf, himself Simon blazed, a living torch—his scathing

tongue, tipped in prophetic fire, a dagger of wrath against Rome.

Then into his passionate inner life, uprooting everything except the passion that was the man himself, came Jesus. And Simon who had plotted with the fiercest, Simon who had risked his life again and again that men might be saved by force, now opened wide his tempestuous heart to love. Always it was flood-tide with Simon. He was no lukewarm disciple. And when love came, mastering, overwhelming, all but shattering him under the impact of its wings, Simon who most of all the Twelve had measured Force, now tried to measure Love . . . and measuring, found Love boundless. . . .

The sense of it all came in a flash. It was not so much words that brought Simon to Jesus as the Master's self. Nothing so cheap and mean as daggers could live long in the light of those pure eyes, for they pierced deeper than any steel, even of Damascus; and the heart that felt their searching tenderness could never, it seemed to Simon, do despite to its enemies. "Love your enemies!" Jesus had cried on the Mountain. "Resist not evil!" And to Simon, once he accepted Christ, the new doctrine was clear as Christ himself. Many of the rest, he knew, stumbled over those words, claiming they did not know just exactly what they meant. But to Simon they were the clear new writing on the new wall. . . .

It was not that immediately he ceased to hate Rome, but with Jesus day by day of those three holy years, his hate changed to pity. He began to see his country's foe as a million of misguided human souls, the hated legionary himself a brother to be conquered by that dagger more piercing than any Zealot's, the dagger of love.

What the other disciples thought of him he did not care. Not that he scorned any, but after the early storms he was now so deeply feeling the personality of Jesus that he seemed to have no eyes for these other men about him. And he

sensed humbly, and a little sadly, that to them he was all but a shadow.

Judas was the one exception. Against Judas he reacted strongly. For Judas, who had been a Zealot and who believed in force, brought back to him his own past. But it was past, he defended himself, past and not present and even future, as with Judas; and never did he feel this more strongly than in the weeks they were out together, planting the Kingdom.

That purse Judas brought with him when they were commanded to go without—to Simon that little bag filled the whole world with its sinister bulk, for to Simon, as to the Master at that time, money seemed the carnal weapon, money which was to have no place in this first holy planting. Hotly for a moment, then, the two disputed, Judas insisting he had brought the bag only for emergencies, for necessary food and drink, were food and drink refused. After all, they were men, and they must keep themselves fit to build the Kingdom. Simon bit his lip. Granting they must eat, were there not dates? And as to drink, what of the wild asses they had seen a slight way back? Was not their milk good enough? And as for bed of which Judas spoke, he did not in the least mind sleeping under a palm tree. It would not be the first time! Angrily Judas retorted, neither did he mind dates or asses or palm trees! But it was silly not to take along money. It was the principle of the thing. But somehow Simon refused to learn his principles from Judas.

Repeatedly, as the swift months passed, Judas tried to make him yield, to suborn him to his own determination to take the Kingdom by force. It was the only way, he pleaded. Did they not both know men well enough to know that? Jesus was helpless, too good for this world; it was for men like Judas and Simon, practical men, to help him. These dreams were all very well, but common sense—ah, common sense was what the world needed! And they would use but a minimum of force, just enough to put Jesus squarely on the throne. Once there, how much wider his field would be, and

his appeal . . . no wandering Carpenter of Nazareth, but a King, for Rome herself to dread. Love . . . yes, of course, love was a good thing in its place; but one must not be sentimental. This winning of a Kingdom was a practical affair. The Jews would expect violence. When had there ever been any achievement without violence? Men would rally to its fierce call as to nothing else, and one must consider what men were—for assuredly one could not change human nature! Hotly then Simon burst out that Jesus could. It was for that he was come into the world. Angrily Judas spat on the ground. It was putting the cart before the horse, he scoffed; when had Love ever won a Kingdom?

Simon used sometimes to wonder whether he ought not to go to Jesus and tell him of Iscariot; but as often as he tried, he would stop, for it seemed to him the Master already knew. . . . "Betrayer" they all called Judas after that kiss in the dark Garden. And long years later, Simon, who knew Judas had not meant to "betray" but only to force Jesus to take the Kingdom by storm, pondered why other men, too, for all their devotion, were not also "betrayers" who still condoned force in the planting of Love.

Why, then, had Jesus not said it plainly? Thus Peter, James, and John, absorbed in other questions; and presently Paul himself, Paul, for whose white-hot power Simon longed more than for any gifts of the others. Oh, if Paul believed, if Paul decreed to root war and the clang of steel out of the world, then indeed would men be quit of the curse! But scarcely Paul saw what the other was driving at —Paul, absorbed in passionate vision of a world conquered for Christ. And he believed that Rome must go on. "The powers that be," he had cried, "are ordained of God!" And half abashed—for Peter at his left was confronting him with the tribute money—Simon had no pat answer.

Yet he felt so sure. Caesar's penny . . . how many times, into the most passionate of his appeals to them, had men not flung Caesar's penny? . . . "Render to Caesar" . . .

yes, but was this war-service only Caesar's penny? Always, always, Simon denied it. For Simon, on his solitary road, knew that this war game was no paltry penny tribute, but life, and that life belonged, to give or to take, only to God . . . "Render to God the things that are God's."

Oh, not of God, these powers of Caesar's, not of God, and not for the Christian to recognize, whatever the temporary advantage that might come from making truce with them! Let his disciples think of the future, Simon pleaded, of the children to come after—no one knew how long—with Rome's giant arm still outspread, Rome's glittering legions imposing the will of steel. Bewildered, they stared. Was he mad? Of what was he talking, then—this "future"? For soon Christ would return. True, they had thought it would be before this, but it could not now be long. He would return, and then what would anything matter save that the world should have been baptized in His name? Jew and Greek alike, circumcised and Gentile. . . . These were the mighty problems, how far into the liberty of Christ men might step without betraying Moses. Some held with Peter, some with Paul. Poor Simon, they said more kindly, simply did not understand. These two were working it out. Cornelius, himself a centurion in the Roman army, had helped in the solution. Now Peter himself was welcoming a Gentile world. Baptism—doctrine—here were the vital things, not peace and war; no problem here for a Christian, assuredly no problem here for a Christian church.

Suddenly they veered upon him suspiciously. Was it because of his old hate of Rome that he would now destroy Rome's armies? Was he then still at heart a Zealot? Tragic with his failure to make them understand, Simon shook his head.

Again and yet again in the years that followed he renewed the conflict, longing always for the mightier pens and voices of these brother apostles to proclaim this thing he saw. Always there was the same refusal. Sometimes the refusal was harsh, as with James; more often it was gentle. Andrew, for instance, he could see was vaguely sorry for him,

seeing him so troubled. And Thomas, beset all his early life with doubt, pitied any who grappled with a problem. But when Simon pointed out it was certainty rather than doubt that lay so heavy on heart and soul, Thomas shook his head. In a mild way he was interested; he was attracted by problems in the abstract and purely intellectual. But this thing of Simon's—ridding the world of war and the threat of war, and first and foremost convincing the new Christian that no man might follow the Prince of Peace with a sword in his hand—this thing had a concrete sound. Simon pleaded, urgent eyes on the tranquil eyes of Thomas; but Thomas also did not understand.

And when he went to Matthew it was the same. Even Matthew, on whose loving lips there always trembled that new law of the Mountain, even Matthew could not see why he worried. "Worried!" bitterly Simon thought; "agonized" would be a better word for what he endured. Surely there was much to be done, Matthew agreed, and smiled kindly. But make men Christian, truly Christian, there was the point; the rest would follow in due course. Once the Empire was truly Christian—the Empire which was the world—of themselves the armies would fade away in the perfected love of brother for brother. But why not then begin to tell them this now? At once? Today? The clenched hands pleaded Simon's desperate urgency. Why not begin today? Was it not more vital than these many things Paul taught? But Matthew did not see his way to taking issue with Paul.

Women! Would women possibly have something to say against war? Had Paul perhaps not spoken out his mind to some of them privately, even though it were not yet in any of his letters? Simon's eyes lighted. Surely to some woman convert Paul would have cried out against this muffled clang of weapons that held Rome's world in truce! Hurriedly he took ship and sailed for Macedonia. Surely at Philippi that grave tender woman, so wise in the business of two worlds, would give him heart of hope. . . .

But Lydia, when he stood in her beautiful quiet house,

Lydia also shook her head. Astounded she was, he could see, though too courteous to say so, that Simon had come to her, a woman. Yes, she helped where she could, she admitted gently, with the money she had from her dyes. And she thanked God for the beauty richer than her splendid purples she was able to give Paul's poor, the poor who found Christ. But this—this was something different; she, only a woman, could scarcely understand. Let Simon take it up with Paul. And when Simon, with a bitterness he could not all repress, answered he had indeed taken it up with Paul and found it fruitless, she smiled as if that quite closed the matter. He surely would not expect her to think differently from Paul on this? Did Simon not know Paul's letter to the people of Corinth in which he expressly said that the head of the woman is the man? It would be a shame for a woman to speak out, in Corinth or here at Philippi, or anywhere else! A shame for women to have a mind of their own! Surely Simon would not have schism in the church of God?

For an instant he stared incredulous. Always she had been so grave and wise; a woman who could merchandise her cloth like Lydia, guarding so carefully against the changes and chances in the world about her, how was it she could neglect to shield the children to come after as carefully as now she guarded her purple dyes? Before Paul there had been Christ, he reminded her. In the name of Christ let Lydia consider . . . this menaced world, these menaced children! . . . Gently then she rose. This of which Simon spoke was a matter of government. Government was not for women; they had their place within the four quiet walls. Paul had made this very plain, and if Christ himself had wished it otherwise, Paul would have known. . . . She was sorry Simon was perplexed and sad. She would be glad to have him stay and rest in her house. . . . But Simon was up and away.

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Was he wishing as he sailed to that far-flung island of the West that he had questioned the Master on that last

dark night? It might have come clear if he had, he thought in his despair. Others had questioned, Jude and Thomas; even Philip, usually so quiet; and Peter of course, Peter with whom thought and speech were one, blundering sometimes, but always in love. And Simon himself so silent . . . Oh, if he had asked him, that last night, as they ate that sacred bread and drank the wine that was his blood, would he not have said something to make his disciples see then and for all time that brothers must not fight? This curse that lay so black and heavy over all the world—he saw its lurking shadow in every proud trireme that sailed the seas, in every legionary that gave Rome his blood-oath—this curse of war—how could Christian men escape seeing it as curse? Blind, blind he felt them; and himself thrice blind that he had not somehow seen in time to beg Jesus himself to pity their blindness and give them sight!

For he never doubted that in this he saw the Master's will. Not only by the words on the Mountain, beautiful, inescapable as this lost road on which Simon's lonely feet were set, but even more by the tireless love that brought his body to be broken after three short years—oh, by all of this Jesus willed peace and love! A child could understand. . . . Could Jesus, who loathed hypocrisy, believe that men calling themselves his followers would ever be hypocrites enough to murder each other in war, at the command of Empire? Follow me! he had cried, and prayed forgiveness upon those who nailed him to his cross. . . .

So in those days when faith came high, Simon paid his penalty. It was in the western island whither he went with his unresisting love that they nailed him, as that Other had been nailed long since to a cross. Strange, how it had all come about, he mused between the spasms of black pain. . . . But that one lad . . . a tremulous smile hovered over the ashy lips . . . that boy, his in Christ Jesus, would give him strength to endure this torment. . . .

At first they had loved him, these grave Islanders. Compelled to give lip-service to Rome these last odd hundred years, they had no love of the Eagles. And when soon,

preaching the Christ he served, Simon told them of Rome's vast sin of force, the indictment of their enemy echoed pleasantly. Proud they were, these Britons; no subject people, they hailed Simon as a new, strong ally, even perhaps a leader. Old he was, of course, feeble in body; but there was fire in his eyes—they knew fire when they saw it—and fire in his heart; a useful old man, certainly, in the war they always plotted to break Rome's bitter yoke. So, bold resolute hands on the rude weapons scoffingly allowed them, they even bore with him while he spoke of love. For they thought he too hated Rome. But when he had showed them all his heart, and his mind that would never countenance force to end force, they turned sharply from him.

Off among their own tall trees they went, with weapons clanking, in among the trees sentinel over a faith more old than this new faith of love. And so among the Druid oaks, away from the steep cliffs where pounded always the tumultuous encroaching sea, they plotted Christian martyrdom.

Easily the Roman garrison let them have their will. This Jew who spoke of Christ and plainly meant sedition—let him die! Clear he was crack-brained, too, calling himself an apostle, insisting he was sent of God. Was not this lunacy of the first order? And to come among these wild men, speaking of love . . . ! Had he not guessed the secret, high-stacked weapons, at which they winked? If he had gone to Rome, now, that would have been a good joke! But to this wild island, drenched in mists, scorned by the very sun himself! . . . And suppose he had converted this little Briton to his silly little gospel of love, what would the difference be?

One soul Simon did convert. It was the night before the end. Desolate he was, though not for himself; that did not greatly matter; and his feet were weary of this road on which he walked alone, a lost road, it seemed, this road of Peace that should be the highway of the world. . . .

No, the cup he held to his lips was the agony of the world that should come after, a bitter cup to drink, there in the flickering dark; his own agony tomorrow would be but

slight to that. . . . It was not alone the physical pain he feared for men, the festering wounds, the living dead dragging themselves through an earth that had become a charnel-house; it was the hate. . . . A hymn of hate, it seemed to Simon, a vast hymn of hate that frightened, furious people everywhere would some day sing, and then sing again, over and over; first against Rome, then against other empires yet unborn . . . till the whole world reeled with that maniac chant . . . all because they trusted in force, brute force, which saved no man. He saw the pride and strength of manhood going into this. It would sap all other effort. Women would bear children to feed the armies, and the armies would rend and tear them. . . . Steel . . . endless steel. . . . Or if men in their defamed and cunning minds could think of something deadlier than steel, then this too would come, monstrous. Earth and water, and who knew but air itself, carrying one day the reeking messengers of hate! . . . And over it all, looking down from the cross to which men nailed Him forevermore, Jesus, the loving Carpenter of Nazareth.

And then, in the rude tent door, stood a boy. Fair he was, ruddy as David, this straight young Islander. He had got past the Roman guard. Swiftly, his blue eyes very bright, he moved to the old man's side. He had heard something, it appeared, of a Captain too brave to fight, who called the rest to follow; a young Captain, dead, they said, and yet alive forever, drawing the whole world after him. How could this be? And spears and shields and swords . . . lightly he touched his own weapons . . . how could there be courage without these?

And manacled there in the dark lit only by a flickering torch, while the fir trees soughed outside, Simon told the boy, of Jesus and his love, strong as one of the lad's own Druid oaks. . . . Simon's last hour—he must make it count; he must make that lost road glow. Youth, here before him—adventure—daring—youth's challenge. . . . So, "Love your enemies!" he cried. How his voice rang with that hardest word! And when the boy, breathless, his eyes

eager with the light of the battles his racing blood cried out for, said it was impossible, passionate for his last time Simon cried out that was why Jesus, the bold young Captain, had commanded it, because he wanted no cheap and easy conquest, but only the steepest and most difficult! Love, yea, even to enemies, until they too became His—the whole world one in Christ!

And suddenly the boy smiled. Never fear; he understood, he said. (Oh, did he, did he? Simon's heart questioned.) And now the boy was speaking; he would conquer, as Simon asked—and again he smiled—by love, even as the strange young God had willed, this new Christ-God, more beautiful than even Balder. . . . Then he was gone.

At dawn, hanging on his cross, his cross made of dark northern firs, in his ears the desolate surge of the wild desolate sea, there came to Simon a hard-won peace. That lad—who said he saw—he would talk—would tell others. With that light in his young eyes who could resist him? "Go ye into all the world!" . . . Yes, yes, that too . . . After the Islanders, the Roman garrison—to soldiers themselves peace . . . and some day, some day . . .

Suddenly, with the dimming eyes of death, Simon's soul, clear-seeing, plunged hungrily into the future. And there, shining through the darkness, a beam of the light he followed, he saw a young man. Proud he was, upstanding there before a mighty Emperor. His face was radiant, and he was flinging away his sword at the Emperor's feet, as he cried out—and to Simon his young voice filled the whole black gulf: *"I am a Christian! Therefore I cannot fight!"*

"WE BEHELD HIS GLORY"

St. John

"WE BEHELD HIS GLORY"

St. John

"AND we beheld his glory. . . ." For days now, the words had sounded in his heart. Was it for days or years? He scarcely knew. Time, in this proud ancient city, seemed so light a thing. The city's beauty, the proud vast temple to her heathen goddess, the mighty buildings with their towering colonnades and glittering pinnacles; her haughty schools where men learned wisdom shallow and dead as their restless pagan minds—oh, what was Ephesus to the frail old man who had known Jesus?

Ephesus? But yes, let him remember; Ephesus—his "little children." His church was here, the church where Paul had come, all those years, more than a generation, ago . . . again that light thought of years, when all his soul seemed rooted in the timeless! Over yonder in the school Paul had taught them. In their own Greek school Paul's Jewish mind had leaped to theirs, because deep in Paul's heart was the Christos, and the Christos belonged also to the Greeks. And now, how long he scarcely recked, John had taught the children of Paul's disciples, taught Christian Greeks, under Roman Eagles, in a city of Asia. Always the same he taught —the Christ made flesh. But year by year of late he had seen the minds of some, sorely tempted by that new gospel of futility, glide from him to the wistful blasphemy that Jesus had never been at all in living flesh, but only seemed. Seemed? He who stood forth forever in the world's dark night as the Light that had come to save? . . .

Seemed! But if men thought that, thought that and taught that, here in Ephesus, how grievously he had failed! Of course there were some—Ignatius back in Antioch, young Polycarp in Smyrna—these would bring others to the light; but these new blaspheming sects . . . how they hurt

John! How he had failed, that they had come into being! Mark, too, and Luke, and even Matthew who had been so close, what failure for them, too, if men came to hold such darkness! For they, besides their teaching, had written down the message. Long since they had asked why he, too, did not write down what he remembered; but he had shaken his head. Such mighty words were needed, such a stillness in his heart to make the mighty words. And now, their bodies were dust, Paul's, too, and Timothy's, torn here by the Ephesian mob for the Christ he preached, and the other apostles gone every one to his victor's death. Only himself, John, tarrying till He came. . . .

His mind went back to that luminous dawn in Galilee; to Peter, most loving of them all, to Peter who asked Jesus: "Lord, and what shall this man do?" And suddenly, as never in the long years he had tarried, he knew. . . . Quietly, unfalteringly, the curtains of his mind parted; and he saw. The glory he saw, the Word made flesh; Jesus, on whose breast he had leaned; Messias, the Son of David; Jesus, the Son of God; the Christ, the only-begotten of the Father. In the beginning He had been, changeless, eternal. The Word—Logos, of whom the Greeks spoke, scarce knowing what they spoke. But he, John, knew; the Logos, pre-existent, before all worlds . . . The frail hand drew the stylus toward it. Quietly, unfalteringly, he began to write:

"In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not. . . . And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. . . ."

All the things in his young life were strong and swift. He loved the lake best when it was a tumble of dangerous breakers, and to trim the sail so that the ship scudded faster

than the scudding clouds. He liked to swim long distances and run till his muscles ached, and gladly he would have raced the Greek youths he was taught to avoid—raced them or fought them, to prove he had the one true God, Jehovah. Passionately he loved James his brother, and his father Zebedee; most passionately, perhaps, his mother Salome. She was no ordinary mother; she egged him on, spurring him always to new adventures. It was she rather than Zebedee who grounded him in the Scriptures. He might be a learned rabbi, she told him. More than this, he must be ready, in case Messias should come in his day, to do the main part in gaining him his kingdom. Strong captains he would need to lead against the hosts of godless Rome; let them be ready, her two strong lads, James and John! He would fling up his beautiful dark head like a charger. It was indeed as if he smelt the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. He remembered how, long ago, when he was only a little boy, she had told him of the mother eagle, that built her nest so high, and flung her young out upon the winds. So she too would fling him, so he might learn to fly. For herself, poor Salome, she was only a woman; but for her boy—she caught her breath—let John be her eagle!

His young coming to manhood was like a beautiful swift storm. The long sorrows of his race, that cried in the night season in so many Jewish hearts, rose in John to a prayer like flame. Jehovah must visit his people, must save them from this unbearable stumbling in the thick darkness. Perhaps in the desert he would find God, and one day he plunged alone into the burning wastes.

The very brightness of it, the terrible full noon that beat all day, it seemed, upon the sands; the stone hovel in which he tried to sleep, whence he wandered, instead, out upon the trackless wastes, lonelier than ever under the glaring moon, all this was briefly a kind of acid solace to the lad. Daily he saw his firm flesh grow more lean; surely God must speak soon. But always the stars seemed more far away. Sometimes, alone for all he could see except the flickering

shadows of he knew not what, he would find himself looking for the pillar of fire . . . or for a burning bush. As time passed, he came to keep his sandals off, walking the desert with hot, blistering feet that he might be more swift to worship when Jehovah came. . . .

And thinking of Moses, he thought of other visions—of Ezekiel and the swift revolving wheels; of Isaiah, when he saw the Lord on a throne, high and lifted up . . . "and his train filled the temple," cried out young John under the desert moon; "above it stood the seraphims; each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face; and with twain he covered his feet; and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another—" He broke off, his inner vision full now of another—Daniel, with the faithful three beside him, and now, lo, a fourth, with the form like unto the Son of God . . . John shivered, burning eyes on brazen sky. What had they done, these men, to see visions? Oh, what would he not do if only he, John, might see those inscrutable heavens open, that invisible door swing back? . . . But his way was not in the desert. He turned and hurried home.

Now for a time he swam and rowed and fished harder than ever. Then, one day, he heard of John, John son of Zacharias, John who lived long years in the desert, half an Essene, and who proclaimed Messias was near. Was the Baptizer himself Messias? people everywhere were asking. Young John went to Andrew, plying him with questions—but the young man had no deeper knowledge than himself, though he agreed they must find out. So once again John left home. With him, trying to keep pace with the flying feet, went Andrew. And presently the two became disciples of the shining light that burned so fierce on Jordan.

Was there still a place in the young heart empty, unsatisfied, by that naked, echoing "Repent"? If it were so, he did not have long to wait; for soon, by the blood-red river, John, son of Zebedee, heard the Baptizer's strange new cry: "Behold the Lamb of God!" And from somewhere afar off, there

surged in his ears another cry: "Holy, holy, holy!" . . . a cry like the voice of many waters . . . again he looked. Yet it was a human thing, in man's fashion, like himself. Oh, it was strong and young, the face John saw as he stood there upon the river's brink and watched the wistful, troubled beings that flocked to the Baptizer. Watching, he saw the love in that other face grow ever stronger; and in the eyes he saw a glory. . . . Young John gazed and gazed. That love—mighty it was—John had never thought love could be like this. It drew him. And no wonder! Why, a love like that could draw the world—strong, that love, like eagles' wings! Oh, that this man could use him in some way, however mean and little! But could he expect this, he, young John the fisherman from Galilee, when the great Forerunner himself had cried he was not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes? What was John, son of Zebedee, to this figure that stood out from all the rest, clothed in his starry brightness?

He would have dropped his eyes, but suddenly—no, it was no mistake, but living, glorious fact—he saw a smile come into those eyes. It was not as men smile so often, John marked, the smug smile of superior wisdom, that mocks at frailty; this smile was different; it spoke of changeless things; it beckoned to divine adventures. John turned and followed Jesus. . . .

And now at last hands and feet and stormy heart and vision-seeking eyes had all they could do to keep up. These were days of piled-up wonder, that the young man felt it would take years to understand. Did the others, Peter and Andrew, and James whom he himself had brought, ponder a mystery, day in, day out, between the errands of swift mercy?

Scarcely John knew. They talked of it, sometimes, and the other men with them—Nathanael the vine-grower from Cana, and Philip his friend, the quiet fisherman of Bethsaida; Thomas, at least, pondered it, thought John; for

always the question was in his questing eyes, even if unspoken by his tongue. And Judas, dark and strange, with his crown of wild red hair—what did Judas make of all this?—Judas, whom Peter hated so fiercely, and whom John regarded with an inexplicable terror whenever he came near Jesus. They were puzzled, he knew. But their questions were never his questions. And often the answer Jesus gave, even when it seemed best to satisfy the others, opened up to himself only fresh mysteries.

Some day, he thought, he would understand. For the present he was silent, waiting. And very full of joy he was, for the Master loved him; he was chosen to be of the little group, he with James and Peter. And one day Peter, who thought he loved the Master best of them all—one day Peter told John he was the beloved disciple.

There were some who loved the Master, and yet came only secretly, by night. Such was Nicodemus, a Pharisee and a ruler of the Jews. There were those even of the chosen disciples who did not know he came, so quietly was the visit paid. It was after that first beginning of wonders when Jesus gave sweet wine at the marriage feast of little Cana.

Always it stood out in the young man's mind, not only because it was here first the glory shone so clear, but because here first he met Mary the mother of Jesus. Happy she was, that evening, with a glowing, exalted happiness. . . . Long after he was in bed that night, sleepless because sleep seemed so trivial in the face of the glory, John could see her eyes, as she turned them so radiant bright on her dear Son. . . . It was some time later that Nicodemus had come and talked with Jesus in the stealth of the night. John was there in the room with him when the guest entered; already, it appeared, he had marked the Master in the Temple. Now, seeing he wished to be alone with him, young John slipped out. Yet he listened, standing at the open door. Surely it was right for him to listen, now that he had been called from the nets and the blue home lake; right for him to learn what he could of this man, for whom he had forsaken father and mother. . . .

So John heard the respectful greeting of the aging Pharisee, and then—strangely the words fell in the starry Judaean night—"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." And instantly the baffled question of the guest: "How can a man be born when he is old?" And swiftly, sternly almost, it seemed to the boy listening breathless: "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. . . . Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." . . .

And more he heard, pondering there in the darkness, his first young satisfaction that a man so great in worldly station had come thus to Jesus changed now to a deeper joy as he began to sense what this Master was. More he yearned to know—always more—yet he could not ask in words; but later, when the master in Israel, humbled and pondering, had departed, John came back. Jesus was speaking. It was as if the man who had gone had stirred deep waters, which must still flow on. . . . Timidly, John stole a look. Might he stay? Faintly the eyes gave assent, and Jesus continued. Some of what he spoke came back to John long after . . . that as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up . . . and of darkness and light . . . and of the condemnation that men loved darkness rather than light, though the Light was come.

He was glad when again they started northward for Galilee. But as they came on into Samaria he felt indignant; he had always detested Samaria, as what righteous Jew did not? And now it was startling to find that Jesus, instead of making a detour, was bearing straight on Sychar. Then he remembered the old well, and how Jesus loved the things hallowed by long memories. And as they drew near, and he saw the palms, he was sorry when Jesus began to urge the disciples to go into the city after food. John started with the others, but after a little he turned back. He knew Jesus

was tired with the long journey; he would stay quietly with him. But as he marked where he was resting, he paused.

Truly, this was more strange than Nicodemus! For there at the old well sat the Master, and near him, all forgetful of her water-pot, stood a woman of idolatrous Samaria. As John came up, he marked how her dark eyes glowed. He stopped short. Yes, it was true. Jesus was talking to her. Some of the words came on the little breeze that stirred the drooping palm trees. . . . He was talking to her of water. . . . Tired and thirsty as John knew he was, he saw that the Master was putting his weariness from him, to tell this parched soul—from her face John could see how parched a soul it was!—of the water that would be to her a well of water, springing up into everlasting life. . . .

After a little, the disciples came up with them and the woman slipped away, her water-pot still forgotten for the strange new tidings. But when they begged the Master to eat, he shook his head. Again they urged him. Had he not sent them after meat? But this time he raised his hand and pointed to the field, white already to harvest; and to his little band surveying him with puzzled, questioning eyes, passionately he cried: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work!"

❧

John did not know just how the rest of them felt, but more and more, for himself, young as he was—youngest of them all—there would come with such words as these a sense of finality, of brooding darkness, that drew always nearer. Again and again the warm blood that raced so swiftly in the strong young body would cry out in protest; then, looking at the thing in the cheerful, commonplace daylight, it seemed there must be something these strong brown hands of his could do about the lurking danger. If it were only a wild beast, now, with claws and gnashing teeth, like the lions that prowled still in the mountain fastnesses, or the glistening leopards crouched all day in the dappled sunshine, waiting till night came to spring and crush and rend—

if it were only a beast, what satisfaction to leap upon it, swift and strong, and save his friend! For it was his friend, Jesus, on whom the peril loomed ever closer; and it was Jesus—at times John saw it with a clearness that made him catch his breath—Jesus himself who deepened the danger by his every act of loving power.

Oh, the people loved him! Multitudes flocked to hear him speak, but after every wonder that came from him, after every word that lightened their desolate hearts, the priestly parties of their own countrymen muttered ever more fiercely. They were the danger; the Jews were the beast, mused John, and his hands clenched in a sudden sense of snarling fangs, of a monster hydra-headed; he had heard of such as a boy, from the Greek lads about Capernaum. And more and more it seemed as if in these persistent visits of the Master to Jerusalem, he put himself within the red circle of their hatred. For the priests, sometimes John thought, the priests really knew him better than the poor he healed, and that was why they hated him so much, seeing themselves so worthless and evil in his pure eyes. "If ye were blind," he said sternly to them once, "ye should have no sin; but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth." John saw the hatred leap, licking like a flame from face to evil face, as the man that had been blind walked, seeing, from Siloam pool.

At Bethesda, too, the pool by the sheep-market in Jerusalem, where the lame man had waited all those wistful years, John saw the crouching envy of the priests and Pharisees. It was on the sabbath, both these healings, and what mighty words he flung them when they dared upbraid the man for carrying his discarded bed! Not David himself, mused the young Son of Thunder, when he let fly the pebble that killed Goliath, had aimed more surely at the wicked stronghold than David's Son today! Oh, it was a splendid thing to watch, Jesus and those coward priests trembling there before him, for all they had the Temple at their back! They had one to accuse them, Jesus cried—even Moses in whom they trusted! With quivering fingers they caressed their broad phylacteries. That he should dare to take their

Moses from them! Dare to take his holy name on those insolent blaspheming lips! John caught the hissing whispers of the furious crowd. Oh, it was glorious to rouse wrath like this!

Yet how he feared for his too fearless Master! It was only Nicodemus (the same who came to Jesus by night) that flung their own law full into their gnashing teeth, when they would have seized him that other day, that last great day of the Feast of Tents. How his own brethren had taunted him that he would not go, and how proudly, in his own good time, he went, speaking boldly in the very Temple, while the coward priests trembled.

For months now they had known the people were in turmoil. His gracious signs they bore in their healed bodies, and now, even into their darkened understandings, some little of his truth began to come. Back there in Galilee, at least, the word of him was spreading like an army with banners. In the white synagogue at Capernaum, the men he had fed from the lad's small loaves and fishes heard him when he cried out: "I am the bread of life! He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst!" No wonder that the High Priest trembled in his palace, hearing even in the holy city that mighty echo of the famished people: "Lord, evermore give us this bread!"

Always that conflict between priests and people—the priests that walked so soft and sleek in gorgeous sanctimonious robes, and the people that humbly knew their sin and nakedness. . . . Sharpest of all was that conflict John saw one day about this time, between Pharisee and sinner.

Since early morning Jesus had been in the Temple teaching, the stately Temple in the holy city that he loved, even while it hated. Numbers of people had come, hearing he was to teach; close they flocked about him, when suddenly, into their rapt absorption, arrived the scribes and Pharisees. The people, seeing the frowns on the righteous half-averted faces, began hastily to shuffle away, but not before they had caught a glimpse of the terrified creature they dragged with them. Their robes, fearing pollution, scarcely

brushed her, but she knew their power and made no effort to escape. Dimly, though she did not raise her eyes, she knew it was the Temple; she was terribly afraid. And when they had set her in the midst, regarding her out of furtive eyes, they turned triumphantly to Jesus.

"Master," they whined, "this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act." Again they paused to stare at the bowed, shivering figure; with coldly leering eyes they stared, out of hearts in which lust itself had grown cold and writhed feebly, like dying snakes. Then back to him they looked, eyes narrowed with their cunning malice. "Now Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned. But what sayest thou?" And as the Master turned, silent, and began to write on the dusty Temple ground, John saw the angry frown that darkened the smirking faces. Again they flung their riddle, and John saw a tremor shake the woman on the ground. Stones . . . the hiss of them was in the air. Watching the crouched, shuddering shoulders, John could feel some portion of her stinging terror; never before had the young man thought of it all like this. . . . Then of a sudden he saw Jesus fling up his head. For a swift moment his eyes swept the cruel faces. Then:

"He that is without sin among you," he cried, and his pure eyes blazed into their secret souls, "let him first cast a stone at her!" And quickly, before they had time to recover themselves, he stooped again and wrote on the sand. Then, holding his breath, John watched them slink away, scribe and Pharisee, to the last man, cleansed for that one high moment of their smug hypocrisy. And as John saw the last of the procession pass out of sight, Jesus raised his eyes, and John heard him ask gently, yet with a touch of biting humour: "Hath no man condemned thee?" And John heard her trembling, "No man, Lord!" Then, strong and simple, and so deep it would dwell in her heart forevermore, a light to chase her darkness: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"

For he came not to call the righteous. That was what the priests could not forgive him. Ever more swiftly now, John

saw the age-old feuds between the Sadducean priests and the rigorous Pharisees glossed over by their common scorching hatred of this Master who called sinners, this strange prophet out of Galilee who proclaimed himself the Light of the world, and challenged their most ancient creed, as he cried out to them: "Before Abraham was, I am!"

Always the questions young John could not answer, however much he thought. How he blushed with shame that day he begged the Master to send fire on the helpless Samaritan village! Of course that was no way to behave after all that Jesus had said about love! But at the moment his indignant heart had felt it would be a fine thing to see the sizzling flames avenging a rejected Master! And again when he asked, with James, that they might sit, the one on his right hand, the other on his left, judging the twelve tribes. Of course he had been wrong! No use putting it off on Salome; it was less sin for her to ask, being only a woman, and their mother at that, and not having had those close, deep hours with the Master! And wrong again a third time when he forbade them that were casting out devils in their own names, instead of the Master's! Yet here again it was at least in part his jealous love for Jesus that made him quick in judgment. A "Son of Thunder" he had been, indeed; how the old nickname clung!

Yes, surely it was for John to give him what he asked! And yet—oh, if Jesus asked for death . . . for a crushing moment the strong young heart stopped beating. Oh, was he now near the very centre of the mystery, before another veil, awful and mysterious as that ancient veil within the secret place, before the Ark of the Covenant?

Was he manifesting forth his glory for their greater strength, that day he took them with him, Peter and James, with young John himself, up that ancient hill of Hermon? What, John wondered, if the priestly rulers, Sadducees and Herodians and rigorous Pharisees, all the baiting, snarling pack of them back in the holy city they polluted, had seen him there, as John saw him, transfigured on the snowy summit? Would they have believed? For here were Moses

and Elias, too, the great forms robed also in the glory, come to do him honour, from the home of the Blessed. What would Caiaphas, the treacherous high priest, say now to the Carpenter of Nazareth? Would he see? Would he believe? Oh, what did he himself believe, John still so young, John who had sighed for visions as a lad alone in the desert, that night he saw his friend Jesus, Jesus whom he had seen hungry and tired and thirsty like his poorest disciples, standing now in that radiant light, in raiment white and glistering? And heard that secret voice, "This is my beloved Son. . . ."

And another vision, lighting the black gulf of a yet greater mystery, John saw in little Bethany. Lazarus . . . brother of Mary and Martha, at whose home they often supped, Lazarus whom Jesus loved; loved until love itself kindled fresh faith with which to glorify the Father. . . . So John saw the Christ, the Son of God, bring Lazarus forth out of the darkness of the very tomb, back to the loving power of Him who was the resurrection and the life. . . .

Was it John's terror beneath John's love that made him see that night the shadow of a cross? He scarcely knew, only that now with this mighty wonder of Lazarus walking again in the world of men, this envious hatred of the high priests broke all previous bounds. Was Lazarus dead, or only sleeping? John heard the scribes' questions; but in face of the people's wonder, it was all one. Either way, the priests could not have restored him. Even had it been the sickness wherein men slept as in death, over this sleeping sickness they had no power, and well they knew it; no power, no voice, with which to rend that leaden weight binding soul and body. And Mary his sister, more seeing than them all, knew that in restoring to her Lazarus her brother, her Master had come by one great step closer to his own death.

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So, at the beginning of that last week of his earthly sojourn with them, John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, saw Mary, who loved Jesus, break her precious box and anoint

his feet. And as Judas spoke against her, John's stormy heart surged high in one hot paroxysm of bitter hatred of this thief and traitor. Not even in the Garden, when he came with traitorous kiss and tumultuous mob, did John hate Judas so bitterly as at this moment of Mary's anointing.

Then he was gone. John gazed from Mary kneeling at the Master's feet to the Master's face—to him who had come to serve, accepting now her service; to him who had come to minister, taking thus her ministry. Then, for a long, long moment, John looked at the feet. He knew they had often been tired and bruised and calloused, those feet of Jesus, treading the dusty highway, speeding to succour sick and sad; now they were soft and rested, soothed for this brief moment by the spikenard. Heady, the perfume rose about them, spices for the body's anointing. . . . Lazarus came back into the room where Mary sat at her Lord's feet. . . . Again John tried to thrust from his eyes that image of a Roman cross. . . .

And now the days that followed on were to the youngest disciple a dim blur of dream, pierced through with agony. There were moments when he came to himself, saw and felt as he was used; but for the greater part, all that last week, he went through those journeyings back and forth to Jerusalem as if he only knew that he should one day know. Even the thundering hosannahs of the people, carried beyond themselves to ecstasy and triumph, as the Master rode into the city upon the ass John and Peter brought him, seemed not so much to mean triumph for this today, but a greater, for all time, as it were, in a vast, far-flung future. . . .

So again when with Peter he prepared the upper room, and they sat down at last on the eve of the Passover, John's soul seemed fixed in a strange half-dream. Somewhere at the back of his mind he felt a terror. But he felt also something quite different . . . a glory . . . he could find no other word; and sometimes the glory surpassed the terror. It was as Jesus talked that he felt this—as he leaned on his breast, loving the human body that had been his friend all these glorious years, but which soon . . . soon . . . and

with the thought of Jesus' death, would come again the icy fear . . .

John marked as each man spoke: Jude and Philip; Peter; and always, long, long after they had ceased, Jesus. . . . He spoke of love and glory, of the love wherewith he had loved them . . . oh, well John knew that love! And of the vine . . . as he spoke on, John saw the mystic tendrils of the vine that was Christ. . . . And again and always he spoke of the Father. . . .

And now, girded with that humble towel, he had washed their feet. Peter had started restively away, but John at once submitted; he seemed in a dream. And now Judas was gone, Judas the traitor, and they had all partaken of the bread and wine, body and blood of their Lord whom Judas would betray . . . Strange that they did not rush out after him; that himself and James, Boanerges, sat here quietly as the rest, while Judas, in the stealth of the night, went out to do his deed of darkness. . . .

Yet the glory . . . those words he had said . . . if Jesus himself so willed it . . . "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me" . . . "Father, the hour is come. . . . Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee" . . . "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. . . . And now, oh, Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." . . . "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." ". . . That ye love one another, as I have loved you." . . . "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. . . . And I will pray the Father, and he will send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." . . . "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Yet John was afraid. It seemed he could not regain that peace he had felt for a little while as he leaned on Jesus' breast. For now that they were in the Garden, across the little brook, the quiet olives themselves seemed full of

danger. Like the rest, he flung himself upon the ground and instantly was asleep. Such a terror of giant towering crosses was in that Garden! Remorseful he was, that brief hour later, when Jesus spoke his quiet reproach; but he slept again to be quit of the crouching terror. . . .

And in the High Priest's palace, when they had surrounded and seized his Master, and John, a great way off, followed the cursing mob, he stood at last, again in that strange half-dream. It was as if in these moments of brief awakening he saw so much that he could not endure the vision long. For in his soul, glimpsed in these lightning-strokes of vision, young John saw conflict of mighty things . . . of his friend, whose shameful death was glory . . . of the weary Son of Man caught up into the bosom of the Father . . . Messias, of the seed of Abraham and Isaac and of Jacob, drawing the whole world after him—world of sceptic Greek and haughty Roman, world of far Eastern princes, and nations of the West, unborn—and all, all awaiting, like a mighty scroll to be unwound, all awaiting the glory. . . .

Green hill and sky all blue with spring . . . spring and gladness . . . and . . . and three black crosses . . . one cross towering between the other two that reached on, on, up into heaven itself. . . . Calvary . . . And at last, standing at the foot of that middle cross, John came to himself. The fearful anguish in his heart eased. . . . Jesus was looking down; the eyes that had held the whole world's agony were turned now on the disciple he loved; then travelled on, in selfless pity, to the group of women who stood beneath the cross, and rested at last on Mary. At the end, as at the gracious beginning in the crib at Bethlehem, the eyes of Jesus sought his mother's eyes. . . . "My soul doth magnify the Lord," young Mary had cried when Gabriel came, "and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour"; and feeling his eyes on hers, Mary forced herself to raise her own. . . . This sword that pierced her heart, this dear body

she had borne in her own body . . . "And behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." . . . So Mary met the eyes of her dear Son as he hung upon his cross . . . followed them as he turned them slowly to the loved disciple, then back to hers, and spoke.

"Woman," he said, "behold thy son!" And to John: "Behold thy mother!"

Swiftly and gently then, John stepped to Mary's side; and his eyes and hers gave Jesus back their pledge. . . .

Was it so strange, that news, the trembling dawn of that third day? Scarcely John knew. He had taken Mary to his home, as Jesus wished. Those first hours she had said little, nor could John speak; there had been that in those last hours forbidding speech. . . . Earthquake and rent veil . . . and in John's ears, echoing still, the cry of the centurion: "Truly this man was the Son of God!" Yea, Son of God indeed. . . . Yet he had Mary in his home, Mary the mother of Jesus. . . . And again, and deeper than before, John was caught in the brooding mystery. . . .

Vaguely he knew that members of the Sanhedrin had come, a counsellor of Arimathaea, Joseph by name, a secret disciple, offering the Master's friends a new tomb, in which was never man yet laid; and Nicodemus—at the end as at the beginning; many pounds of costly spices he brought with him; myrrh and aloes for the body's anointing; Nicodemus . . . how strange it seemed to John . . . those words of Jesus to this man echoing on in his mind, words so thrillingly alive, so much more alive than Nicodemus himself; and yet Nicodemus was here, offering myrrh, and Jesus . . . the women were laying Jesus' body in the grave. . . .

But on that third day . . . for John there were no words to tell of what he felt when Mary Magdalene came running to himself and Peter . . . and their own running to the tomb in the dewy garden . . . the fleet outstripping of

Peter who ran beside him . . . the going in . . . the strange, triumphant emptiness . . . and at last, that night, the risen Christ Himself. . . .

For long years, then, John pondered that holy mystery, in which pulsated such glowing strength and rapture, not only for himself who saw his Lord, not only for Paul who pondered it with John, but for those countless multitudes which no man could number, which should come after. . . . "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed" . . . long years after, the old man John wrote down the words that echoed from the upper room, for his "little children" in Ephesus.

But Ephesus was not yet, or rather the splendid city waited. The smoke went up from her sumptuous altars. The priests offered incense and the flute-players made music in the temple of her glory and her shame, and under the midnight moon the groves of Ephesus whispered back the rites of her moon-goddess to mad boys and terror-stricken girls who prayed for madness. . . . And there waited other cities, too; Smyrna and Pergamos; Thyatira, in which new Jezebel was but barely born; Sardis, with her precious iridescent shells worth a king's ransom; Philadelphia, and Laodicea. All these waited—seven cities. And remote in the blue Aegean, torn by storms and winds, there waited also a desolate small island, Patmos . . . and round about the seagulls mewed. . . . Yet Patmos waited.

❧

For now at first, endued with that power that came upon him from his risen Lord, John could do no less than try to give to the men about him some sense of the mighty life he had known. Humanly, his heart still felt sore and broken; but with each precious time he saw that risen Christ—in the upper room, and on the strand at dawn, and that last time, out beyond Bethany—came the flooding strength and rapture. And when He left their earthly eyes, returning now again to the Father He had shown them, still with tongues of fiery love, He sent the Comforter. . . .

Small wonder, then, that the dwellers in Jerusalem and from all the world about, loving John, believed. This power he had, this mighty strength, how much greater than anything he had felt in the old days in Galilee, when with James for those brief weeks he tramped the byways and healed and preached! That had been glorious, but this—again there were no words. . . . Literally he was afraid of nothing, not the Sanhedrin that seized and flung him into jail, nor the trailing spies of the Sadducees that came after him, as soon as he had escaped one danger to overwhelm him with another; nor the flood of questions that poured in on the young church from every quarter; nor even Saul's black persecuting.

As he lived these packed days that flew on into months and crowding years, it seemed to John that their mere recounting would fill a volume; and so Luke told him it would, when he came down to Jerusalem and they talked. But later, when he was out of Syria altogether, and had passed into Asia and the islands of the sea, this period of his life seemed to belong to Peter rather than to himself. He knew he had helped Peter, both in Judaea and Samaria; and he knew—though few understood his bitter grief when James his brother was killed by Herod—that Paul regarded him, with Peter, as a pillar of the Jerusalem church. Strange it seemed to John sometimes, that coupling of his name with Peter's and James'; for the James he had loved so deeply was gone, now; the brave Son of Thunder he had brought to Jesus; and this other James, the Lord's brother . . . well, he must try not to think such thoughts. He knew that he had seemed almost as interested as Peter in strengthening the party of the circumcision. He must not let them guess how his heart still ached for his martyred brother.

And now, slowly, he began to be different; and the part of his life that had seemed real enough as he lived it began to seem remote and shadowy. Perhaps it was because he had come to really care about Paul, so that, at first almost without his knowing it, he began to share Paul's attitude about freedom from the law, and slowly, but always more surely,

Paul's feeling for the Gentile world at their doorstep. And was it partly because, even now, John's passionate mind was lured by the passion of this other, who had so blackly persecuted the church of God, and now so gloriously planted her? Nothing lukewarm about Paul! So thought John who had been the young Son of Thunder and hated lukewarm things!

Yet even Paul did not see everything, dimly John felt. A something had been withheld; it must have been so, since he had not known Jesus. But he had, John knew Paul insisted, speaking of that secret inner knowledge. And surely, more than any of the twelve apostles, John knew Paul, dying every day, bore the stripes in his own body. Did Mary know? John wondered. What had she thought, that late afternoon, in the little house she shared with John, when he brought her the man that had been Saul of Tarsus? He had left them together and gone away. Paul was pacing the floor when he returned; his brows were knit. He tried to talk, but for once he could not speak and shook his head impatiently. It was as if, dimly John sensed, this contact with Mary the mother had brought him no nearer to his Lord. . . . That Christ of the blazing road—Paul had had his vision; not Jesus' own mother could bring it more close!

But when, with a sigh of happy peace, Mary died, John knew she had taught him much. It was not that she spoke often; always quiet, Mary had grown very deeply still since Calvary; but John read her eyes. And when, one day, a little before the end, he brought her eager Luke, he saw that Paul's physician, who was half a poet, had also read Mary's eyes, and would make some day, of what he had there seen written, a poem. Oh, Paul might preach Christ crucified and risen, Christ who gave power to die to self and live again to God; but Paul's poet-physician Luke had seen something besides. And Mary, leaving John at last, knew it would not be forgotten that little Jesus had come to earth in tender rosy flesh at Bethlehem, where kings and shepherds brought their gifts.

So, brooding always on the mystery, John again went eastward. Churches he had founded even before Mary's death. Often in these latter days of mounting fury against Rome, Mary herself had sent John from her, beyond Judaea and Samaria, wishing all the world to know the glad tidings. So he had preached among the Parthians and even thought of going all the way to India, where Thomas' people beckoned. For some time after Mary's death he had lived in Babylon; hurt and angered often enough by the strange wild sayings brought there and practised as religion by Persians and Chaldeans; curious strange heresies of the twoness of things—dualism, some called it—obnoxious to John's Jewish mind and deeply painful to the heart that knew all things belonged to Christ.

Most painful of all presently it began to seem to him that there was, in the midst of all this sin and darkness, no love. Oh, there was lust, the writhing yearning of flesh for flesh; it sat enthroned upon their loftiest temples; but love as Jesus taught it, as he showed it in every one of his loving acts from his smallest healing in Galilee to his hanging in Jerusalem on his cross—John found never anywhere anything of love. So at last this thing, which he knew in his heart of hearts for the deepest truth of God—love—love alone powerful enough to chase the darkness and terror of the heathen night, John brought at last to Ephesus.

Ephesus, the strong high watch-tower; Ephesus, that Pliny called the "Eye of Asia"; behind her Asia itself; before her, swept by the great waters clean out to the giant Pillars of Hercules, the islands of the sea, and Europe, whither light and love must some day come. Here Paul had lived for two years and done a mighty work, though still Diana's temple shone glamorous in the dusk; and in the little church, humble beside the flaunting heathen glory, John heard, when he first came, "young Timothy," older now, read from Paul's letter: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for

Christ's sake hath forgiven you. . . ." And hearing, John anew determined that here in Ephesus, Christ should conquer Artemis.

He was growing old himself now, he who had been the youngest of them all in Galilee. Very old he felt that day the frenzied mob seized Timothy and killed him, and standing by Timothy's open grave, laying to rest the poor dismembered limbs, John thought of the lad Paul loved, dying here in a city of Paul's. Yet it was victory, not death, and Paul—surely Paul himself would have been the first to see it so and thank God for Timothy his son, faithful unto death.

So the swift years passed. Still John lived in Ephesus, leaving it only, now and again, to strengthen the churches he had planted. There was Smyrna first, with young Polycarp, John's own pupil, for bishop. A hard post John had given him, he knew, remembering the Dionysian orgies of this city where the grapes bloomed twice a year in the soft, sweet valley, and the air was full of spices—Smyrna, the city of myrrh.

Pergamos, too, sometimes saw John. She lay inland, beneath the mountain which the Greeks said saw the birth of Zeus himself. How John hated the glitter of her temples, shining white among the groves! And how, most of all he hated that false god, Asclepios, son of Phoebos Apollo. For Asclepios was the heathen healer, and John, thinking always of Jesus hastening to and fro in Galilee, laying gentle hands on the sick, loathed this serpent god and the sick who came for his healing—this false god who dared to call himself *Soter*—Saviour! Oh, they might be learned, these Pergamenes, with their trained men of healing—when their god could not effect the cure!—and their superior sheepskins, those *chartae pergamenae,* parchments on which John himself might some day write a message for the people of Pergamos! But how he dreaded their temptations for his little Christian church!

Oldest of all John's cities in the cult of the Emperor was Pergamos. For nine-and-twenty years before Jesus' birth, John knew that here the first temple of the official imperial

cult of the whole province had been reared to Caesar Augustus and the goddess Roma. Natural enough, then, that as the cult increased, as John, with anxious heart, realized it was increasing—natural enough that Pergamos should lead in persecution of the Christians who refused to worship Caesar. Already fearless Antipas had fallen. For now Domitian ruled the world from Rome—Domitian, cruel almost as Nero, vainer than Caligula. Oh, John had cause for fear, the more so as lax Nicholas, prominent in the church, counselled compromise and urged Christians to eat freely of meat offered to idols. And if they compromised at this point, what would save them, brooded John, from offering presently to Domitian?

These wolves within the church that would not let the sheep alone! How they worried the good shepherd! In Thyatira the wolf was most insidious of all, for she was a beautiful woman who could have won souls to Christ; so mused John, briefly confronting her. But that strange prophetic power of hers—she used it for perversion, mischief. Had he changed her at all? he wondered, as he passed on to the next city. And in Sardis, the glowing city that stood so near Pactolus, the river whose sands ran bright with gold, river of Croesus king of Lydia, John also feared. Oh, she was rich in this world's goods, Sardis where men found wealth in the purple dyes of sea-shells, Sardis of whom Persian kings exacted gorgeous tribute; but John found her mean in spirit, aloof and cold.

He never went to Philadelphia without love and pity in his heart, for the city had not yet recovered from the earthquake that had shaken her more than a generation ago, in the reign of Tiberius; and men, women, and children walked the streets in poverty. But they were blessed poor, John comforted them, for they knew Christ. Not so Laodicea; here always of late there had been cause for blame and censure. Satisfied, complacent, this church to whom John went, sitting in perilous ease.

It was no time for ease. Blacker each month, almost each day, John watched those storm-clouds gather, from Ephesus,

his watch-tower. Heavy enough the storms they had weathered in the old days in Judaea; but there, often at least, they had had Rome to protect them from the cruelty of their own countrymen. Paul himself had trusted in Rome. And more than once the imperial power had vindicated his trust. Now all was different. Paul and Peter, too, were dead in Rome. Burning Christians had lighted Nero's revellers to their couches; and more and more, on into Asia itself, the persecution had flared. For the Empire, strong as she was, impregnable as she appeared, feared sedition. Deeply she feared it. Trouble enough she had had with Jerusalem; already now, for a score of years, the Temple had lain in ruins; yet still—perhaps more dangerous than ever—sedition lurked. The proof? Why, how could Rome think otherwise when Jews and Christians alike refused to worship Caesar? The Jews had always been harsh, unyielding; almost the Empire had got used to refusal from the Jews; but with the Christians it was different, the Christians who before conversion had so often been pagans, loyal to the Empire. Why could they not now worship Rome's god with theirs, Domitian with Christ? What harm in that? And always, over this as in all else, there were the Jews accusing the Christians, in season and out. Of course the Christians were disloyal, and of course Rome hated the Christians most of all. Into Domitian's own household the faith had arrived, triumphant, John knew, and Domitilla, niece of the Emperor, so greedy for the worship of himself, worshipped her Christ in exile. Exile . . . John mused. Exile had no terrors for himself, but his heart trembled for his sheep, perhaps to be divided from their shepherd.

Swiftly the danger sped on, as Domitian sat those last years of his life in Rome, plotting ever fresh tribute to his divinity. "Lord and God" must his people call him now. And over all the sinister whisper, now here, now there, that Nero was alive, that he had never died, that he had come again—*Nero redivivus,* as the Romans said—Nero, the obscene beast who would demand fresh toll of Christ. . . . And still John spoke out.

Abruptly, then, Rome's edict—exile on Patmos. So the old man, caring less than nothing for himself, but all to save the seven churches of his people, went forth from Ephesus.

Patmos . . . The desolate island in the Aegean, swept by storm and winds. No streets nor citadel, nor temple near him, no church, no human faces; for the few that lived on Patmos dwelt in the small village to the south. Only the rocks and waves, and a few goats, desolate as the island, wandering untended up craggy slopes, lost in the shadow of the giant cypresses. No sails came near, or very few. There were only the birds for company. Sometimes they flew in long, curving spirals, far off upon the sky-line, like long curling smoke-wreaths or a strange kite such as no children make. But sometimes they flew near, in the red and amber sunset. Then their wings—the white wings of the sea-gulls—would be sprayed with colour. Lovely red-tipped wings and coral beaks, sailing athwart the afterglow; and the white foam of the waves, curling at his feet, would catch the light, and his face also, could he have seen it, his face more beautiful than the sunset . . . John's eyes, waiting always for the vision of God. . . .

On a Lord's day it came. Behind him a great voice as of a trumpet, echoing out over the desolate sea, a voice that was itself as the sound of many waters . . . "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. . . ." So John learned the mystery of the seven stars and the seven golden candlesticks which he received of him that held the stars in his right hand, and walked in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, of him that liveth and was dead, and is alive forevermore. And the warnings he must send to the seven angels of the seven churches became to John clear and plain. In the hour of danger, he received wherewith to succour them, and to each he wrote as he received the mystic words from him that is faithful and true. So he wrote, to Ephesus

and Smyrna, Pergamos and Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea. . . . "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." . . .

But the warnings were but the beginning of vision; for strange bright things waited. And through it all, John, who saw as the greatest of the Hebrew seers, saw the end of Rome, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. He saw in symbols, plain and clear to himself and to those of his own day to whom John talked, but stumbling-blocks to many that should come after and could not read aright this passionate poem of the glory of God, written down by the seer of Christ who had prayed for vision as a lad in Galilee. . . .

So he saw angels and beasts and elders, and horses white and red and black and pale, and Death sitting on the pale horse. . . . And he saw the opening of the seals; and after the opening of the fifth seal, under the altar in heaven he saw the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God. . . . And he saw a woman, drunken with the blood of the saints. . . . And again a woman, clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. And the great beast, whose number is the number of a man. . . . Mighty sounds, too, John heard—voice of harpers harping on their harps; voice of angels crying out the fall of Babylon, that great city over whom the merchants of the earth should weep and mourn, saying, "Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls!" . . . Babylon, on whom in one hour should come judgment. . . .

And so at last John saw the marriage of the Lamb . . . and a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away . . . And a new heaven and a new earth; and the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, the city with the glorious foundations that had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. . . . And John saw that to them that

did not worship the beast or his image, or receive his mark in their forehead, there was a great promise. . . . And in ecstasy he saw the multitude which no man can number. . . . And he heard a voice out of heaven that cried: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. . . ."

So at last Domitian died, and Nerva reigned. And John was released from that exile in which he had received apocalypse, and came back to Ephesus.

Here once more were grouped about him friends and disciples, men to become in their turn great, learning their greatness of John. And as Ignatius and Polycarp in those earlier days, came now among the other pupils Papias and another John, presbyter out of Asia. To this last disciple, especially, John the apostle spoke many things. For he felt that the younger John saw deep into his mind. Old he was now, old indeed; and the heresies that had spawned in the East were rife in Ephesus. His vision on Patmos—had he made it plain? Yes, he knew he had strengthened them for the ordeal. They had quitted themselves like men, finding in the promises the courage to resist. But here still was Cerinthus, the arch heretic of Ephesus, and other men, sprung up in the Ephesian schools, taking the name of Christ on cold denying lips, and envious Jews taunting the Christians with the fact their Saviour had been betrayed, ignorantly, not knowing how to choose followers. . . . There were others, too, jeering at the pagans who accepted Him, sneering He was only for the Jews—no Saviour of the world . . . and still others, Docetists, sneering He had never been in human flesh at all, but only seemed to be . . . So they spoke, as the first century waned, heresy on heresy, lie on lie. . . .

John was old, but the Son of Thunder he had been stirred again, deep in his inmost soul; he must make them know.

. . . Oh, greater even than the heavenly skies of Patmos to show them Jesus . . . the Word made flesh. . . . And then he would sigh. If he were not so old . . . Yet would not his Lord who loved him help him to overcome even this weakness of trembling limbs and dimming eyes?

About him, in the sunny Asian mornings, would be grouped his disciples, urging him, praying him to write. He had taught, they reminded him; all these many years he had spoken his message. But now . . . They broke off; John knew they meant he would not have much longer. . . . The night was coming. . . . Jesus had warned them of the night in which no man can work. . . . Oh, let him give them that Light to overcome the desolate darkness! If he did not write it all, let him at least begin, they pleaded. They would try to help him if he needed help. John would look into their faces, there so close beside him, kind, eager faces that loved him. . . . Then their faces would blur . . . there would come another Face, gone now these many years, but so near . . . so close. . . .

And one day again the Spirit found him. In light and love and shining word it came . . . and John wrote. . . . No dimness was upon him now. . . . It was for this, then, this unspeakable glory, he had been allowed to wait. . . . "If I will that he tarry till I come . . ." And now He was come . . . the Logos . . . the Word made flesh. . . . The life and love He willed to men were now appearing, shining clear on the white parchment through the trembling characters of the frail hand that brought men Christ forever. . . .

When they bore him to his church, the young men who carried John in his light litter, he would speak but a moment. He would raise his hand and a silence would fall. Then gently, yet with the sense of mighty purpose that throbbed through his last letter: "Little children," he would say, "love one another!" And again, sweeping the great new church with those dimming eagle's eyes: "Little children, love one another!"

They would look at each other, wondering. They had read his letter, these people; they knew what he thought about love. What but love was in that letter? And their eyes would go again to John. Here was the man who had known Jesus, who had leaned on his breast; the man who had been on Patmos and heard the doom of Rome; the man who in his Gospel had written of the Word made flesh, that mystery, that glory. . . . And he spoke of love, calling them "little children"! So he had called those faraway disciples in his letter. But this was Ephesus. Did he not know they were grown up? That their restless minds thirsted after greater things, further, deeper things, than love? This was John, who could bring them revelation—and still he spoke of love. Let them try again! So they urged him to speak of something more.

And after a long moment again the frail hand would bring deep silence, and John's voice would ring out—"Little children, love one another!" Then gently, persuasively, and very wistfully, as one who would bring them the mightiest truth of all his long, long years—"Little children, there is nothing more!"

NOTES

NOTES

A formal bibliography seems unnecessary in a book of this character. The Notes which follow, however, contain a partial one, for we have thought it more interesting to comment on some of the books consulted thus in connection, than to list them separately. There are several points which apply to the chapters in common, and so should be dealt with here.

Concerned with narrative and biographical material only, we have disregarded the uncharacterized and Apocryphal Gospels attributed to the various apostles. Of these the more famous are the *Gospel of Thomas;* the *Gospel of the Infancy,* or the Pseudo-Matthew; and the *Protevangelium of James.* We have also disregarded the *Didache* (Teachings of the Twelve), and the *Didascalia* (Apostolic Constitutions). Written by early churchmen who thought to enhance the authority of these scriptures by putting them forth as the actual sayings and teachings of the apostles, they are wholly doctrinal, and exploit Gnostic and other heresies.

As to relationships between the Twelve: we have taken into account only those made familiar by the Gospels, though aware that many writers claim to trace blood-ties between a number of the Twelve. We have not found this suggestive, and still less have we found ourselves in sympathy with the theories which make several of the apostles related to Jesus himself.

We have found Frederick Farrar's *Life of Christ* helpful for clarifying a tangled chronology, and often suggestive. Alfred Edersheim's *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah,* and Budden and Hastings' *Local Color of the Bible* have proved useful for Jewish atmosphere. We would perhaps do well to note here that throughout the book we have used the name "Jews" loosely, though aware that it is inappropriate to the early period. The constant use of the term in the Fourth Gospel, as well as the greater convenience of it, is perhaps our excuse.

Slight anachronisms we hope may be tolerated; they seem to us to have a certain idiomatic justification. So occasionally with place-names, *e.g.,* "Mediterranean," and "Malta."

A word as to capitalization of the personal pronoun. With sim-

plicity and a readable page in mind, we have throughout used the small letter when we had in mind the human Jesus, among his friends on earth. But when reference was had to the more mystical aspects, or when it was the Christ we had in mind, we have employed the capital letter. And the same is true when the reference was to Jesus after His death.

Throughout, we have followed the Authorized Version for its literary beauty, and have often interpolated the Biblical phrasing into our text, without the cumbersome use of quotation marks.

ST. PETER

Nearly all of the incidents in our inferential life are readily traceable to well-known passages in the four Gospels, and in the book of Acts, which we have amplified with a detail of our own, and with what we trust is a not too wayward imagining. Obviously the childhood and early relations with parents and younger brother are our own, as also the subsequent relation between Peter and his own child, and the intimacy of Jesus with his household. With respect to the latter, we are loosely following the old tradition which, with its Biblical basis, makes Peter one of the married apostles. It is an old and lovely tradition that identifies Peter's child with the child Jesus "set in the midst." The developing psychology of the apostle, his stormy love and terror, together with his mounting self-reproach, are our own reading, always emphatically based on the scriptural passages.

Peter's relation with young Mark we have inferred from the tradition which makes him the determining factor in Mark's Gospel. Our interpretation of the speaking with tongues on the day of Pentecost was derived from a useful hint in Tychicus' *Those Earliest Days,* a little book of general use for the setting of the apostolic age. We have inferred Peter's presence at the stoning of Stephen, for the sake of the drama involved in his first confronting Saul of Tarsus; and Peter's meeting with Paul after the latter's conversion, though based on Galatians, is amplified.

In sending Peter to Rome, we are following not only the most ancient tradition, but also, curiously enough, one which seems to be gaining ground among modern scholars. Indeed it is almost amusing to contrast their liberalism in this respect with the ultra-Protestantism of the early nineteenth century (*vide* Francis Bacon's *Apostles of Jesus Christ*), which was bent on sending

Peter anywhere rather than Rome! The length and details of the Roman residence are of course entirely shadowy, but it is quite probable that it was during this period that he wrote I. Peter. The authorship of the second Epistle is in such doubt that we have disregarded it for present purposes. Again, basing our inference on the probabilities granted by modern scholarship, we have imagined a relation between Peter and Mark in Rome. As to the martyrdom under Nero, again we have followed the ancient and persisting tradition.

The tradition of Peter's wide Christianizing of the East with a long residence in Babylon, of his travels in Asia Minor, and even of his possible visit to Corinth, is extremely confused, and not very suggestive; the same is true of his possible missionary journey to Africa, supported by Baronius. Those who wish to trace the arguments, pro and con, may find interesting matter in the quaint *Lives of the Apostles,* by William Cave, and Bacon's book on the apostles, above referred to. Both books, indeed, while wholly lacking in modern scholarship, are useful for summarizing ecclesiastical tradition regarding all the apostles.

For reasons stated in the Foreword, we have omitted mention of the apocryphal legends in which Peter is a frequent figure. One of the most famous of the legends, contained in "The Martyrdom of Peter and Paul," from the series of apocryphal writings known as *The Mythological Acts of the Apostles,* which are a part of the collection, *Horae Semiticae,* is the story of Peter's conquest of the Simon Magus of the book of Acts, in the presence of Nero. The sorcerer is eventually dashed to pieces. The dialogue between Peter, Paul, and Nero is curious and doctrinal. In this legend also is found the well-known and beautiful *Quo Vadis* story, according to which Peter, escaping Rome, meets Christ outside the city walls, carrying His cross, and bravely returns to his own crucifixion. For other apocryphal labours of Peter and Paul *vide* other mythological "Acts" in *Horae Semiticae.*

ST. ANDREW

As to inferential life: Andrew's call, his part in the feeding of the five thousand and in the scene on the Mount of Olives, and his conducting the Greeks with Philip to Jesus are based on the four Gospels. His childhood with Peter and the incident of his fashioning from the bits of wood an X-shaped cross like that on which he is traditionally to die, are our own; and to E. A.

George's description of the Murillo painting in his *Twelve Apostolic Types of Christian Men,* we owe the suggestion for the figure of the little boy with the loaves and fishes.

As to the Andrew tradition: Origen, c. A.D. 230, first mentions the saint in a passage preserved by Eusebius, which records that he went to Scythia. It is not known whether this Scythia of the ancients was in Europe, north of Macedonia and Thrace, i.e. Sarmatia, or modern Russia, west of the Volga, where there may have been a Scythian colony; or in Asia—a name for the vast regions east of the Caspian Sea and north of Persia and India. Assuming the former, later writers sent Andrew from Palestine into Asia Minor, through Pontus, Cappadocia, Galatia, and Bythinia, and thence along the Euxine north and west into the supposed country of the cannibals or man-eaters—that is, into a European Scythia. Thence, retracing his course south, he is supposed to have come to Byzantium or the present Constantinople, and to have gone into Thessaly, Thrace, and Macedonia, and from there into Achaia or Greece, as Gregory of Nanzianzen (A.D. 370) records. The tradition of this Greek mission is maintained by Chrysostom and Sophronius as quoted by Jerome. Augustine (A.D. 395) adds particulars, and Nicephorus Callistus, fourteenth-century historian, is its strong supporter.

The Andrew legends are among the most important of the apocryphal legends that have come down to us. The Greek stories used are found in "The Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles," *Ante-Nicene Christian Library,* translated by A. V. Walker. For the Arabic versions of these original Greek stories, we have consulted Agnes Smith Lewis' translation with scholarly notes of "The Preaching of the Blessed Apostle Andrew among the Cities of the Kurds," "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew," and "The Acts of Andrew and Bartholomew" (*Horae Semiticae*). The source of the Greek stories is probably the pseudo-Abdias literature (post-apostolic stories ascribed to one "Abdias," supposedly of the Seventy, and first bishop of Babylon). At first thought a genuine writing of the elders of the Achaian church of about A.D. 80, they were reverenced as such by fathers as late as Bernard of Clairvaux (A.D. 1112). They are in any case of extreme antiquity.

For Andrew in Anglo-Saxon literature, we have consulted the old poems, *Andreas* and *The Fates of the Apostles,* edited by George Philip Krapp; Robert Kilburn Root's translation of the *Andreas* (quoted by us); and "The Passion of St. Andrew," a

thirteenth-century French poem, edited by A. T. Baker (*Modern Language Review,* 1916).

As to the Scotch tradition: we have consulted C. J. Lyon's *History of St. Andrews;* Peter Ross' *St. Andrew the Disciple; The Missionary; The Patron Saint;* Andrew Lang's *St. Andrew in Lay and Legend;* and other works on the city and university.

The folk lore is mainly derived from Charles Menmuir's "St. Andrew in Lay and Legend" (*Scottish Review,* 1919). For the Russian folk lore we are indebted to Russian students of the Greek Orthodox Church. R. Johnson's old romance, *Seven Champions of Christendom,* traces Andrew's adventures as mediaeval knight.

ST. MATTHEW

In this inferential life we have tried to realize Matthew in the twofold aspect of apostle and evangelist. That Matthew was the author of a gospel written in the Hebrew and now lost is pretty generally agreed; also from the testimony of Papias we learn that this original Matthew document took the form of a collection of sayings of Jesus, rather than of the more ordered narrative of a gospel. Hence Papias' name, *Logia.* It also seems the consensus of opinion that the Gospel according to St. Matthew of our present canon is not a translation of the original Matthew document, but an original composition in Greek, compiled from Matthew's *Logia* as one source and our canonical Mark Gospel as a second. Who the compiler was, we do not know—possibly the apostle Matthew himself, though far more probably, a post-apostolic writer.

As to date, some authorities put our canonical book later in time; but internal evidence, i.e. that the writer speaks of the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Temple's destruction as a coming event, would suggest that it *may* have been written some time prior to A.D. 70 (destruction of Jerusalem by Titus). In view of the possibility of this date—before A.D. 70—and the fact that the writing by the apostle Matthew was in any case a *source* of our present Gospel, we have thought it not too much license to picture in our prologue the old man Matthew, near the close of his life as an apostle, planning to set down his gospel in order to avert the doom threatening Jerusalem through the Zealots' revolt against Rome.

As to the uprising of the Zealots: the general view is of a body of fanatical religious patriots organized into a political party by one Judas of Galilee, about A.D. 6, in the reign of Idumaean Herod. In their zeal to break Rome's yoke and restore a political Israel, these nationalists resorted to private murder as well as open rebellion. They were known as "dagger-men" (*Sicarii*), from their practice of going about with daggers concealed in their sleeves. During the siege of Jerusalem and the revolt that preceded it, they were dreaded by Romans and fellow countrymen alike. An earlier date than that given above might be ascribed to this movement if, as some seem to suggest, a continuous connection can be traced between the Zealots of the Herods and the earlier patriotic movement of the Maccabees.

The Matthew grandfather, like the Anan of the prologue, is a figure created to bring out facets of Matthew's character; and the former is a peg on which to hang details of tax-gathering among the Jews, for which last we are indebted to Edersheim's *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah.* In placing the Sermon on the Mount prior to Matthew's call, we are following the order of events of Farrar's *Life of Christ;* also this sequence seemed more interesting for Matthew's own psychology. The call of Matthew the publican recorded in Matt. 9: 9 is readily identified with the call of Levi, son of Alphaeus, of Mark 2: 14 and Luke 5: 27. Matthew's feast, with our own amplification, is based on Mark 2: 15 and Luke 5: 29, et seq.

As to the Matthew tradition: Paulinus (A.D. 393) is responsible for the Parthian mission, claiming that the apostle died in Parthia, probably at Hierapolis. The Ethiopian tradition is based on the following from the Greek historian Socrates (A.D. 425): "When the apostles divided the heathen world by lot among themselves, to Matthew was allotted Ethiopia." Once thought to mean Nubia in Africa, it is now supposed the ancients had reference to Asiatic Ethiopia—the desert region west and south of the Euphrates, including most of Arabia. A curious life of Matthew preserved in Arabic testifies to the fact that among the Arabians themselves there was a tradition that this apostle once lived in their country, and Naddabar in Arabia is his traditional deathplace. The stories of Matthew in Egypt, for which we are indebted to Mrs. A. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art,* point to an African tradition as well. (For Matthew's legendary co-labours with Andrew, *vide* Note on St. Andrew.) For the Greek apocryphal stories, *vide* "The Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles" (*Ante-Nicene Christian*

Library); and for the Arabic, "The Acts of St. Matthew" and "The Martyrdom of St. Matthew" (*Horae Semiticae*).

The Legend of Matthew's Toll is wholly our own.

ST. JAMES MAJOR

Our inferential life enlarges the several incidents in the four Gospel narratives in which James son of Zebedee figures. James' death at the hands of Herod Agrippa—who is assumed to have died prior to A.D. 44—is recorded in Acts 12: 1-2, and is generally accepted as historic. A few scholars, however, have recently ascribed this martyrdom to James the Just.

As to tradition and legend: the Arabic "The Martyrdom of James" (*Horae Semiticae*) narrates the martyrdom of James by Herod and, most anachronistically, by Nero! The story of Josiah the Pharisee is recorded by Eusebius from a lost writing of Clement of Alexandria. Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art* summarizes legends connecting this apostle with Spain. The miraculous ship—whence we derive our title—is well known to ancient writers, and to modern students of folk lore. The inlapidation is of peculiar interest to archaeologists. We owe our information to L. Duchesne's "St. Jacques en Galice" (*Annales du Midi,* 1900) and Harold Peake's "Santiago, the Evolution of a Patron Saint" (*Folk-lore,* 1919). For more original sources, *vide Leggende di San Jacopo Maggiore e di San Stefano Primo Martire* (*Legenda Aurea,* by Jacopo da Voragine), and "La Vie et la Translation de Saint Jacques le Majeur, mise d'un poème perdu," edited by Paul Meyer (*Romania,* Vol. XXXI). For the Compostella shrine and the cult of Santiago, *vide Catholic Encyclopaedia.*

ST. JUDE

We have employed the shorter form of this apostle's name to prevent confusion with Judas Iscariot, and because it is so rendered in the Church calendar. Luke 6: 16, Authorized Version, reads "Judas, the *brother* of James" (italics ours). From this it was supposed that this apostle was brother to the apostle James, son of Alphaeus; and if this James was indeed brother to Matthew (*vide* Note on St. James Minor), then Jude would be another brother of the publican. But the reading of the above text in the

Revised Version is not "brother" but "son" of James; and it is now thought that this James is an otherwise unknown person, and not to be identified with any other New Testament figure of that name. Judas, son of James, is readily identified in the apostolic lists with the Lebbaeus of Matt. 10: 3, and the Thaddeus of Mark 3: 18.

The John Gospel, which alone records the last discourses, gives the only Biblical hint for the life of this apostle.

As to Jude in tradition and legend: stories connected with the name of Thaddeus are hopelessly confused between the member of the Twelve who bore that name and one of the Seventy, also called Thaddeus. Dorotheus gives a Thaddeus (?) a martyrdom in Berytus, and other early writers a cruel death in Persia. But the stories are uncharacterized and repetitious. The only Jude legend which we ourselves found at all suggestive is the poetic story of the shepherds which we have used, and for which we are indebted to Alfred E. P. Raymond Dowling's *The Flora of the Nativity.*

Jude the apostle is not to be confused with the author of the canonical book known as the General Epistle of Jude, wherein the writer styles himself "the servant of Jesus Christ and brother of James." R. A. Falconer and David Smith (Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*) ascribe the Epistle to Judas, the Lord's Brother (Matt. 13: 55 and Mark 6: 3). This Judas would *ipso facto* be the brother of James, bishop of Jerusalem. A. C. McGiffert, however, finds internal evidence for believing that the Epistle could not have been written by a first-century Christian at all. "It may have been written," he says, "by a Christian named Jude, of the second century, otherwise entirely unknown to us," adding, "the brothers of Jesus were doubtless all dead long before the Epistle was written."

ST. THOMAS

Much of the material for the inferential life is owed to James Freeman Clarke's *The Legend of Thomas Didymus.* In particular we are indebted for the educational background and some of the early life herein ascribed to Thomas. But the keying of the man's preoccupation with death is our own, as is the treatment of the child's meeting with the pilgrim at the little sister's tomb. The legend to which the incident points, i.e. Thomas' connection in

after years with the Wise Men, has been encountered several times in our studies, as in Farrar's *Life of Christ,* and A. E. Medlycott's *India and the Apostle Thomas.* Thomas' first coming upon Jesus with the children, and his growth in discipleship, are imagined, but well in accord with the probabilities. His offer to die with Jesus at Bethany if need be is based on John 11: 16. We have read into the incident of the raising of Lazarus our own interpretation of this apostle's character; and the same is true of the question put by him to Jesus in the Upper Room, John 14: 5; as also Thomas' behavior in the interval between the Crucifixion and Jesus' appearance to the eleven as recorded in John 20: 24-29.

Our discussion of Thomas' south Indian apostolate is based on A. E. Medlycott's *India and the Apostle Thomas;* J. N. Ogilvie's *Apostles of India;* J. C. Fleet's *St. Thomas and Gondophernes;* W. R. Phillip's *Connection of Thomas the Apostle with India,* and W. J. Richards' *The Indian Christians of St. Thomas.*

The Indian apocryphal legends here related are taken from W. Wright's translation from the Syriac, and from Agnes Smith Lewis' translation from a Syriac palimpsest; also from Montague Rhodes James' 1924 scholarly translation, *The Apocryphal New Testament.* The Greek versions of the same stories are to be found in the "The Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles" (*Ante-Nicene Christian Library*).

The legend of Thomas receiving the ascending Virgin's girdle is told by Mrs. Arthur Bell in that charming little book, *Legends of Our Lord.*

JUDAS ISCARIOT

As a whole our interpretation of Judas sharply departs from anything recorded or suggested in the Biblical narrative; though many hints for the objective events are to be found in the Gospels. As to the interpretation, most modern writers, poets, dramatists, and even the apostolic biographer, Professor Charles R. Brown in *These Twelve,* interpret the fact of the Betrayal as due to Judas' wish to force Christ's taking of the Kingdom. Obviously we may all of us be wrong in our modern drawing, but there seems considerable excuse, in the light of recent psychology, for this view. And it draws Biblical support from the recorded fact of Judas' remorse and suicide in Matt. 27: 3-5. Dr. Robert

Norwood's lovely and poetic play, *The Man of Kerioth,* develops what is essentially our own view, though we did not derive our concept of Judas from it. He too postulates a relation between Mary of Magdala and Judas, though a different one from that which we have used. The idea of some sort of relation between Judas and the Magdalene is of course a familiar one, and has something to recommend it from the angle of essential drama. It seems bound to supersede the incest theme developed in the Middle Ages.

Confronted at the outset with the difficulty of the derivation of "Iscariot"—a problem for philologists rather than biographers (*vide* W. B. Smith's article, "Judas Iscariot," in the *Hibbert Journal*)—we have adopted, as what seemed to us most interesting, that suggesting Judas' native home in Kerioth. We have given him the traditional red hair; for a thorough discussion of this in literature generally, *vide* Paull Franklin Baum's article, "Judas' Red Hair," in the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology.* We had postulated a cloud on Judas' birth as a factor in his psychological development before we encountered it in *The Golden Legend.* His imagined early connection with the Zealots we thought in line with the imputed belief in the methods of force. (For the Zealots, *vide* Note on St. Matthew.) Our prologue is of course wholly imagined, as also his connection with Mary of Magdala, though his encounter with her on Gennesaret in the midst of her rich and dissolute life was suggested by a description of her in old Patristic literature. The reactions of the other apostles toward the Betrayer are our own, loosely inferred from the familiar passages in the Gospels. In our account of his death, we have freely used the traditional Valley of Hinnom rather than the account given in Acts 1: 16-18, because the former seemed poetically evocative.

Out of the mass of material which deals with the various aspects of the Judas story, we have selected some few examples from what seemed interesting and varied sources. We have perforce been greatly limited, and persons interested in the Judas legend, philology, and folk lore, have a fascinating field before them. Edward Kennard Rand, in an article (published in *Anniversary Papers,* 1913) called "Mediaeval Lives of Judas Iscariot," writes: "The career of Judas received something like canonization in the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacopo da Voragine, which presents the earliest Latin form of the legend hitherto discovered. But the familiar story there told presupposes an earlier and simpler account." And

P. F. Baum, in a learned monograph entitled "The Mediaeval Legend of Judas Iscariot" (in *Modern Language Association Publications*) has discussed the same matter brilliantly and at much greater length. Mrs. Arthur Bell, in her *Legends of Our Lord,* has cited some of the stories told in the *Legenda Aurea,* noted in our own chapter on Judas. (Also *vide* our St. Bartholomew.) The origin and treatment of the numerous versions of the Judas legend prove Judas' enormous stimulus to very early European letters. Professor Baum again, in his "The English Ballad of Judas Iscariot" (*Modern Language Association Publications*), has furnished the basis for our brief discussion of the Judas ballad. Mr. Joseph E. Gillett in his article, "Traces of the Judas Legend in Spain" (*Review Hispanic*), has given us the interesting basis for our Spanish and Mexican discussion. To Mary Hamilton, in her *Greek Saints and Their Festivals,* we are indebted for the Greek customs cited.

As to folk lore: Mr. H. Martin, in the *American Journal of Philology,* contributes a scholarly article on "The Judas Iscariot Curse." And for our account of the European folk lore, we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Archer Taylor's articles, "Judas in Charms and Incantations" and "The Gallows of Judas" (the two latter in *Washington University Studies*).

ST. JAMES MINOR

Our sketch deals with the problem of distinguishing James son of Alphaeus from the other Jameses of the New Testament. We have not taken cognizance of the relationship which some critics assume between this apostle and the "Levi son of Alphaeus" of Mark 2: 14, and Luke 5: 27, who, as we have already seen, is identified with Matthew the publican.

The Epistle of James, wherein the writer describes himself as "the servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ," was not the work of James Minor, but has generally been ascribed to James, the Lord's brother. C. W. Emmett (Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*), supporting this view, takes the author's lack of self-description, other than the above, as proof that this James (i.e. the Lord's brother) wrote the Epistle. "It is a mark of modesty," he says, "the brother of the Lord not wishing to insist on his relationship after the flesh; it also points to a consciousness of authority; the writer expected to be listened to, and knew that his mere name was a sufficient description of himself." The excellent

Greek in which the Epistle is written, however, is one of the arguments against its having been written by this Galilean James. A. C. McGiffert says: "It seems most improbable that the Epistle . . . was written by James, the brother of the Lord, who knew Jesus so well, and who was intimately associated with his disciples in Jerusalem during the early days of the church there." He inclines to the theory that the Epistle is the work of some Hellenistic Jew by the name of James, living in the latter part of the first century. Only scholars can evaluate these arguments.

We have disregarded the wholly uncharacterized Arabic "The Martyrdom of James, Son of Halfai" (*Horae Semiticae*).

ST. PHILIP

Our inferential life is based on the John Gospel, since the Synoptists merely mention Philip's name in the apostolic lists. The meeting of Philip and Nathanael as boys is imagined, though in accord with the possibilities, since it was common Jewish practice to take the young boy of the family for presentation in the Temple. That Philip was one of the married apostles and the father of three daughters is a persistent tradition among Patristic writers. Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, writing about A.D. 195, to Victor, bishop of Rome, states that "Philip, *who was one of the twelve apostles* (italics ours), died in Hierapolis, and so did two of his daughters, who had grown old in virginity. And another of his daughters, after having passed her life under the influence of the Holy Spirit, was buried in Ephesus." Clement of Alexandria also speaks of Philip as a married apostle, but of the daughters not as virgins, but as themselves married. Papias, bishop of Hierapolis (traditional death-place of the apostle Philip), writing A.D. 140, mentions virgin daughters of Philip, and says he "heard these ladies say that their father once raised a dead person to life in their own time." But Papias, who should have known more about the apostle Philip than either Polycrates or Clement, never uses the word "apostle," and critics now believe that he was referring to Philip the deacon. This Philip, we know from Acts, converted the eunuch and was one of the seven deacons appointed by the early church, and had a house in which Paul stopped on his last journey to Jerusalem. "And the same man had four daughters, virgins which did prophesy." Eusebius, in his loose quotations from the early Fathers, contributed to this hopeless confusion between Philip the deacon, one of the seven, and Philip

the apostle, one of the Twelve. We have made use of this old tradition of a married Philip, the father of several daughters, in order to indicate our own belief that these first disciples of Jesus were not monkish celibates, but lived the lives of ordinary normal men. St. Ambrose indeed goes so far as to state that all of the Twelve were married except St. John!

As to Philip in tradition: Papias and Nicephorus are authority for his labours in Scythia and his martyrdom in Phrygia. For present purposes we have not dealt with the apocryphal "The Preaching of Philip in the City of Africa" (*Horae Semiticae*).

ST. BARTHOLOMEW

The John Gospel offers the only Biblical clues for the inferential life of Nathanael, who by comparison with the Synoptic lists in Matt. 10: 3, Mark 3: 18, and Luke 6: 14, is readily identified with Bartholomew, or son of Tholomai or Tholmai. Since the main incident in which the apostle figures, i.e. that of his call, John 1: 45, et seq., reveals him as a mystic, we have felt justified in ascribing to him a life and temperament which are contemplative and poetic. Following the John narrative, which connects him with Cana, cognizant also of a tradition which makes him the bridegroom of the Cana wedding, we have made Bartholomew's association with the Cana marriage the symbolic theme of our inferential life. Thus we have made his father a vine-grower, and set the apostle's childhood against a background of vineyards. In this connection it is interesting to find that in an Arabic apocryphal legend, Bartholomew himself appears as "a dresser of blighted vines, skilled in their cultivation." We have used an imagined childhood's love and the Song of Songs in development of our theme. Without concern to deny the literal interpretation of the Cana miracle, we have given Bartholomew a mystic's reaction, and for suggestion in our treatment of this incident, are indebted to Dr. Robert Norwood's *The Man of Kerioth.*

Reference to chapter and note on St. Philip explains Bartholomew's relation to his brother apostle.

The legend of Bartholomew's bringing Judas to Christ is found in Mrs. Bell's *Legends of Our Lord.* For present purposes we have disregarded the wildly anomalous Arabic Acts of Andrew and Bartholomew, also "The Preaching of Bartholomew in the City of the Oasis" (*Horae Semiticae*).

ST. PAUL

No claim is made for this sketch as a study of Paul's theology, though we hope we have suggested what was so fundamental and characteristic of the man. And where the facts are in dispute among those far better equipped than we to weigh the evidence, our life does not insist on itself as a chronology of events. The Pauline library runs into thousands of volumes; to have read even a small percentage of these would have carried us far beyond our present purpose. A few of the best known of the Pauline scholars we have consulted, where Acts and the autobiographical epistles contradict or fail to dovetail, i.e. as in the Arabian journey involving as it does the Damascene period, and Paul's first meeting with the original apostles. With such chronological aid we then made out a sequence of our own. And the same is true for other difficult points, such as the number of years that elapsed between Paul's conversion and the so-called Council of Jerusalem which set the seal upon his Gentile apostleship, and the total number of visits made by Paul to Jerusalem. As to the latter point, some scholars make out three such journeys, others five. Our sketch refers to four.

For the numerous incidents herein described our main source has been the book of Acts, the second half of which is concerned with this apostle. This narrative has of course been largely supplemented by autobiographical detail from such undisputed Pauline letters as Galatians, Philippians, I. and II. Thessalonians, Romans, I. and II. Corinthians, Colossians, and Philemon. The incidents involving Luke are based on the famous "we" sections incorporated into Acts by the author of that book, and generally thought to be the authentic writing of Luke "the beloved physician."

Throughout we have been much influenced by A. C. McGiffert's scholarly *The Apostolic Age,* still one of the standard authorities. It has suited our purpose, for instance, to follow McGiffert in making the letter to the Galatians, and not I. Thessalonians, the first Pauline epistle, and in placing its writing in Antioch during the controversy between Paul and the Jamesian party. For the same reason—appropriateness to our study—we have followed McGiffert and the other South Galatian advocates, since the advocates of the North Galatian journey had nothing of interest to offer our narrative—not, we admit, a scholar's reason, but a biographer's.

In the confusion of the Ephesian and Corinthian periods, we have tried to walk warily, here as always bent less upon a difficult order of events than the lead of psychology. To scholars we have left moot points like the exact number of the Corinthian epistles; the exalted beauty of these letters and their sublimity of thought was our concern, not their dates and number. Paul's authorship of the Ephesian letter and of the pastoral epistles is of course in dispute, but it is surely not too much to assume that he sent written messages to the friends in Ephesus, and certainly he must have written to that "beloved son" Timothy. The present form of these letters may not be Paul's, and yet, as many scholars think, the rough draft might have been his. Therefore we have felt justified in drawing on the spirit of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and as biographers, have not been able to deny ourselves the appeal of personal touches like the old cloak, in II. Timothy.

To any biographer the latter part of Paul's life must be surmise, for we have only confused Church tradition to supplement the scriptural account where the book of Acts abruptly leaves off with Paul's imprisonment in the "hired house" in Rome. Whether Peter came to Rome before Paul died or afterward; how long Paul remained in Rome; the number of imprisonments; whether there was indeed an interval of years in which, quite free of Roman surveillance, he revisited his European and Asian churches, and even, as some claim, achieved the yearned-for mission to Spain; whether, as is so generally believed that it acquires almost the respectability of fact, he died a martyr at Nero's hands—all these questions are perhaps beyond proof. Each must write the Paul he can find for himself. A scrupulous adherence to the spirit of the epistles, together with plentiful use by quotation and interpolation of actual Pauline phrases, seemed to us one means of recapturing this human and heroic figure; and if we have been able to make vivid to our readers the man who emerged so clearly to our own eyes, thanks are in part due as stated to Mr. Donn Byrne's *Brother Saul.*

Our interpretation of "the thorn in the flesh" as trouble of the eyes, and "the infirmity of the flesh" as a nervous affection of the heart, have probably as much or as little to recommend them in fact as any other guess about these famous phrases. We greatly preferred the latter interpretation to the epilepsy which has a certain vogue today.

For purposes of appropriateness we have omitted legendary material from this sketch, hinting only at the famous Thecla

story to be found in the "Apocryphal Acts of Paul and Thecla" (*vide Ante-Nicene Christian Library* and Montague Rhodes James' *Apocryphal New Testament*). For the legendary co-labours of Peter and Paul in Rome, *vide* Note on St. Peter. For the martyrdom of Paul by Nero, with the curious details of the milk and blood issuing from the saint's neck, *vide* "The Martyrdom of Paul" (*Horae Semiticae*).

ST. SIMON ZELOTES

This apostle is one of the most completely submerged of the Twelve. Our life is therefore almost wholly imagined. Our point of departure is Luke 6: 15, where this apostle is mentioned as "Simon called Zelotes." It is uncertain whether the Greek word indicates Simon's connection, before his call by Jesus, with the political party of the Zealots (*vide* Note on St. Matthew), or a zealous, passionate disposition. As the one would in no way preclude the other, we have interpreted Simon as having been before his association with Christ a zealous Zealot; and after this—as seemed to us psychologically probable—wholly and utterly devoted to the ideal of love, as opposed to that of violence.

The erroneous rendering of the Greek "Canaanite" of Matt. 10: 4, and Mark 3: 18 (the word should be rendered "Cananaean" which has the same meaning as "Zelotes"), has given rise to a tradition that made Simon a native of Cana and identified him with the bridegroom of the Cana wedding. This we have disregarded; also the hazy tradition that identifies the apostle Simon with Simon the father of Judas Iscariot. From the coupling of Zelotes with Judas in all three Synoptics, we have, however, assumed that these two paired when the apostles were sent out two by two to plant the kingdom.

We have found almost no legendary material in connection with Simon. The "Apocryphal Acts" confuses him with one and another of the apostles. There is a tradition, sponsored by Nicephorus, that he laboured in Cyrene, Libya, and Mauretania; though the African claim is disputed by Baronius. For present purposes we have followed the ancients who claim that he went to Britain. The dying vision ascribed to Simon was suggested by the well-known story of the nonresistant Christian soldier. For fuller discussion *vide* Adin Ballou's *Christian Non-Resistance.*

ST. JOHN

The problem of Johannine authorship is highly controversial, perhaps insoluble. Conclusions vary all the way from the view of some extremely modern scholars that John son of Zebedee was murdered by Herod Agrippa not long after his brother James, to the opinion of Melancthon W. Jacobs, professor of New Testament exegesis and criticism, Hartford Theological Seminary (*New Standard Bible Dictionary,* Funk and Wagnalls, 1926), whose summing-up we quote: "It would therefore seem that external evidence confirms the conclusions reached from internal evidence that the author [of the Fourth Gospel] was the apostle John." Where those equipped to grapple with this intricate question have so failed of unanimity, we obviously can offer no fresh light. We may even be forgiven for reminding the reader that what is tolerable light to the critical scholar is oftener than not thick darkness to the biographer.

But our task has been biography, and we have found some affirmative decision imperative. We have therefore rejected any view, however arrived at, that would sweep away the whole of John's Asian residence and which would preclude the possibility of the authorship by John the apostle of the Fourth Gospel. As biographers, then—and since the whole matter is still moot—we crave indulgence for having followed, with respect to the Fourth Gospel, the Apocalypse, and the First Epistle of John, the dear and long-established tradition which ascribes the authorship of all these to John, son of Zebedee. We have disregarded altogether the relatively unimportant and probably later Second and Third Epistles of John.

With respect to the personality of the "beloved disciple" we have adopted the similarly old tradition which identifies him with John the apostle. On this point, too, there is of course wide critical divergence. Those interested may find material in Dr. Alfred Garvie's book, *The Beloved Disciple,* and in that of his critical opponent, Dr. R. H. Strachan's *The Fourth Evangelist: Dramatist or Historian.* To this last we feel warmly indebted for Dr. Strachan's vividly synthetic setting of the writing of the Fourth Gospel, though we have not followed his findings as to authorship.

In our prologue to the inferential life and from the base of authorship as above stated, we have tried to convey a sense of the historical period in which nearly all authorities grant the Fourth Gospel was composed, viz. about the end of the first century. In

the story of young John we have given him a brief stay in the desert, rather as key to his future mystical experience as the seer of Patmos, than to follow the tradition of his life among the Essenes. Broadly speaking, the incidents of his life in Galilee, with the frequent introduction of the Judaean ministry, are based on the incidents and discourses recorded in the John Gospel, as we felt that this was the best way to convey the distinctive Johannine philosophy. John's own psychology, both in his youth and in the polemic aims he had as writer of the Fourth Gospel, we have tried to stress synthetically throughout; so with our treatment of the Nicodemus incident, the woman taken in adultery, and the woman of Samaria, the Transfiguration, and the breaking of the box at Bethany. Again, as to mood, Dr. Strachan's book has been poetically stimulating.

John's psychology during the transition period in Jerusalem is based on the first twelve chapters of Acts (*vide* Note on St. Peter), in which he acted with his brother apostle in building up the young church. Aided by a suggestion of A. C. McGiffert's, that John discussed with Paul certain points of doctrine, we have inferred for John a relation with Paul. But of course the incident of Paul's meeting with Mary, mother of Jesus, in John's house, is imagined. Similarly with John's bringing Luke to Mary, though this latter is suggested in Tychicus' *Those Earliest Days*. We have used the incident poetically rather than historically, well aware of the problem of the authorship of the Third Gospel.

Throughout our subsequent treatment, in an effort for synthesis we have simplified the tangled and conflicting tradition of John's eastern and Asian fields. Augustine is chiefly responsible for the Parthian tradition, and fifteenth-century Jesuit missionaries for the Indian. Guided by the apostolic historian, Francis Bacon, and because of its connection with eastern thought, we have imputed to John a short stay in Babylon before he took up his long traditional residence in Ephesus. Though aware that John traditionally founded more than the Seven Churches of Revelation, we have stressed these for literary unity; and in our inferential life have placed his visits to them before the exile to Patmos in order to clear the ground for our dealing with his vision. We are indebted to C. M. Yonge's old-fashioned and charming little book, *Pupils of St. John,* for descriptive touches about the Seven Cities. In our discussion of emperor-worship at Pergamos and for our brief interpretative discussion of Revelation, we owe much to the brilliant and scholarly book of Professor Shirley J. Case of

the University of Chicago, *The Apocalypse of John*, though we have not, for present purposes, followed his authorship findings. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that there appears far less ground for the ascription of Revelation to John the apostle than for the Fourth Gospel. With respect to the last, we would note that even those disclaiming the apostolic authorship (of the Fourth Gospel) in its entirety, frequently admit the possibility that the apostle wrote at least portions of the gospel bearing his name, aided by the disciples at Ephesus. Something of this sort we ourselves have indicated.

As to John in legend: as noted in our Foreword, for present purposes we have disregarded all legendary material. Those interested in the subject will find a wealth of material. The Greek apocryphal legends which deal with the apostle's stay in Ephesus, his persecution by the worshippers of Artemis, and his supernatural death and translation to heaven, are of great antiquity, possibly as far back as A.D. 160. Their author is generally supposed to be the monk Lucius Charinus. The Greek legends appear in later Syriac versions (*vide* Dr. Wright's translations), and in still later Arabic translations from the Coptic; *vide* "The Story of John Son of Zebedee"; "The Travels of John Son of Zebedee"; "Praise of the Apostle John"; "The Death of St. John," and "The Death of the Apostle John." These are translated by Agnes Lewis Smith (*Horae Semiticae*).

It seems unimportant to comment on the famous but wholly preposterous story of John's being immersed in hot oil on his apocryphal Roman visit. The story of his visit to the brigands in pursuit of the adopted youth he loved is somewhat more in keeping with his character. And we have used the lovely tradition of his last appeal to his "little children" in Ephesus as a final facet of his own psychology.

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